

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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The Better Part

By Edwin L. Sabin.

The Story of a Mother's Struggle between her art and her home--in which the baby cast the deciding vote.



"Mama! There's Mama!" Vivian frantically stretched out his two chubby arms, his eyes aghast and his tones rapt with joy.



EVER since coming home after his day at the office, Mr. Newsome had been conscious that in his wife's demeanor was a subdued excitement, a covert nervous exaltation, which in due course would be explained. So he waited. And now he knew. With her first spoken intimation the truth had burst upon him. It was the call of the foot lights, insistent, overpowering, too strong, and outweighing him. She was going; what people had prophesied was imminent, at last. His heart leaped, then grew numb.

She paused, expectantly, anxiously. Across the center table, cozy and magazine laden, aglow with its shaded electric bulb, he looked upon her, his paper limp in his lap.

"Don't you think that's pretty good?" she queried.

"Very likely; I'm not posted in such matters," he faltered. His paper slipped to the floor. "What did you decide?" he asked.

"I—but what do you think about it?" she urged.

"I do not think," he said, helplessly. "I've been afraid this would happen—"

I've been warned, so I suppose I ought not to be surprised—"

"But I love it so, Harry," she pleaded; and impetuously arising, she went and knelt beside him and laid her head against his arm. "You can't understand; of course you can't dear. But to me it's life, life to stand before a crowd and carry it with me; make people laugh, make them cry, make them applaud, make them feel just as I will them to feel. You can't understand, Harry, unless you have done it. Then you would. I love you, I love Vivian, I love my home—our home. but I love the stage and my art. It is not that I want to give up these other things, that I'm tired of them, or anything like that. Only, you see, I never finished with the stage. I stopped right in the middle of my career, because I loved you. And somehow I always thought that maybe I might go back—that perhaps you'd let me, just for a little while, you know, if the opening came. And here it is. Why, I was so surprised when I met Mr. Thorne on the street down town—" she continued eagerly. "Think! I hadn't seen him for ten whole years; since he was manager of the first company I went out with! I didn't know that he had taken up vaudeville, and he didn't know that I lived here, but he knew I was married though. You'd

like him, Harry. He's a gentleman—really he is. He didn't urge me, dear; but the Artiste circuit needs somebody who can do just what I can do, and vaudeville's all right, nowadays. Lots of the very best actresses have left the legitimate and gone over into vaudeville. And he offered me a hundred a week! Only for the rest of the season, Harry, and a hundred a week. Think what we can do with the money, dear! And you'll be so proud of me, for I intend to be a 'ton-liner.' It's my opportunity. You won't be selfish about it, will you? Remember I never finished. I dropped everything for you. Just let me go, for a little time, Harry—for the rest of this season, say—and then I'll be satisfied. Truly I will, dear. I'll feel as though I had finished. You can come and see me often. I'm going to start here; and from here we go to Minneapolis—that isn't far. You can have business in Minneapolis, can't you? The Artiste takes in only the big cities. I wouldn't appear at small stands," she added with a touch of professional scorn.

"You seem to have it all fixed," he commented, absently stroking her thick, golden-brown hair.

"It's my opportunity," she argued.

"But about Vivian," he reminded.

"Harriett takes splendid care of him. She's a nurse among a thousand. She

takes most of the care of him now. We got her so that I might be free, didn't we? Besides, I sha'n't be gone forever. The season closes the middle of April."

"And myself."

"Yes, dear. But you can get along, can't you? We'll see each other as often as we can." Her hand crept into his disengaged one. "And when April comes, then I will have finished; and my! what a lot of money we'll have, too, and how glad we'll be together again. Mary will stay with you; and you'll live just as well as if I were here. She's such a good girl, and such an excellent cook, and knows your tastes. Oh, I've thought of everything. And I so want to show what I can do once more, Harry. Just to show what I can do; then I'll never, never leave you again—never."

"You told Mr. Thorne?" he inquired.

"Well—I signed the contract. I was afraid you wouldn't approve, so I signed it provisionally; but Mr. Thorne had to know, at once—although he was very polite about it."

Her husband's hand fell from her head. She slowly arose, and returned to her chair.

"When do you start in?" he asked.

"I'd join the company here, next week," she answered. "Are you very hurt, or angry, Harry? Do you blame

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me much? I won't go, if you say not. Only—"

He smiled at her wanly, and his fingers trembled as he stooped and fumbled to pick up his paper.

No, he would not oppose her. What she had stated was true; she had given up the stage for him; she had come to him in the middle of her career and had delayed not; now he should be magnanimous. "Once an actress always an actress," thus his friends had warned him, and the beacon footlights luring her away, away, had been the portent of his nightmares.

"Only for the rest of the season," God grant that this would be indeed the finishing. He would not gainsay her. He would wait for her return—he and Vivian.

However, in his heart he cursed, with a man's boiling hatred, the inopportune Mr. Thorne; well as he was aware now that had it not been Mr. Thorne, 'twould have to be some one else, or some similarly impelling circumstance.

The opening night of the next week's program at the local theatre in the Artiste circuit promised to be with a house unusually brilliant; for the debut in vaudeville of "Frances Newsome, well known in R— social circles, formerly the popular soubrette, but lately retired from the stage," had assuredly been widely heralded. The theatre management knew its business.

The set in which the Newsomes moved made quite an ado about the

"Not this evening, Harriet," he had replied; and then he had encouraged her by asking, "Why?"

"Well, sir—if you're ready to be at home—would you mind my stepping out, myself? Vivian's asleep; he won't wake or bother you—"

"Certainly; go if you wish, Harriett," he had bidden.

Harriett had obeyed—precipitately, evidently with ardor long pent; and it was impressed upon him that she, and Mary also, might be found, if needed, at the Artiste, like all the rest of the known world bent upon assisting at his wife's "reappearance."

However, here were himself and Vivian loyal to the home. And he essayed to read.

But he was restless. The clock upon the mantel ticked never so resonantly echoing through the whole house. He took book and paper, only to lay each down for something else. Vivian, likewise, was restless; for (what was remarkable) from the adjoining room he suddenly called, as if awakened in a fright.

"Mamma!"

The cry smote upon his father's ears, startling him.

"What is it, Vivian?" he inquired, quickly stepping to the connecting doorway.

"Mamma!"

"But mamma isn't here. Won't papa do?"

"Mamma! I want mamma," the childish voice concluded in a little wail.



Along the Rainy River on line of C. N. R.

matter; but Mr. Newsome steadfastly declined to make one in box party or floor group, and sent back the complimentary ticket mailed to him.

Although he did not intend it, his attitude, in the midst of his wife's busy, excited, radiant "getting ready," with the constantly recurring question of "gowns," and of the utility and refurbishing of old "skits" and ditties, was a kind of damper upon her enthusiasm.

"Aren't you coming to see me on my first night?" she expostulated, reproachfully. "Why, I should feel dreadfully if I thought you stayed away on purpose, Harry!"

"I might rattle you," he asserted, non-committedly, but with a fond little smile.

"The idea!" she scoffed. "You never did rattle me, did you? No, I guess not! You must come. You'll be an inspiration. Oh, I'll make you clap."

"Well," he responded.

However, now he was sitting at home, alone in the house, save for Vivian, their boy. Frances, affectionate and solicitous, almost repentant, to the last moment, but flushed and on fire like a girl going to her first ball, had been bundled into the carriage sent by the management, and had been driven away.

"You had better start right in without me, Frances," he had said firmly. "That is the way you will have to go it, you know, after you leave here."

She had been disappointed, but had accepted the role.

Mary, the cook, had sallied forth as soon as her work was over.

Harriet, the nurse, had but a few minutes before diffidently intruded upon him, and had queried, astonished, "Why, aren't you going out this evening, Mr. Newsome?"

Mr. Newsome entered the dim confines, and stooping over the bed gathered the small figure, warm, dishevelled, fannel nightied, struggling, half dazed, to sit up, into his arms.

"Papa's own boy," he murmured, with a great rush of lonely tenderness.

"Papa's own boy. Mamma isn't here, Vivian." And again he asked, helplessly, "Won't papa do?"

"Mamma! I want mamma."

Vivian's soft body quivered with his desire. It was quite unaccountable, this his awakening and crying for his mother; and occurring as it did tonight, of all nights, it struck through with peculiar force to his father's responsive heart.

"Mamma-a-a!"

The long, quavering wail explored every corner of the house.

"Hush, little man," bade the father, with his cheek against the round wet one. "We'll go and find mamma—shall we?"

"Y-yes."

"All right."

Unexpectedly mastered by the impulse that had been lying only dormant all the evening, making him so restless, he set Vivian upon the edge of the bed and commenced hurriedly to dress him. The child eagerly assisted as best he could, with sob stifled, and with merely the occasional whimper:

"Find mamma."

The dressing was clumsily but passably accomplished; and with the boy bareheaded, yellow locks tumbled but comfortably wrapped, in his arms, the father issued into the night, locking the door behind him; hastening, irresistibly led.

The November air was keen, but

not chill; the street car was slightly heated, and during the ride Vivian appeared to grow drowsy, until by the end he had slumbered off, against his father's shoulder; nor did he arouse when they disembarked, and entered the theatre.

"Standing Room Only," was the sign displayed in the foyer. The youth in the box grinned as he shoved out a ticket.

"Just in time," he volunteered. "She comes on next after the pictures."

The interior of the theatre was dark, save for the focus of a light projected by a kinetoscope upon a screen at the forefront. Unobserved Mr. Newsome, bearing Vivian, proceeded in and stood in the back by a pillar, with a clear view before him down the center aisle.

"Aw, why don't they ring off with their machine an' bring on the lady!" complained the usher, near him. "She's the whole pie, to-night."

"She's a beaut, all right, all right," responded a companion.

"Ever see her?" the husband heard a man in the back row ask, casually, of another man.

"Me? Well, I should say yes! Know her, too."

"Trades at the store, does she?"

"Comes in about every day. I'm not sayin' she trades—but she stops at my counter pretty reg'lar. Can't imagine why—" and he nudged the other, with an evil chuckle.

"It's 'good-by, hubby,' now," vouchsafed the other. "She's got a husband and kid, out in Edgewood, hasn't she?"

"Sure. But that cuts no ice. I'm liable to marry her myself some day. What's one husband to an actress—

no one noted him now. So he stood against the pillar, tightly clasping Vivian, as yet undisturbed, and staring with feverish gaze at the figure in the uncompromising glare of the foot-lights.

It was Frances—something of the Frances of old when, standing almost thus, ere he met her, he had worshipped her. Yet not the Frances of old after all; her pink gown, apparently simple, from throat to foot fitting closely over her perfect lines, gave earnest that she was no longer a girl, but a wondrous woman. A fierce pride of possession seized him; for she was his, his; she was his wife. At a broadly appraising comment beside him his resentful anger up-flamed, and in imagination he throttled the speaker.

The salvos died to a ripple, and the leader of the orchestra raised his baton. At the signal swelled from the instruments an introductory measure, familiar to Mr. Newsome's ears. He knew the song that was forthcoming; she had sung it for him alone, up at the house, that he might pass judgment upon it. "Oh, the people now listening need not think that they were the favored—first-nighters though they were. He knew more than they; far more.

From his wife's smiling lips trilled the initial silvery note, in itself jocular, foretoking the laughter that was to follow. Not daring to move lest he should break a spell, the man by the pillar waited. Would the audience appreciate that it was his Frances singing? Was it already appreciating or did the silent attention presage cold criticism! The numb-skulls! 'Twas her song, her song, to which people were being treated. A



Sault Falls near Boucherville, Ont., on line of C. N. R.

say!" And again the evil snigger.

"I wonder if he's here."

"Dunno. Mebbe. In one of them boxes, likely. Bet I'm sendin' her a bigger bunch of flowers than he is."

Mr. Newsome, involuntarily listening, burned with mingled rage and shame. Remarks such as these about a soubrette were only to be expected; but when about his wife—and his fingers clenched into his palms. To what was Frances exposing herself! He fancied that all the theater was permeated by a morbid excitement, dominating the incessant rustling, the sibilant murmurings. He fancied that all conversation, all thought, even, had for the subject his Frances; and the idea threw him into a nervous tremble. He felt himself also becoming excited.

With a humorous finale the kinetoscope interlude closed; the orchestra tentatively struck up, and the lights of stage and walls sprang into sudden activity, premising some near event. The screen rolled up into the flies, and amidst a breathless, tense silence throughout the house, abruptly, without any further pre-indication, from the wings out upon the stage Mr. Newsome beheld trip his wife.

Yes, it was she. A thunder of ready applause, long enduring, spontaneous, greeted her. It sent the blood to his head, as though himself was in part receiving it. He clutched the pillar for support. No one had noted him, when the lights flared up; all eyes had been stageward. And certainly

jealous rage surged within him, while, half fearing, half anticipating, he waited for the end of the first verse.

She paused; and his eyes flashed when rose a storm of rattling claps. She had won; of course she had won. Bully for her! Bully for his Frances! She had not lost any of her art; rather, she had gained. He was glad; glad for her success, glad that after all, association with him had not an iota depreciated her gifts. No; he could not be mean enough to gloat over a failure, even though it restored her to him; rather he found himself taking satisfaction in her success, appropriating a portion thereof to himself, as one who had been responsible for her.

Amid the merriment provoked by her piquant audacity she concluded the second and last verses. While blushing, triumphant, she poised for a moment, curtsying and waving her disclaimer to the honor of the deafening applause, a file of ushers bore down the center aisle (brushing past the man at the entrance of it) flower basket after flower basket, bouquet after bouquet, until her arms were filled and the clusters and bunches of vivid blossoms were piled about her feet. Again the applause. No; they would not let her go. And with her massy armful of pinks and roses she advanced the few steps that she had vainly retreated, and as the uproar lessened, and was hushed, once more she sang.

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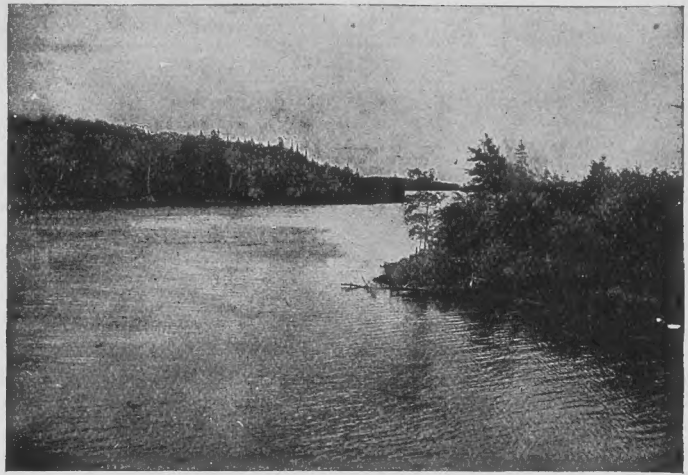
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er-love. Suddenly Vivian, whose eyes, unnoted by the father absorbed in the stage, had been growing wider and wider, burst into astonished voice:

"Mamma!"

The shrill, childish cry rang high, clear and distinct. A hundred heads quickly turned, presenting startled, questioning faces. The singer slightly faltered, slurring a note, but proceeded resolutely.

"Mamma! There's mamma!"

Vivian frantically stretched out his two chubby arms, his eyes ashine and his tones rapt with joy. He had found her.

"Vivian! Be quiet! Let mamma be," whispered his father, enfolding him closer. "Mamma's singing."

"But I want mamma. Mamma! Come an' take me, mamma! Here I am," cried Vivian, squirming, appealing, his tremolo quiver with eagerness.

"You must take that child out of here, sir," commanded an usher, hurrying to them.

But it was too late. Father and boy were held there by the throng that was crowding even in the foyer. The singer saw them—distinguished them for the first time—her husband, and his wee burden crowned by the tumbled golden hair. Again she faltered. A stir of apprehension ran through the house. She stopped short; resumed—stammered—choked—and while the orchestra bravely continued, to encourage her, with a little gesture of despair she mutely bowed and fled from the stage. From the spectators, bewildered, yet guessing, welled a tumult of query and comment.

"Mamma!" cried Vivian, weeping, loudly.

"You must get out of here, sir!" ordered the usher, now angrily. "Stand back, there, please, and let this man out."

"But I'm her husband. I'm Mr. Newsome, and this is her boy. We—" attempted the man, not in palliation, but abashed, willing to go, yet endeavoring to explain.

"I don't care who you are," retorted the usher, pressing him back. "We can't have you raising a disturbance in here. Make room there, please."

Another usher came wedging his way through, back of the seats, and intercepted them.

"Are you Mr. Newsome?" he asked, breathless. "Then your wife wants to

see you. She's in her dressing-room."

He turned, and with Vivian, now wailing with both disappointment and alarm, held aloft, Mr. Newsome followed in his guide's wake; and the crowded theatre, comprehending, clapped and cheered.

"Vivian! My darling!" His wife sprang forward to the threshold and caught the child from him.

She sank into a chair and cuddled the boy convulsively, crushing him against her pink bosom, crooning over him, her lips in his yellow locks.

"Mamma! I've found you, mamma."

His arms clasped her about the neck. "Yes, precious. Mamma'll never leave Vivian again."

"There, there, Mrs. Newsome," soothed the manager, standing near. "You're all right now. You'll be ready to go on again in a minute. The people are waiting. Hear them clap?" "No, no," denied the woman. She looked up. "Take me home, Harry," she implored. "I don't want to stay here. I want to go home."

"Why, dear—" stammered her husband, astonished, uncertain, touched, but not knowing what to do.

"But you surely want to finish that lullaby, Mrs. Newsome," urged the manager, earnestly. "You want to show your nerve you know. Then you can go home."

"No, no," besought the woman. "Take us home, Harry. Take Vivian and me home."

The manager flashed upon the husband a subtle, quizzical glance.

"Yes; take them home, Mr. Newsome. We're sorry your wife will have it that way—but perhaps it's best. I'll satisfy the house. They'll understand. And to-morrow night we'll make it up, won't we, Mrs. Newsome? You won't let this—ah, discourage you, of course. You have a reputation back of you, remember."

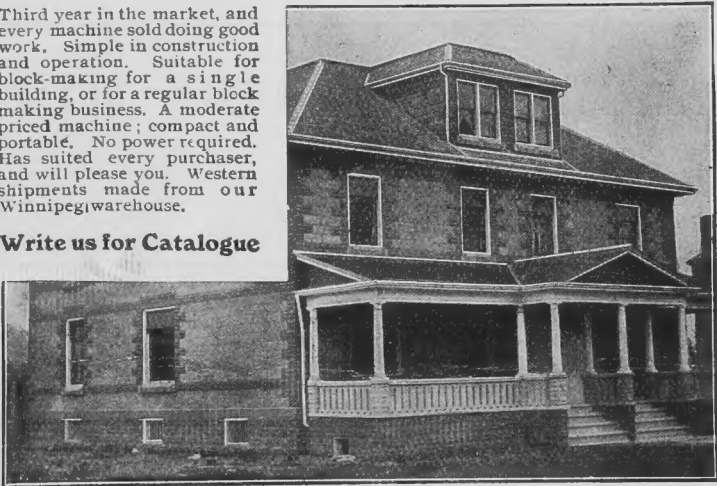
But the woman only shook her head, without saying anything, as she gently laid the child down (he was already asleep, content), and impatiently slipped into the long coat which her husband was holding for her.

"After all, it was a tremendous success—tremendous! Mrs. Newsome," he said soothingly. "You sang charmingly—charmingly—never better. And there really couldn't have been anything more effective than the way the

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little chap came in at the end of the lullaby, just as if you were singing it for him, you know. The audience appreciated it, too. Why, the whole house went wild. I believe they're clapping and stamping yet. And the papers—why the papers will be just full of it to-morrow; columns and columns of notices that we couldn't buy for any money. The story will go all over the country and we'll have 'standing room only all round the circuit. Everybody will come to hear you.'

But still the mother shook her head, and taking up the slumbering child again pressed her lips against the tangled hair.

'Very unfortunate—ought not to have fetched the boy,' muttered the manager, with disgruntled manner, aside to the husband.

'Perhaps not,' said the father, absently; 'perhaps not. Sorry to have made you any trouble. Good-night.'

So they left, wife, husband and child, by the stage exit. In the carriage the man spoke.

'It's too bad, dear,' he, self-accused, drawing the woman, with the boy asleep against her bosom, toward him. 'We interfered, didn't we? But Vivian woke, and called for you, and I brought him along. Next time—'

'Next time will never come; never, never!' she exclaimed, passionately. 'Oh, Harry! I've finished, now. Yes, I've finished. Believe me, dear. Somehow, the stage—the stage isn't what it used to be—or else I'm not what I used to be. You did rattle me—you and Vivian! But it was because—listen, Harry—I was homesick from the moment I stepped into the carriage! I've outgrown my art, dear; for instead of thinking of my career when I was singing I was thinking of just you and Vivian, and home.'

'But the contract with Mr. Thorne?' he queried, with a trace of banter, but with an undercurrent of great joy.

'I find,' she responded, demurely, 'that I don't like vaudeville. I'm going to stick to my original contract, in the legitimate, with you, with you and Vivian; a stock company, dear—stocked with love.'

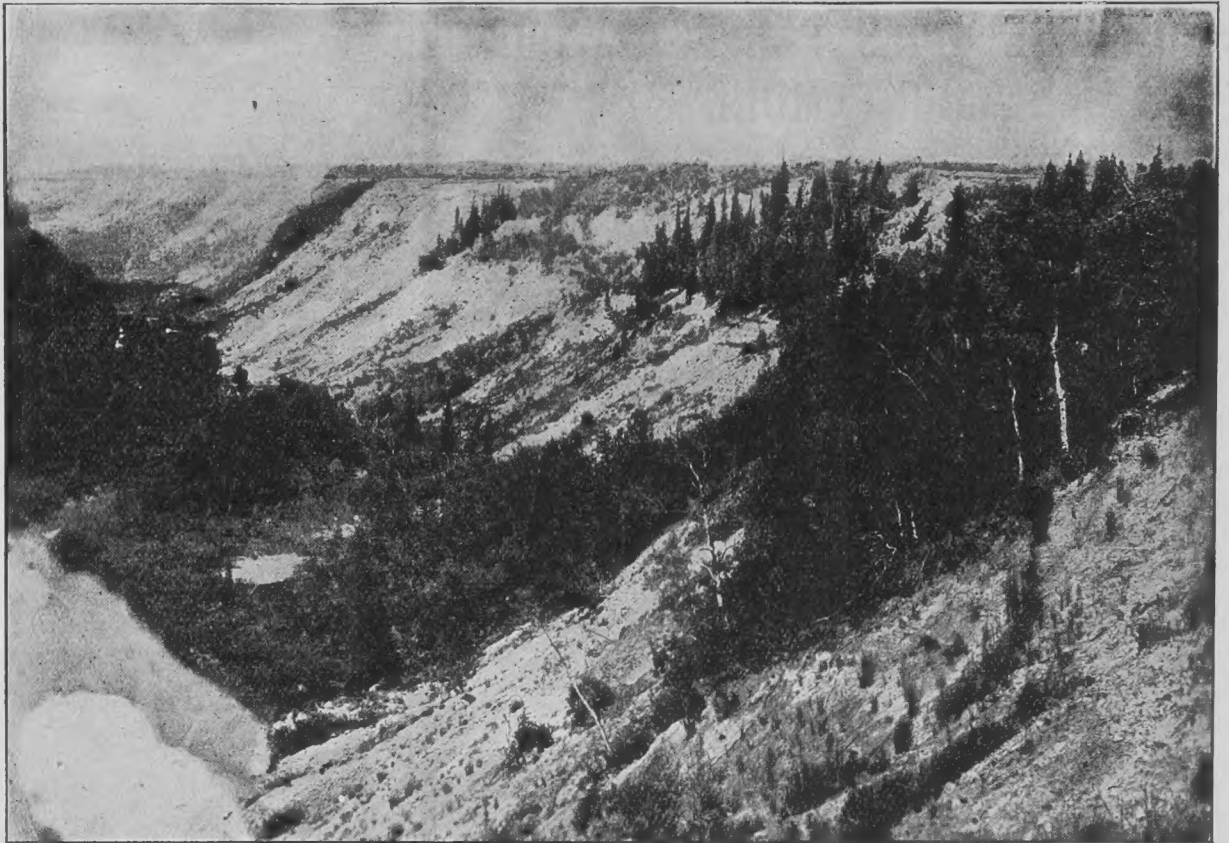
'Mamma,' murmured Vivian, in his slumber.

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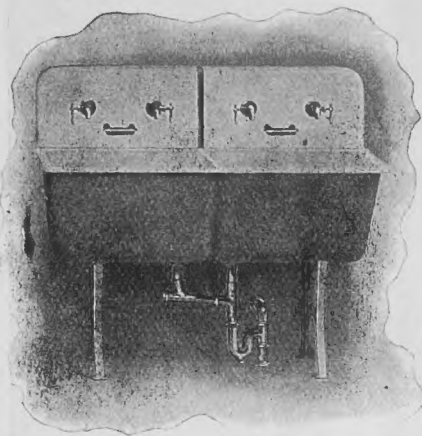
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A Lover's Pilgrimage.

By Richard LeGallienne.

Sid Norton could not recall a time when he had not been in love. From his earliest boyhood, falling in love had been a habit with him, and his heart, if he might be said to retain possession of an organ that was always being lost to some new face, was a sort of sentimental graveyard, a veritable necropolis of dead love-affairs—dead, but unforgotten; for, incorrigible lover as Sid was, his memory would sometimes go flitting from grave to grave, like a butterfly, philandering even with the past.

In spite of these excursions, and in defiance of the apparent paradox of the statement, Sid Norton found himself in love—for the first and last time. This he said of himself gravely, not only in private to the lady who was credited with this marvel, but also in public to his intimate friends. He said

bliss. The something so "utter" in Sid's look touched Rosamund's elfish sense of humor, and, though she was just as much in love herself, she could not refrain from a gay little teasing laugh.

"Is he so happy, little boy?" she said, lifting up his chin, and looking whimsically into his face.

Sid's answer was silent and long, and when it was ended, Rosamund continued, holding his face at arm's length, and looking into it with quizzical seriousness.

"But, aren't you just a little frightened sometimes?"

"Frightened?"

"Yes! when you think that—it's for life!"

"Ah! thank God," answered Sid rapturously.



"If you refuse I shall always feel that you were afraid of it, secretly afraid that the temptations of it would be too strong for your faith."

it, and there was no doubt that he meant it.

Now Rosamund Lowther was an exceedingly clever young woman, an adept in the management of the emotional male, and easily Sid Norton's match in experienced flirtation. The friends of both watched the progress of their sudden volcanic attachment with cynical expectancy, and when, after six months of a trance-like courtship, during which it might be said that the infatuated pair had never taken their eyes off each other, Sid Norton suddenly sailed for Europe, you can imagine the sensation and comment it caused. Neither vouchsafed any explanation; their engagement remained intact, at all events there was no formal bulletin to the contrary; and the thing was a piquant mystery to all but the two concerned. For them it was their whimsical secret.

One late summer afternoon a week or two before, the two enamored ones had been seated side by side in the old orchard of the Lowther country home. Both were very evidently happy, but Sid's face was absolutely idiotic with

"No, but think—for life! No more pretty flirtations, no more butterfly by-paths—only me—*me*—till the end. Be honest—doesn't that make cold shivers run up and down your back?"

"You angel," exclaimed the abject one, attempting to answer her as before.

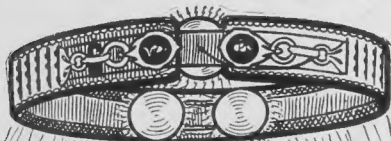
"No, no; listen to me. I am serious. Do you realize that you are in a cage, my cage, for life—that escape is impossible—that it will be in vain to beat on the bars—that only I have the key—that you are there for better or for worse—that you are there, I repeat, for life—that there is no help for it—nothing to do but make the best of it—do you realize that?"

The sense of certitude, of absolute possession, which Rosamund, comedian as she was, infused into her voice, was irresistible, and Sid laughed, laughed for joy that the girl he loved had such attractive brains as well!

"What a delightful fancy!" he exclaimed.

"Fancy, do you call it? Try and escape, my boy, and you will see how much of a fancy it is."

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"Divine, adorable fact, of course, I mean; Oh, Rosamund, how glad I am that it is true. Let us take the key and throw it into the river. I never want to be free again as long as I live."

"No use if you, did!" with a saucy toss of the confident little head.

"My poor boy," she went on presently, in a caressing, motherly tone, "I really can't help being rather sorry for you, you who have been so used to your freedom, you such a wicked, wicked wanderer. How will you ever endure it? Tell me the truth now—man to man, as they say—right at the bottom of your heart, aren't you just a tiny bit wistful sometimes for the old freedom?"

"Never," answered Sid, with portentous sincerity.

"Never! Quite sure? Don't you ever feel a little homesick for some one of your old loves, and wonder what it would be like to see her again?"

Sid shook his head with emphasis. Rosamund, and for that matter, all Sid's world, was well acquainted with the main lines of his amorous history, and knew something of the various divinities who had figured in it.

"I will manage to get it from you," retorted Sid, making a clutch at his printed past.

"Even if you should," answered Rosamund, retaining possession of the book, "I should still remember some of the poems by heart. They are so beautiful. . . . This, for instance, to 'Myrtilla.'"

"Do be quiet, Rosamund."

"No, I insist, . . . I don't think you know how beautiful they are yourself. Listen:

I know a little starlit spring—
Last night I leaned upon the brink,
And to the dimpled surface pressed
My hallowed lips to drink.

And now the sun is up, and I
Am with a dream athirst;
O was it good to drink that spring,
Or was the spring accurst?

Accurst, that he who drinks therein
Shall long, even as I,
To drink again, yet never drink
Again until he die.

"Truly now," Rosamund continued, doesn't hearing that make you a bit thirsty again for your little starlit spring? It is not too late. I am sure that if you were to go back to her, she



"And it was to be no easy fight, he realized, as the siren nestled herself into a comfortable position in that sheltered nook."

Besides, Sid, a promising young lawyer, with known literary leanings, has put his heart on record beyond withdrawal by the publication of a volume of verse entitled "The Nine Muses." The volume consisted of love-verses addressed to various ladies to whom Sid had from time to time, or simultaneously, been devoted; and though, of course, they figured under fanciful names, their identities were no secret to the learned gossips of Sid's circle. This book had been a thorn in Sid's side since he had met and loved Rosamund, a thorn which she sometimes amused herself by using to his discomfort. She had the volume with her this afternoon, and as she turned to it, with malicious merriment in her eye, Sid knew that she meditated some of her merciless railery.

"I do wish, Rosamund, you would let me forget that wretched book. I wish it were at the bottom of the sea. I'll have the whole edition destroyed. I will, to-morrow. . . ."

"Oh, that would be sacrilege!" interrupted Rosamund, mockingly; "besides, I should still have my copy."

would let you drink all you want. . . . I happen to know that she isn't married yet!"

Sid sat dumb under the raillery, with set, gloomy face. Turning over a page or two, Rosamund began again.

"Here is one of my favorites," she said, ignoring Sid's silence. "It is to Meriel:

Was there a moon in the sky,
Was there a wind in the tree,
I only remember that you and I
Sat somewhere with you and me.

I only remember the joy—the joy—
And the ache of going away;
Oh, little girl, here's a little boy
Will love you till Judgment Day."

As she finished reading this, Rosamund let the book close in her lap, and her mood seemed suddenly to have changed to a thoughtful seriousness. She repeated, as if to herself, the last two lines:

"Oh, little girl, here's a little boy
Will love you till Judgment Day."

she said over slowly, as though weighing every word; and there was something in her voice that might have sug-

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gested that in playfully pressing this thorn into Sid's side she had unexpectedly pricked herself. Sid sat on in the same attitude of patient gloom. Presently, observing her silence, he turned to her.

"Are you finished?" he said.

"Yes!" she answered. "Yes!" with a certain aloofness in her voice, which Sid, with the painful sensitiveness of a lover, did not miss.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked.

"No," she answered, speaking slowly, and with the same serious quietness of tone, as though she were thinking hard. "No! but I've got an idea. That last poem has set me thinking . . ."

"Curse the poem," exclaimed Sid desperately, seizing hold of the volume.

"You can take it," said Rosamund, to his surprise, "I don't think I want to see it again either."

"But surely you are not allowing it to trouble you. It is all past and gone, and one cannot have reached thirty without some experiences. Even you, dear . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know, but there's a peculiarly deep ring about those last two lines, Sid."

Oh, little girl, here's a little boy
Will love you till Judgment Day,

whatever you may say, you meant them pretty badly, Sid," she added, turning upon him eyes whose recent mirth was replaced by a questioning gravity.

"Of course I meant them at the time, or thought I meant them. Besides poetry always exaggerates," answered Sid, writhing with explanation.

"No, Sid, don't belittle your old feel-

But the more he expostulated, the firmer she became.

"I declare, the idea grows on me!" she said. "I wonder it never occurred to me before. Now that it has, I must insist on your carrying it out—for my sake. When I think of your nature, in the light of all this printed experience, I should not really feel safe otherwise. Of course, your cage is strong, I know. So long as I care to keep the key, your escape is impossible. But then, I should not like to find some day in the future, that, secure as you were, you were in secret pining to be off after some little starlit spring on the other side of the bars. So Sid, I'm sorry, but you must pack up right away, and go on pilgrimage."

In vain Sid protested that it was preposterous, that he was incapable of seriously undertaking any such fanciful absurdity. Rosamund remained obdurate. She would never marry him, she said, till he had subjected himself to the proposed ordeal.

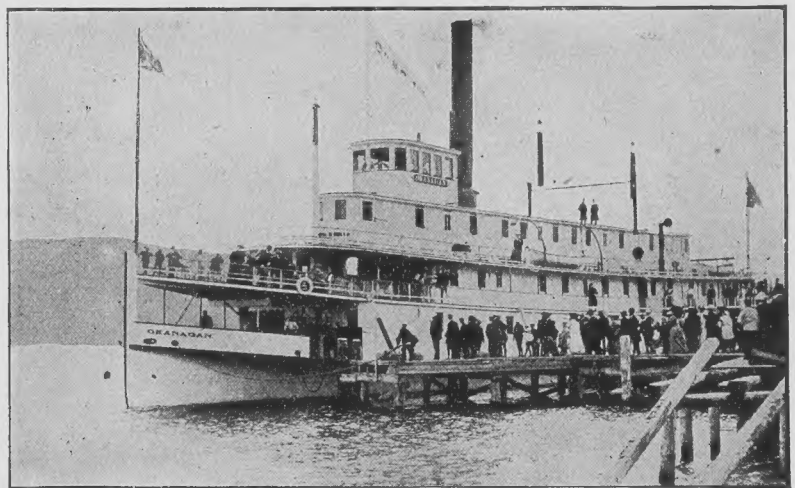
"Besides, if you refuse," she continued, "I shall always feel that you were afraid of it, secretly afraid that the temptations of it would be too strong for your faith."

To this Sid made a singularly blundering retort, which he in vain tried to take back as he uttered it, to the effect that, however certain one was of one's love, there was no sense in playing with fire. This settled the matter.

"Fire!" laughed Rosamund, mercilessly—he admitted the danger then!..

After that there was no argument—and this is the explanation of Sid Norton's sudden departure for Europe.

Say what you will, the test was a



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ings. That doesn't help. Rather the reverse," and then once more she repeated the lines musingly as if to herself. Then she turned to Sid with a sudden decision of manner, as if her mind was made up.

"Sid, that was a very deep feeling. How do you know that it is not still alive?"

Sid made the usual despairing protestations. Rosamund regarded them but little.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you really know your own mind. I wonder. You think you love me now, but then you thought you loved her then—till Judgment Day, Sid! Now see, I'm going to tell you my idea . . ."

Sid looked at her expectantly, waiting with anxious eyes. Then, with something of a return to her gayer manner, she went on:

"You remember what we were saying just now about your cage. Well, I'm going to let you out for a month or two."

She waved aside a remonstrant ejaculation from Sid.

"Yes! and you are to spend the last breath of freedom in finding out if there is still any truth left in these old impassioned statements. That is, you will go to Myrtilla, and see if you still want to drink of that 'little starlit spring,' and you will go to Meriel and see, well . . . about Judgment Day! And, while you are on pilgrimage, there are one or two other 'muses' it might be well to make quite sure about."

Sid interrupted with impatient incredulity, not believing her serious.

little unfair! So Sid Norton said to himself, as he paced the moonlit deck in mid-ocean, and strove to analyze his feelings toward the situation in which Rosamund's whim had placed him. He thought of the lady of old time who had thrown her glove into the arena. Of course, no lover could decline such a challenge . . . but he hastily dismissed the image as unfortunate, for he was not allowed to admit the existence of the lions. To recognize any possibility of danger in his present so-called ordeal was in itself an unfaithfulness. To admit that there was any element of an ordeal in his fantastic adventure was to fail right away. To confess any temptation in the circumstances was a sufficient backsliding. And yet would any man in a like situation, dealing honestly with his own thoughts, declare confidently that there was no danger here to a true love? The answer of theory and idealism would of course be that there could evidently be none. The words "true love" imply that, and a certain old writer has disparaged "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" that shrinks from taking the open field against temptation. Which is all very beautiful, but another saying as to the relation of discretion to valor, comes nearer to the truth of a human nature, which, with the best will in the world, is apt to be sorely tripped up in the very moment of its strength by some half-forgotten weakness.

Sid Norton's love for Rosamund Lowther was no less real and deep than he deemed it. She was for him the divine event toward which his whole

life had deviously moved. To lose her love would be loss irremediable. She was that final joy and enchantment which he had pursued from face to face, yet found only at last in hers. She was the fairy tale of life come true. He had no wish, no hope, no aim, beyond her. With his meeting her his life had at last seriously begun. Its future success was to be the making perfect this love which she had brought him. This was the serious truth about Sid Norton; it represented the serious responsible self which had at length asserted its domination over the warring minor selves that had preceded it—the self he seriously wished to go on being. But alas! in this multiple being called man, those minor selves, though conquered and perhaps mortally wounded, are apt to die hard, and occasionally one of them, in a last dying flash of vitality, will gain the upper hand, and in some fleeting but fatal moment tragically belie the self that is real and lasting. Sid, who was learned in his own psychology, knew himself, or rather him-selves, too well to be vain-gloriously confident that no such disastrous aberration on the part of one or another of his dead or dying selves might not in some unguarded moment betray him. He did not, of course, seriously fear it, and it seemed impossible indeed, as out there on the midnight ocean he lifted up his eyes to the moon, as though she were the silver spirit of his love.

Still, like a wise soldier, he prayed hard that night not to be led into temptation.

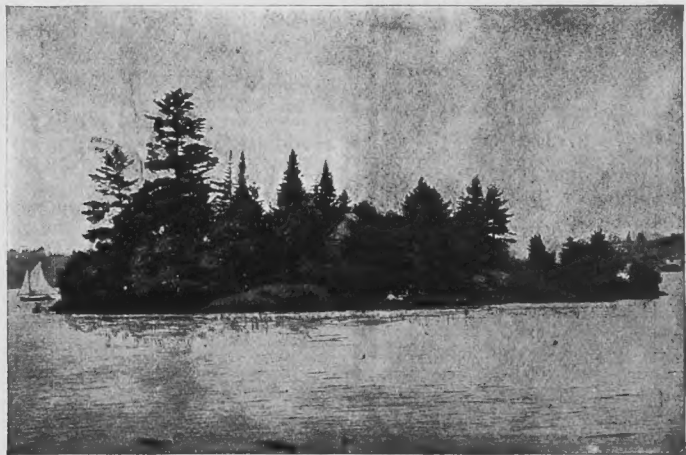
In this spirit of discreet valor, he had, on embarking, after making a survey of his fellow-passengers con-

This extreme measure, however, struck him as both eccentric as well as cowardly, and the reconnaissance finally decided the matter. After all, the voyage so far had been dull enough, and his love for Rosamund surely called for no such fanatical self-denial.

So presently he found himself seated by the side of the apparition, pleasantly enveloped in a delicate exhalation of violets, and luxuriously conscious of the proximity of a beautiful, breathing woman. For a while the first conventional reserves protected him. He took up his book and appeared absorbed in it. She, too, was reading. One of those modern novels sufficiently artistic and emotionally speculative to arouse one's interest in the personality of its reader, and to afford a ready freemasonry of communion between strangers not unwilling to make each other's acquaintance.

After a brief preoccupation with literature, both readers lost interest in their books at the same moment, and both, with a bored sigh, allowed them to decline upon their steamer-rug knees, with an artfully synchronized sympathy. Then their eyes met, and two of a kind recognized each other and smiled. Nature had created them fully equipped flirts. They only needed to look at each other to know it; and, straightway, headlong, with the good excuse of marine ennui upon them, they followed the law of their natures—Sid, however, with a strong brake on, a restraint, which, with the comprehension of sorceresses, his companion felt and interpreted, and inwardly resolved to overcome.

"Strange, how everything is a bore at sea! even the most interesting book," said the siren.



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gratulated himself on the singular unsexedness of the array feminine. As in the days of Odysseus, the siren remains one of the most dreaded dangers of those that go down to the sea in ships, and Sid's previous crossings had not been uneventful in this respect.

On coming on deck rather late next forenoon, Sid was immediately aware, before he traced his impression to its cause, of a subtle attractive change in the human atmosphere—just as in early spring suddenly, one morning, we come out into the air, and know before we have seen them that there are flowers in the garden. So poor Sid's terribly sensitive instinct warned him immediately of the unexpected presence of a beautiful woman. Casting his eyes along the prosaic line of deck-chair mummies, he saw that his instinct had not been at fault. A beautiful woman had blossomed there in the night. With the vividness of almond stars among the bare boughs, she shone among the other passengers, an apparition of fragrance, all dew and danger. One of the chairs had remained vacant up to this morning. It was the chair next to Sid's own, and it was with a quick thrill in which pleasure was quaintly blended with alarm, that he realized that it was in this chair that the apparition was sitting.

"So it is," sighed Sid, with an inward smile, "that heaven leads us not into temptation."

He did not seat himself at once, but walked the deck several turns, partly to reconnoiter the fair enemy, and partly with the heroic resolve of seeking out the deck steward and having his chair removed to a less perilous position.

"Even the sea," assented Sid.

"Have you really the courage to say that you think the sea ridiculously overrated?"

Sid had.

"I love courage," she answered, looking at him in a laughing challenging way.

"You necessitate it," was the answer, according to the eternal formula; and so the sea began to be less of a bore, and continued being less and less so each succeeding day, till the last evening of the voyage had come.

They were nearing the sad shores of the shamrock, and they had escaped from the after-dinner promenade, and had made themselves cozy near the bow of the ship, in some nook of windlass and sailing tackle close to the bulwark, where they could watch the phosphorescent spume of the ship's course, and speak of it, if necessary.

So far, though not entirely satisfied with himself, Sid had combined faithfulness with flirtation in a blending so adroit that the ache of his conscience was just bearable, and, he told himself, that Rosamund, of all women, would be the last to withhold her admiration from so brilliant a feat of sentimental tight-rope walking. Any student of the *ars amatoria* knows how fine is the line between faithfulness and unfaithfulness, finer far than a hair from the beloved's head; and Sid had the right to congratulate himself with his deft-footed adhesion to that moonbeam of a path. The siren was too expert herself in such perilous experiment not to have observed and admired Sid's achievement, and, naturally, she was piqued by it to a special effort of conquest this last even-

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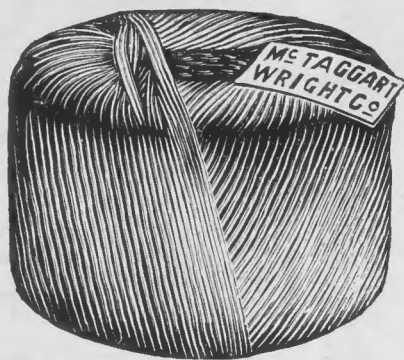
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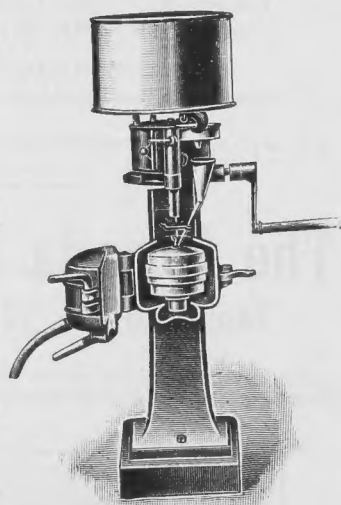
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ing. Not, of course, that she really cared for Sid, any more than he cared for her. It was merely too flirts making a trial of strength, the old eternal duel between man and woman; but, for once, the man had most to lose—and that Sid kept reiterating to himself; for this momentary diversion he might lose Rosamund, lose his whole life, and the meaning of it—for this!

The siren, who had not known him for three days without knowing all about him, estimated accurately with what she had to contend. For the woman flirt there is no incentive like—Another Woman! It was not this quite attractive man whose scalp she was after. It was the woman to whom he was so ridiculously constant that she burned to humiliate.

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way. I said that the line is fine, and often, to sincere observers, the adherence to it has a somewhat technical value. Was it casuistry or simplicity in Sid that made him feel that his faith was still intact so long as he had not acutely—kissed the siren? We live in a legal, concrete world, a world that judges us by our definite completed actions rather than by our feelings, or our cunningly restricted evasions of the penalty. A kiss—whatever the motive—is a concrete decisive act. A kiss is evidence. The desire to kiss, however powerful, is not. Now Sid had not yet kissed the siren. According to any external tribunal, Sid was still faithful to his Rosamund.

This unknissed kiss, so to say, was the key of the castle; at all events from the siren's point of view. Sid's heart, to tell the truth, ached with a sincerer standard; but, at all events, be its value what it might, this unknissed kiss was the redoubt on which he had hoisted his colors, to fly or fall. And it was to be no easy fight, he realized, as the siren nestled herself into a comfortable position in that sheltered nook of the windlass and sailing tackle, and phosphorescence and gold-dust stars, and the importunate surge of the sea.

He braced himself with the thought of Rosamund as with a prayer. He crossed himself with the remembrance of his last look as they had parted. It may sound laughable that anyone should arm himself so cap-a-pie against a kiss, yet the stakes in any contest are represented by some apparently trivial symbol. A kiss was the symbol here; and the siren, at all events, did not underrate its symbolic value. She fought for it as though it had been the cross of the Legion of Honor, fought with all the delicate skill of an artist, and she laughed softly now and again as she came near winning—winning the kiss that belonged to another woman.

She was terribly beautiful was the siren, terribly everything that a seductive woman can be. The atmosphere about her was a dreamy whirlpool, of which the vortex was her lips, and Sid felt himself being drawn closer and closer to that vortex. How he longed to throw up his arms and drown—but, instead, suddenly, brusquely, rudely, he sprang up.

"I won't," he cried abruptly, and left her.

It was not gracefully done, but it was the only way he could do it. Victories are seldom graceful. In the thick of battle it is occasionally necessary to be impolite. Suddenly Sid had seen, as it were, luridly embodied the moment he had told himself might some day come—the moment of temptation. Here was he face to face with it at last, one of those terrible moments of trial which divide the past from the future, and challenge us to decide then and there, once and for all, what we really mean about ourselves; one of those moments that cannot be postponed, but must be met and fought just how and when they come; and as Sid realized all the moment meant, those perfumed alluring lips so dangerously near to his filled him with a veritable terror, and his heart almost stopped beating with dread of succumbing. Poor Sid, he had been so accustomed to take such kisses as they came with a light heart, but now suddenly, as in a lightning flash, he seemed to see the meaning of those mysterious standards by which the faith of men and women has been immemorially judged, a meaning he had never suspected before, and he saw,

too, the divine beauty of them, and the vivid revelations thus made to him, not a moment too soon, had given him that strength to cry out "I won't," and tear himself away.

As with a burning heart, he arraigned himself before himself in the solitude of his stateroom, it seemed at first that his victory had been but a poor one, a victory only in name. He had desired to kiss the siren, it was impossible to deny that, and surely the very wish to do so was unfaithfulness; and the only reason that had restrained him—was it not the fear of losing Rosamund? No, it was more than that, and with the realization that it was really more than that—a real inspiration, however feeble, toward the better way of loving, a repugnance for the old way, and a genuine preference, very young and tender indeed as yet, for a finer ideal—he grew a little comforted. Yes, it had been a victory, a greater one than it had seemed. He had not really wanted to kiss the siren, after all, in spite of compromising appearances—not really deep down. It was only an old habit of the surface that had momentarily got the better of him! And though it may sound like casuistry, it was not so. Poor boy, it might not have seemed a brilliant victory to the looker-on. But flirtation is a habit that dies hard, and till he had known Rosamund the mere idea of faithfulness to a woman had never remotely entered into his mind. This passage with the siren, however, had proved him so far on the road to regeneration as to have developed an actual preference for being faithful! He was himself surprised at the feeling, and it filled him with a certain awe, made him almost a little frightened, though curiously happy. Did he really love one woman at last like that? Just one woman, out of all the women in the world? Yes, just one woman. It was a wonderful feeling.

The temptation of the siren had been the gross one of the senses. The finer and subtler trial had yet to come. Rosamund had so far compromised with her original decree as to consent to limit Sid's ordeal to one out of his nine muses. She would be content, she said, with his seeing Meriel, she, whom you may remember, he was to love till Judgment Day; for Rosamund was right in thinking that, of all Sid's previous feelings, his love for Meriel had been most serious. Indeed, it had been a feeling apart from all others and it had always shone wistfully in Sid's memory as a lost sacred thing that had come into his life too early, before his heart had been ready for it. A magic gift of loving it had been, but he had taken it carelessly with the rest, and realized all it had been only when it was far away. He recalled looks out of Meriel's eyes which told him long after that she had known he was not ready for the love she could give him, and unconsciously the occasional thought of this old shortcoming of his had prepared him for—Rosamund, of whom Meriel came to seem in his mind a beautiful prophecy. Thus old love dies that new may live, or rather lives on in giving its life to the new. Certainly, Sid would never have loved Rosamund more had he not loved Meriel so much.

Yet, what if it should prove that Rosamund in her turn had only been developing him toward repossession of his old dream! Love moves in a mysterious way. How strange if this interval of experience had been meant to bring him back, at last worthy of them, to Meriel's arms at last. He could not deny that his love for Rosamund had been haunted sometimes by moonlit memories of Meriel's face, though he could with equal truth say that the new love was greater than the old one, because of its inclusion of stable human elements which his fairy dream of Meriel had lacked. Meriel had been a dream-woman, but hardly a human woman; but Rosamund was both. Yet, almost without his knowing it, there had been lurking in the background of his consciousness a vague curiosity—it was hardly more—as to what it would seem like to see Meriel again; what her face would seem like, how her voice would sound. He did not for a moment fear the result, yet he sometimes felt that he would like to try the experiment; but all these

feelings had been of the very shadowiest, hardly rippling the surface of consciousness, so when Rosamund had made her odd proposal, they had seemed phantom nothings indeed compared with the aching reality of a month's exile from her side.

All that had been Meriel had passed into Sid's love for Rosamund. Meriel herself could only be a ghost, however beautifully visible and audible, a fair house of dreams from which the dreams had departed. Yet, for all that, it was not without some agitation that Sid found himself at length in the quaint little seaside town, whence a ferry-boat would take him to a village across the bay, high over which Meriel and her mother lived, looking over the sea. Her ghost began to grow more and more luminous with memories, as a pale moon fills with silver as the night deepens. He stood on the deck of the little boat, and as it drew near to the landing-place he could see clearly on the hillside the old white house with its trellises and its terraced gardens descending the hill. He could see plainly the little bower where one summer evening they had sat together, and she had suddenly put her hand in his and said, "My life is in your hands."

His heart beat fast as his memories crowded in upon him, and it made him almost frightened to think that in a few short moments he would really be looking at her again. He felt as though he were about to see someone who had been dead a long time, and had come to life again startlingly as in dreams. Then there suddenly floated over the water from the village music very mournful and sweet, and he could see a long line of dark figures moving slowly up the tortuous village street. At the first strains of the music a great foreboding had swept through Sid's heart. What if Meriel were dead, and, as in a fairy tale, he had come to meet her—carried through the streets to the tomb. The idea pleased his poet's fancy, with its picturesque pathos; but no! that music was not for Meriel. It was a soldier's death music, yet its solemn valedictory chords seemed to Sid's ears to be playing the requiem of a great passion, fitly ushering him with their voluptuous melancholy to the grave of his beautiful love.

He took his way thoughtfully up through the climbing villages, but there was a subdued excitement in his face which Rosamund might have construed as an undue eagerness to face his coming ordeal. At last he turned the well-known corner of the lane, and there was the house facing the airy infinite of the sea. How poignantly familiar it all was yet, why instantly did something tell him, something blank about the expression of the very windows, that—Meriel was not there.

Her mother met him as he turned into the garden, but Meriel was not there. She had been married—yesterday.

That is what the music had meant. "So 'Judgment Day' is married!" said Rosamund, when Sid had once more returned to his cage to report himself. "It's too bad of her," she continued, for she quite spoiled my little plan.

My test has been no test at all. "It was all I needed," answered Sid. He was thinking of the siren, about whom, like a wise lover, he had kept silence. Too much confession is a dangerous weakness, and we are usually the best judges of our own actions. The siren had been but the process of an experiment. All that concerned Rosamund was the result.

"I wish I could have seen you, Sid, when you heard about 'Judgment Day.' I'd give anything to know what you really felt; but, of course, you'll never tell me."

Sid smiled, but said nothing. "Weren't you disgusted with her for daring to do it without your consent? The bare idea of a woman who had loved you daring to have any new life on her own account! I am sure you had pictured her spending her days looking dreamily over the sea—waiting for your return. I know you had."

As a matter of fact Sid had, and his feelings on hearing of Meriel's marriage had been exceedingly mixed. It was perhaps as well that Rosamund had no record of them.

"Won't you tell me what you really

felt—just for fun? You can be honest, I shan't mind."

But Sid was too wise to be honest. He knew where these heart-to-heart confessions just for fun were apt to lead.

"I had no feelings. My one thought from beginning to end was to get back to my cage—and never go out of it again."

"You were relieved then? You had been a little frightened, eh? Yes, you knew you had, and you were glad to be let off the ordeal—now, weren't you?"

Sid certainly had been, but he steadily refused to be drawn. And then Rosamund suddenly changed her tactics.

"But you haven't asked anything about me during your retrospective pilgrimage!" she said.

"You!" exclaimed Sid, a look of peculiarly masculine surprise coming into his face.

"Oh, yes, me! I suppose you imagined me, during your absence sitting here, *a la* 'Judgment Day,' docilely awaiting your return."

"What do you mean, Rosamund?" asked Sid, anxiously.

"I mean that you seem to forget that I, too, had made previous engagements for Judgment Day. When you were off pilgrimaging in the past—what was to hinder me from doing the same?"

"Oh, Rosamund, you didn't."

"Didn't I? I'd often wondered what it would be like to kiss Jack Meriden again, so you being away on your own affairs gave me good opportunity."

"You kissed him!" exclaimed Sid, in angry astonishment, all his masculine proprietorship in his face.

"Why not!" she answered, nodding her head affirmatively.

"You—kissed—him," Sid repeated, grasping her wrists fiercely.

Rosamund shook herself free, with mocking laughter.

"Ah! there talks the man—the lord of creation. The man is to be allowed to go off and flirt with whom he pleases, but the woman. Oh, no! While the man is engaged in these pleasing diversions she must sit at home faithfully darning his socks. No, sir! I did kiss Jack Meriden, and it was a very nice kiss, too."

"You did," repeated Sid slowly, in an anguish of jealousy.

"You must remember, Sid," she answered mockingly, "what a serious affair it was between us—quite a Judgment-Day affair. These old memories die hard, as you, of all people, should know."

"I only know that you—kissed—Jack—Meriden," repeated Sid, rising to his feet, "and that I am going."

He strode savagely across the lawn, making as if to leave the garden. Rosamund let him go some distance, and then called him back.

"Why should I come back?" he asked sulkily.

"I want to tell you something," she said in a caressing voice.

He came back to her side, and stood there.

"Well, what is it?" he asked stiffly.

"You must sit down. I can't tell you that way."

Sid sat down, with non-committal aloofness. She put her arms around his rigid shoulders, and whispered.

"You are the greatest goose that ever lived. I never kissed Jack Meriden. I love you—not as a man loves, but as a woman."

"I love you the same way," answered Sid, the storm-clouds suddenly swept from his face, "there is only one way of—loving. The other thing needs another name."

And, with that, Rosamund snapped to the door of his cage forever.

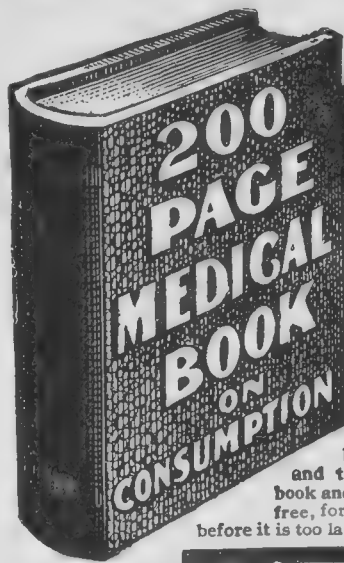
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The First and Last.

By Charles Garvice.

Allan Fordyce leaned back in his chair and gazed at his canvas as he slowly and absently wiped his brushes. He was stopping, not because he was tired, but because the light was waning; this was generally the only reason why Allan stopped any day. The man worked hard. Why, he himself could not have told, seeing that he was unmarried, cared nothing whatever for money, and was not painfully ambitious.

No doubt he had aims and ideas, but he had never troubled to formulate them; and he worked because work seemed the best thing there was for a man who did not care for society and was not particularly sociable.

The waning light from the carefully arranged windows showed a by-no-means luxurious studio. There were no Oriental rugs, mock tapestry, Wardour Street armor, bronze lamps,

"Splendaciously," replied Merton, throwing himself into one of the chairs and placing his glossy hat on a portion of the table which he first carefully dusted. "Had no end of a good time. I wish you'd been with me. Seriously, old chap, you ought to take a holiday; you are looking a little peaky about the gills."

"I'm all right," said Fordyce shortly.

Probably he would have resented the speech from any other of his acquaintances. But he liked this boy—had got a berth for him, and had been of service to him in other ways; and the boy, strange to say, was grateful, and had grown attached to the silent man who had no other friend, appeared to require no amusement, and lived only for work.

"Got any engagement for to-night?" asked Merton, as he helped himself to a cigarette from a box on the table.



"What is that?" he asked, hoarsely, looking at the mark on her face."

or statuettes in satin-lined niches. There was an old carpet on the floor, some rough sketches on the wall, a coffee-making apparatus on a plain and rather rickety table, a few easy but comfortable chairs, and some well-worn artistic necessities in the way of lay-figures, easels, and posing tables.

Fordyce himself was as workmanlike in appearance as his room. There was nothing ornate about him, though no woman had called him plain. He was neither dark nor fair; his hair was cut to the ordinary shortness; his clothes suggested nothing of the artist or Bohemian, and, when he removed his painting-blouse, looked like the clothes of any ordinary man.

As he wiped his last brush, there came a knock at the door, and in response to Fordyce's invitation, a young fellow came in.

"Hallo, old chap! At the grindstone still?" he exclaimed in the pleasant voice of a good-tempered, clean-minded youth—a voice which matched the frank face and light, curly hair of the speaker.

Fordyce nodded; he never spoke unless he was obliged. The young fellow came behind him, laid his hands on Fordyce's shoulders, and looked at the canvas.

"Been getting on first-rate, old chap, while I've been away," he said.

"Fairly," assented Fordyce; "but I'm going to stick now. Enjoyed yourself?"

Fordyce shook his head.

"That's all right. I want you to come round and see my sister."

"Didn't know you had a sister," said Fordyce.

"Yes, I have, and a good one at that. I didn't talk about her because—well, you didn't invite confidences, old man, and I'm not given to talking about Nell. I'm fond of her—she's the only sister I've got—and she married about a month ago. It was almost as bad to me as if she had died."

Fordyce looked inquiringly.

"She married Lord Claymire," continued Merton, with a certain constraint in his voice. "I dare say you've heard of him. Father was Claymire's Light Stout—made a million or two, got a peerage. His place was near my governor's vicarage, and his son—Nell's husband—met Nell at the country hop, fell in love with her, and proposed. As you know, we are as poor as the mice in the dear old church; it was a good match for Nell, and—she married him."

Fordyce looked up, again inquiringly.

"Happy?" he asked.

Merton frowned and bit his lip.

"I—I hope so. I'm going to see her to-night; she only came back today. I want you to come with me. I wrote and told her how good you had been to me."

"Scarcely necessary, was it?" said Fordyce. "I don't think I'll come. I rarely go out; besides, I should be

de trop. You must have a lot to say to your sister."

Merton rose.

"Yes, you will, old man," he said. "I told her I should bring you. She's all alone in London, and I want her to have one friend, at least."

"All alone with her husband," said Fordyce.

Merton bit his lip as he adjusted his hat carefully.

"Well, Claymire's not much of a companion. He's a club man, and does a bit on the turf, and—and—I'll call for you at half-past seven."

Fordyce said neither yes nor no; but when Merton returned at half-past seven, Fordyce was in evening-dress and waiting for him.

"That's a good old chap!" said Merton. "I knew you'd come."

The hansom stopped at one of the big houses off Park Lane. There was no one in the drawing room when they entered and Merton began to walk up and down impatiently. In a minute or two the door opened and a girl came in quickly. She was a slight, willowy girl, with dark hair and grayish-blue eyes. Artists are quick, and Fordyce took in her form and face at a glance. She did not strike him as very beautiful at this, his first sight of her; but when she withdrew herself from Merton's brotherly but affectionate embrace and came towards Fordyce, something about the face—the expression in her eyes, a little droop at the corners of the delicately shaped mouth—impressed him strangely.

Her eyes dwelt upon him calmly, and she gave him her hand with a girlish frankness toned by a certain dignity.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Fordyce," she said, "and it is very good of you to come. Ernest has told me how much you dislike dining out, and I sympathize with you, for I myself dislike it." She turned to Merton, who stood looking from one to the other with a little anxiety in his face, for he wanted those two to be friends. "I am sorry Godfrey is not at home to-night," she said. He has been detained at his club. But perhaps Mr. Fordyce will not mind so small a party, and Godfrey may come in later. But it is quite uncertain; I never know when to expect him."

There were no accents of complaint or disappointment in her voice; but Fordyce saw Merton frown and open his lips, as if to make some comment; but he checked himself, and began asking his sister about her travels, taking Fordyce into the conversation, as if he were an old friend of both. They went in to dinner, talking as they went. It was a very pleasant meal, and Fordyce, though he spoke as little as usual, found himself listening, and now and again joining in the conversation as if he had known Lady Claymire as long as he had known her brother.

She had been to Italy, and she spoke of this—her first experience of the Continent—in a very bright and interesting way; but somehow Fordyce got the idea that she had not enjoyed herself—that she had not been happy.

"We'll just have one cigarette, Nell, and then come to you in the drawing-room," said Merton.

"You must not let Ernest hurry you," she remarked to Fordyce, as he opened the door for her. "I know that artists are fond of their cigars."

Fordyce, however, appeared satisfied with one cigarette. When they got back to the drawing-room, Lady Claymire was seated at the piano, touching a note or two softly. Fordyce looked at her as he entered. Her head drooped forward slightly, one elbow was leaning on the edge of the piano. The attitude struck him as rather a weary one; he noticed the clear pallor of her face, the little downward curve of the lips—he began to think she was beautiful.

"That's right, Nell!" said Merton. "Sing to us. My sister's a songstress, Fordyce."

She looked up.

"That ought to frighten me," she said, with a faint smile—her smiles were by no means frequent—"but I will sing if Mr. Fordyce will promise not to expect too much."

Her voice was not strong, but it was well trained and very sweet; and there was something in it which im-

pressed Fordyce, as her face and her strangely repressed manner had done.

She would only sing one song; and they sat and talked for about an hour. The hall-door-bell rang—a man's voice and footstep were heard, and Lord Claymire entered the drawing-room.

He was a big man with a coarse face. He wore a Newmarket coat which did not suit him, and he didn't look a gentleman. His face was flushed, as if he had been drinking—which he had—and he looked round the room with rather dazed eyes; then he nodded to his wife, exclaimed, "Hallo, Ernest!" in rather a thick voice, and stared at Fordyce.

Lady Claymire rose, but she did not approach him, and she made the introduction in a voice and with a manner of constraint. Lord Claymire nodded and held out his hand; it was huge and red, as if it had just been withdrawn from one of his own vats.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Any friend of Ernest's. Come into the smoking-room and have a drink and a cigar." He glanced sideways at his wife. "Don't sit up; we may be late."

Fordyce declined the invitation, on the excuse of early rising. Merton also declined; and the two men left the house.

"We'll walk," said Fordyce.

They walked in silence until they had reached his room, then Merton said, abruptly:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"I have known Lady Claymire such a short time—" began Fordyce in a cold way; but the boy interrupted him.

"Look here, Fordyce, you've got to like her. She wants a friend. You've seen Claymire. I needn't say more. And she likes you."

Fordyce raised his eyes slowly.

"How do you know that?"

"I'm her brother," replied Merton.

Fordyce went up to his studio, lit his pipe, and walked up and down. Before he went to bed he resolved that he would not be drawn into an acquaintance with the Claymires. The man was a brute—the sort of man Fordyce hated. He felt sorry for Lady Claymire.

Three days later he walked round to Park Lane, and resolved just to send in his card. And, of course, he asked for Lady Claymire, and went in. He stayed and had some tea. She was alone; Lord Claymire had gone to Newmarket. Though she was as reserved as on the night when he had dined there, Fordyce went away feeling that she had been glad to see him. She had done nearly all the talking. She had told him about the old vicarage, about her father, her pets, her favorite books, her music. Fordyce had listened, said a word now and again and nodded. It seemed to be sufficient for her.

From this he saw her nearly every day. Sometimes she would dine with him and Merton at one of the quiet restaurants; sometimes she went to the theatre or the picture-gallery—she was fond of pictures, and Fordyce led her to the right ones. Sometimes he met her in the park, and they would walk together, for, say, a quarter of an hour. He lived only when he was with her. Now and again Fordyce met Claymire. He was always flushed of face and more or less thick of utterance, as if he had been drinking—which he had.

Fordyce hated him with an increasing hatred, and disliked being with him when his wife was present, for the man had a way of speaking to her and looking at her which made Fordyce want to strike him; and Fordyce hated wanting to strike any man without doing it.

Presently she got on his nerves. When he began to paint, the pale face, with the calm, sad eyes, and the little curve of the lips, flashed between him and the canvas. Little things she had said rang in his ears; a glove of hers, together with a flower which had fallen from the bosom of her dress, lay scrunched up in the pocket of his painting-coat. He had made to burn them in the flame of his spirit-lamp at least six times, but they had always gone back to his pocket unsinged.

One day—he had been trying to paint for hours—he went round to the Claymires'. As he entered, Clay-

mire passed him in the hall. He was in a passion of some sort, and swearing audibly, and vouchsafed only a scowl and a nod to the visitor. Fordyce went into the drawing-room, and presently she came to him.

She was deathly pale, and there was a mark on her brow which showed through the soft tendrils of hair which had been drawn over it.

"You have just come in time for tea," she said.

Her voice was firm, but the hand which she gave him quivered like an imprisoned bird.

Fordyce's strong hand closed over it; a lump rose in his throat; the blood rushed to his head.

"What is that?" he asked, hoarsely, looking at the mark on her face.

Another woman would have said that she had fallen and hurt herself; but this one was not used to lying.

"He struck me," she said, quite simply, her eyes raised to his with a sad kind of intentness.

Fordyce gripped her by the shoulders, the floor seemed to rock beneath him, the walls to swing round like a panorama, a mist was before his eyes—a mist through which her face shone like a moon piercing the clouds.

"My God!" he said, between his teeth.

The love he had been fighting against, the pity of a strong man for the sorrows of the woman he loves, took hold of him and mastered him. He bent his head until his lips were near hers. She did not move—did not attempt to release herself from the grip of his hands, though it hurt her; but she looked at him steadily.

"You shall kiss me if you like," she said; "but if you do, we part for ever."

He raised his head, his eyes fixed on hers, and drew a long breath.

"You know I love you?" he said.

"I have known it for some time past."

"And you?"

"Yes; you have the right to ask. I love you! Wait! If we are to meet again, there must never be a word of love between us; you must never touch me—as you are doing now. If you can abide by this, then we can no longer see his face, and with his face but if not—Decide."

His hands dropped from her shoulders; she turned away so that she could not see his face, and with his face still averted, he said:

"I agree. You may trust me."

Then he took up his hat and went. When Merton called at Fordyce's studio the next morning he was told that Fordyce had gone out of town. Fordyce was away a little over a week. He came back late one evening, and found five notes from Merton lying on the table. They were all entreaties that Fordyce would let Merton know the moment Fordyce re-

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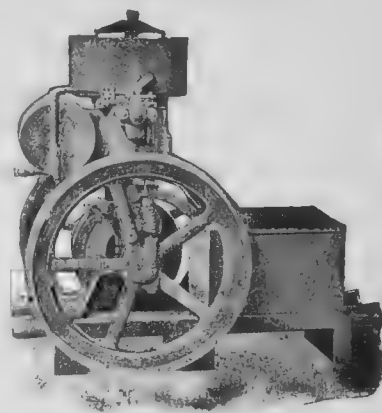


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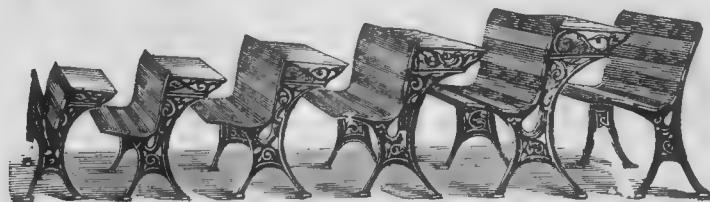
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turned. He was reading the last of the notes, when Merton burst in. The boy was white and haggard, and he caught Fordyce's arm and stared at him as if too agitated to speak. At last he said, brokenly:

"Come at once! She is dying!"

Fordyce shook for a moment or two, just as an ox shakes at the first blow of the pole-axe; then he drew himself up, set his face hard, and reached for his hat.

"How did it happen?" he asked, when they had got into a cab.

The boy was crying, and could not find his voice for a moment.

"She got a chill—at least, that's what they say; but—I don't know.

She's been ill for some time—all the while you've been away. And Claymire—Claymire—"

"He has struck her again?" asked Fordyce, with terrible calm, as if he were making a casual remark about the weather.

The boy flung his hands over his eyes.

"She has asked for you every day," he said.

"Every day?" echoed Fordyce, hoarsely.

After a few minutes' delay they were shown into the room where she lay.

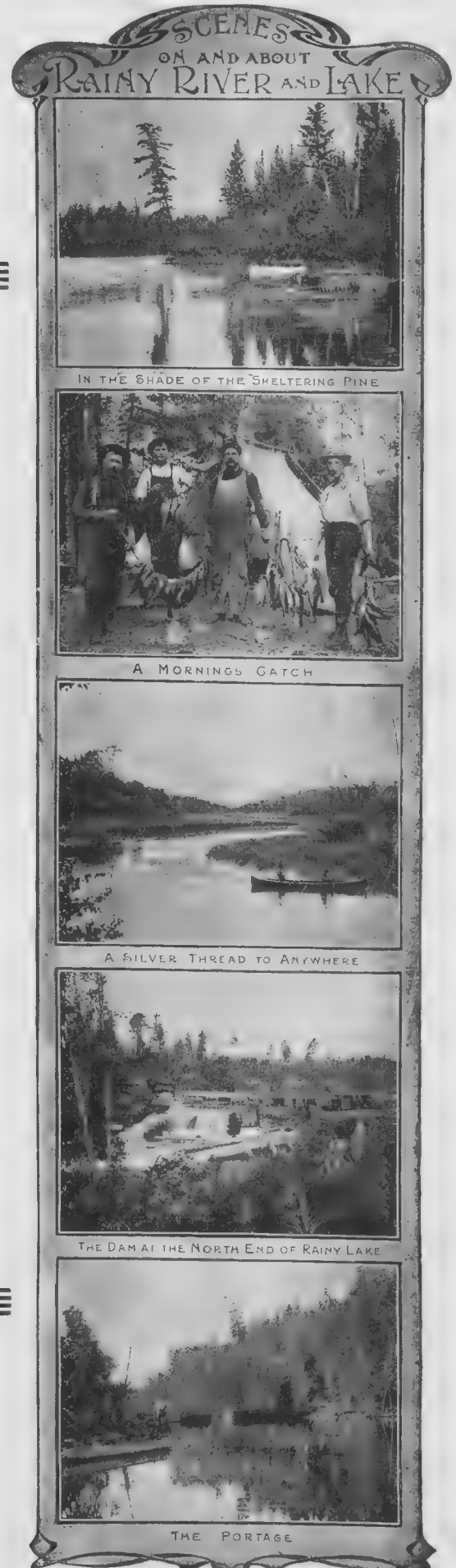
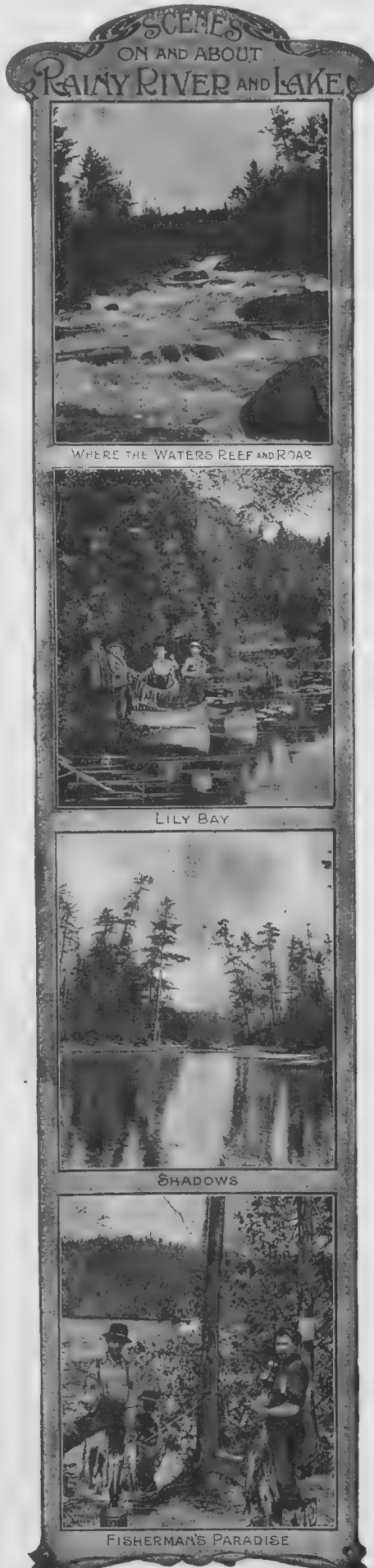
Fordyce went straight to the bed. He scarcely saw Claymire's big form by the door or heard the man's oath.

She looked up as Fordyce approach-

ed, and held out both hands, and the shadow of a smile—a smile of infinite love and tenderness and pity—dawned in her eyes and altered the curve of her lips.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I have been waiting. I think you have come just in time. Yes, you may kiss me now for the first and last time. You will not break your word, for we are going to part forever. And—and it is 'good-bye!'"

When he rose from his knees and went by Claymire, the men swore again, and raised his fist; but Fordyce looked at him steadily. Claymire's hand dropped, and Fordyce passed out with his misery.



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Correspondence

The popularity of our Correspondence Columns keeps on increasing month after month. Within the past thirty days we exchanged or re-mailed 637 letters addressed to various contributors to this column. The impression got abroad somehow or other that we had decided to abolish our Correspondence Column. The numerous letters received from readers in all parts of Western Canada convince us that our readers are desirous that we continue the correspondence feature. We will accede to their numerous requests, and will continue in the future as in the past to render what assistance we can in this way to enable Western Canadians to get acquainted one with the other.

When writing to these columns you are requested to sign your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Of a Poetical Turn of Mind.

Russell, Man, May 18, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your Home Monthly for a long time and like it very much. I read all of the correspondence, so I thought I would write a few lines to see if you could not put me in the way of some good young woman with respect to matrimony.

I do not want a slave or servant, but a helpmate. I am 6 feet tall, weight 175 pounds. I am fairly well off, do not drink or use tobacco. I would very much like to write to "Blue Bell" from Ontario, as I like her letter in the April number of your valuable paper. If any one cares for my address you

West. I think that your paper will be the means of bringing a lot of young people into correspondence with one another and so give a great deal of pleasure.

I live in a lonesome part of Manitoba and desire gentlemen correspondents. I am a young girl, twenty-eight years of age, am five feet six inches in height, weigh 120 pounds, am fair, having flaxen hair and dark blue eyes, and am considered good looking. I believe in looking on the bright side of life as it is too short to spend in moping. I do not believe in women doing outside work, and I think that in the end it kills a woman. A man that wants a woman to do outside work such as milk cows, feed pigs, etc., wants a slave not a wife. Now, boys, don't be afraid to write to me. "Nouhika."

Flossie's Got the Goods.

Inga, Alta., May 31, 1907.

Editor.—Have been reading your magazine for some time, and am very much interested in the correspondence column. I would be pleased to correspond with some nice young man who is looking for a wife. I am an American girl, of eighteen years. Am five feet nine inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. Am very sweet looking, being fair, blue eyes and fair curly hair. Have wealthy relatives and so am pretty well to do and would like to correspond with a young man of about twenty-two years. "Flossie."

From One Who Has Experience.

Ontario, May 28, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your column on the "Golden Medium." I thought I would write, as I am alone comparatively, with some interest for the many "lonely ones." I may say, as



Bachelor Homesteader's Shack near Pigeon Lake, Alta.

can send it to them.

I want to have someone to love and caress,
Some one to look at and call her my own,
Some one to cheer me when I am distressed,
Life is so weary when I live all alone.
"Bunker Hill Farmer."

Widowers and Aged Bachelors Not Wanted.

Baldur, Man., May 20, 1907.

Editor.—For some time I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly and am greatly interested in the correspondence page.

I might say that I do not agree with those who think that a girl should have outside work on a farm to do as well as house work. Neither do I think that she should be brought up as an ornament. Most of us are not ornamental enough to make up for being entirely useless. However, if she does the house work—well, I think that is all a woman should be expected to do.

Most of the letters so far have been from farmers. I should like to see some from the town boys that we might find out their ideas of a "model wife." I should also like to correspond with some nice young gentleman, must not be over 25 years of age, of good appearance and who sees the "funny" side of life. As for myself, I am 19 years old, 5 feet 4 inches high, weigh 106 pounds, have black hair and hazel eyes; not a great beauty by any means, but good natured and looking out for fun. No widowers or aged bachelors need write as it will only be a waste of stamps. "Silverheels."

She Invites Correspondence.

Baldur, May 17, 1907.

Editor.—For a long time I have taken great pleasure in reading the letters from the bachelors and maids of the

every one takes this question according to their own ideas, but a young girl can not be expected to have the same feeling or sympathy for young bachelors as a married woman does. There are so many things she does not understand, and if they are a little hard (some of them) they will get over that if they think they are going to be "left." I could name lots of just such girls, and after they were married you would be surprised at the wonderful change for the better. I am 40 years of age, am a mother of six children, three of whom are away for themselves and one 13 years, another 10 years and the youngest 2½ years. I have to work all I can, and this is very difficult on account of my baby. I have worked hard to raise my little family. I am well known, keep myself respectable. I think I would like to go West some time. I would keep house for some of those lonely ones, but he must be good, honest and respectable, which I believe there are some who are. I am not a lover of men by any means, nor a flirt, and am not hard hearted. I don't think I am enough to suit the times; but if you think this letter worthy of note and one of my own age wishes to correspond with me they will find my address with the editor.

"A Looker On."

"Peggy McCarthy" Has Her Say.

Arrow River, Man., May 27, 1907.

Editor.—I take your paper and like it very much. Some of the letters from the lads and lassies are very amusing, but some of the lads are very hard to please in their ideas of a wife, and these are generally the ones who make the worst husbands. The woman has just as much right to consideration as the man, but she makes the mistake of putting him first. If I were looking for a husband I would want a man who would buy his bread, get his collars and shirts done up by "Johnny China" and milk

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the cows himself. I don't object to feeding a few dear little chickens and growing a few flowers provided he plants the seeds and hoes the weeds. He can smoke if he likes, because if he has a pipe in his mouth he cannot talk and it will be quiet. I draw the line at chewing, cards and drink. I admire the girl who can make her own way in the country and think she is much better off than being at milking cows and ter off than at milking cows and feeding pigs.

I am 5 feet 4 inches in height, brown hair and eyes, rather tanned skin, do not play or sing but can read a little.

Hoping you will give this letter a place in your valuable paper.

"Peggy McCarthy."

Cowansville, Que., May 25, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and enjoy the correspondence department very much. Am 35 years old, 5 feet 3 or 4 inches in height, rather fair, fond of home life, fond of children, have had a little experience with them. I do not know much about a farm and do not milk. Enjoyed "Sankey's" letter very much.

"Violet."

Dictates Her Terms.

Ontario, May 25th, 1907.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your W. H. M. for some time and think the letters are great. I have not seen any letters from this part, so perhaps some of you would like to correspond with me. I am 18 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 120 pounds, have light brown hair and dark brown eyes, and considered fairly good looking. I would like to correspond with "Danger," and one who signs himself "Bob, of Saskatoon." I will promptly answer all letters, and if I meet a suitable partner who has a good home, I would not object to matrimony. I would not milk cows or feed pigs, as I think that is a man's work, and besides a woman can find lots to do in the house.

Some bachelors want a woman who can play the piano, but I doubt some of them could not find time for such amusement. I can play a little on the piano but don't practice much, only sacred music. I do not object to men using tobacco, as some men who don't use it have some other fault, perhaps worse. I am a refined young lady, with a good education, kind and loving disposition, so if any young gentleman would like to correspond with me, they will find my address with the editor.

"Canadian Rose No. 2."

Would Like to Correspond.

Alberta, May 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have read the Western Home Monthly for over three years and must admit that I take a great interest in the matrimonial column. Well, I must say that some girls are hard on the poor bachelors; for my part I pity them. I live on a farm, am 19 years old, dark hair, light complexion, 5 feet 6 inches tall, considered good looking. I would like to correspond with a young bachelor between 20 and 28; he must not use liquor or chew tobacco. If any young bachelor would like to correspond for pastime my name is with the editor.

"Handsome Maiden."

Gentleman Joe Has His Say.

Star City, Sask., May 15, 1907.

Editor.—I hasten to forward my subscription for the W. H. M., which I consider to be one of the breeziest monthly journals issued in Western Canada; it seems to give such a vast amount of valuable scientific information appertaining to the welfare of the Western farmers. It is also a great boon to many of the bachelors seeking matrimony. Some of the letters in your correspondence column are very interesting and funny. I take the liberty to say that some of them are most intelligent young men and women who seem to be very eager to find a suitable partner, which there is no doubt they very often do through the medium of your valuable space. I am sorry to say that some of the correspondence seems to emanate from semi cannibalistic cranks, or would-be pessimists, and their knowledge of the western bach. seems to be infinitesimally small and their narrow intellect condemns them to be misanthropical, illiterate beings. I quote one damsel in particular, whose letter is in the July issue. She claims to hold a 2nd class teacher's certificate and says she can play the piano and signs herself "Youthful Manitoban." She testifies that bachelors are poky and stingy and she winds up by saying that she doesn't want any old farm bachelor with hayseeds in his whiskers, but says she wants a merchant or a banker. Now, if the said youthful Manitoban is not too old and crochety, would she like to

have a little advice from a young bach. who does not hold a 2nd class certificate or blow his horn about playing the piano? I should like to remind this youthful Manitoban that every community and profession has its defaulters in a thousand and one different shades and forms, and one defaulter is no better than another; for instance, if a farmer steals a horse he is no worse than a manager that robs a bank, etc., etc. Perhaps Youthful Manitoban is not aware that there are just as good men on farms as there are in cities. In my travels of the N. W. T. I have met with young bachelors farmers who are doctors' sons, lawyers' sons, ministers' sons and various other sons of professional gentlemen, who are practical educated farmers, who will some day become independent men from the proceeds of their farms; but I see no reason why any man with ordinary instinct and a practical system should not become rich on a farm of today. Now, Mr. Editor, the greatest problem of today in the N. W. T. is how to entice a few young maids to migrate into the Provinces from the East to help the bachelors to live in comfort and peace. How nice it would be for us all to come in and see a dinner steaming hot on the table, and a dear, cheerful little wife to serve it up to you and have a little conversation between the bites. Such a thing would mean a paradise to most of us. There are hundreds of fairly well to do young bachelors who I am sure would make affectionate, loving husbands, and I think no young woman would ever have cause to regret her union with an energetic bachelor. Now, Mr. Editor, I guess I have said as much as your valuable space will permit me to say, but before I ring off there is something else I would like to add. If there are any of your young lady correspondents who would like to write to me, please give them my address. I am 27 years of age, dark complexion, am considered good looking, am also a steady going young man and very musically inclined. Should like to meet with young woman who has practical common sense and a human heart. Wishing you every success with your magazine. I'll now conclude with a nom de plume of "Gentleman Joe."

The Cake for Our's.

Calgary, May 26, 1907.

Editor.—Your correspondence column continues to grow in interest, and I hope so many deserving young men will get suitable partners, but they must take the advice of "Black-eyed Susan" and let the correspondence continue for six months at least before thinking of matrimony. Then, with the assistance of some kindly disposed neighbor who might invite the young lady to spend a holiday, meetings could be brought about and perhaps result in a life partnership. I hope they won't forget, in the midst of their happiness, to send the editor of the W. H. M. a piece of the cake, and if it is wrapped up in a \$5 bill I am sure it will be appreciated in the editor's sanctum.

"Aliquis."

Useful and Perhaps Ornamental.

Alberta, May 22, 1907.

Editor.—I have read several copies of your excellent magazine and I enclose 50 cents subscription for same.

I came West a few months ago. I can do any kind of house work, dress-making, fancy work, and can play piano or organ well. I am 24, medium height, fair and blue-eyed.

I would like to correspond with some bachelors who are lonely and appreciate a cheerful and friendly letter. Alberta boys preferred. But they must write first. But boys and girls, I do not deem it wise for two whose knowledge of each other's dispositions, standards, and ideals are based only on correspondence, to plan for marriage. Is it not better to be very careful over such matters, especially to be sure you could love no other as you do the one you are to marry. Better a painful death in youth, or a lingering illness through a long life, than to live a hideous, loveless marriage. Girls, keep your hearts for the rightful owner.

I read "Limber Jim's" letter. Poor fellow, I'm sorry for him. But he forgets that girls have been treated in the same way in which he has, and some of them bear such treatment far more bravely than he. Friend Jim, hadn't you better let your heart grow soft once more and see if among so many false hearts God has not some true hearts in His beautiful world?

Hoping you can find space for my first letter to your paper. I close with good wishes.

"Busy Bee."

"Happy Hooligan" Looking for a Wife.

Pasqua, Sask., June 19, 1907.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper, I have the privilege of

reading it. I think it is very interesting for the lonely bachelors of the West. But I think some of the girls go pretty hard on some of us boys (especially "Women's Friend"). I think she could not have been very far from her native town or she would not have such ideas. I liked the letter signed "Prince Albert Lassie," in the April number. I think she knows what she is talking about. If she thinks it worth her while to write me, I would be pleased to answer her letter. I am a non-smoker and a total abstainer. I stand 6 feet high, weigh 175 lbs., and have black hair and blue eyes. I think I could take good care of a wife, as I am tired of batching it. If any other girls would like to correspond, please give my address, and I will willingly answer them. I am just 21 this month. Hoping to see this in your valuable paper,

"Happy Hooligan."

No High-Stepper for this Gent.

Drinkwater, Sask., June 20, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Rose Bud," Alameda, Sask.

I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine, although not a subscriber, but I receive it through a friend. It really seems to me that the girls are a little hard on us poor lonely bachelors. Now, if they would only think, they would see that most of us have left good homes in the East and come to this great country to make an honest living and a home for ourselves. The girls think that we boys must marry. Now, my idea is that it is more preferable to live alone than to marry a young lady who can't cook a good meal, and who will spend all our hard-earned money on dresses and gowns fit for a queen. I think you will agree with me that many a man has gone to the wall just because of a high-strung wife's extravagance; when as we are, we have no one to blame but ourselves if we go under, as a good many do now.

I must agree with you that it is a little lonesome to spend the long winter evenings at home, and I myself am desirous of a helpmate who will try and be a comfort to me. She must be home-loving, industrious, and not above 22 years of age; one who is fond of sports and enjoyment, and, above all, honorable.

I think "Englishwoman No. 1" is a little bit off in her letter to young men. My opinion is quite the opposite, as I myself have had some experience with girls and find the most of them will throw you up when they see a young man whom they think has a few more dollars, although not half as good a character as the former lover, and who usually turns out to be a disagreeable old crank, and I must say, although I regret it, that it serves them right.

Now, if any of the western young girls wish to correspond with me, I will answer all correspondence cheerfully and also exchange photos. Hoping you will find space for this.

"Boston Boy."

A Gentle Roast for Mr. Bachelor.

Ewing, Alta., May 15, 1907.

Editor.—Would you welcome another member into your charmed circle? I read with great amusement those letters from these Western bachelors who pretend that all that is lacking to make their home a veritable paradise is a "wife," for them to love, cherish and protect and it may be incidentally to darn their socks, wash their dishes and wait on their lords and masters in general.

Girls, let me tell you the real truth of the matter. Not one in ten, I might say twenty, of these bachelors would marry if they could have their choice of Canadian fair ones. I know whereof I speak for I am at present existing on a ranch. Of course, they like to happen in quite often to eat a woman's cooking, be entertained by the fair daughters of the house and all that. But marry. No! no! no! It would cost too much to feed a wife.

I am not saying this because I think they should all fall down on their knees and worship me; far from it.

I may say that I am not in the market. But I see how they treat other girls, leading them on to expect the proposal which, of course, never comes. For you, innocent and confiding eastern girls and girls out here on these little homesteads, most (there may be exceptions) all the farmers and ranchers in Sunny Alberta are too engrossed in money making to spend any time home making. Now, all you "angels of the sterner sex" "own up," isn't this true? Of course it is all in fun, for no true girl would marry a man on the strength of the letters he writes. If any of you of that class of men known as bachelors between the ages of ten and forty wish to convince me of the "error of my ways" my address is: with the editor and I shall try to answer all letters.

"Black Eyes."

A Good Natured Sort of Chap.

Hedley, B. C., May 25, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine. I think it up-to-date in every respect and especially in the correspondence columns.

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There it fills a long felt need and no one knows this better than those lone-some old bachelors and maids, if I may be allowed to express the term in this off-hand, old-fashioned way.

Of course, I hope you will be able to introduce a few of the young folks as well.

I, for one, would like to correspond with some nappy, liberal, modest lass. One who knows enough to find an odd bright spot on the dark side of life, if such should happen to be the case.

I don't wish to correspond with any who are too good to recognize an honest working man. The plain, everyday, nappy lass is good enough for me. Although, according to many letters I have noticed of late, a great many of the girls have a better opinion of the average bachelor than he really deserves.

Blue Bell, in the January number, sent in a letter that would make any honest-minded fellow feel as though he were ridiculed. Young English Girl seems to be the real goods for a working man. Coleen Bawn is no doubt a good girl, but she had better be careful about those fellows who play with the jug. For I think Albertas letter rings quite true in this case.

The most of the correspondents seem to be long winded, but as I haven't had time to look up the dictionary to find a lot of big words, and as I am not much of a writer, will have to let her-go as she looks this time. Hoping that you may all be nappy and successful.

From Prospector."

Red Head Joins Plough Boy.

Red Deer, Alta., May 22, 1907.

Editor.—In reply to Plough Boy in February, he says no red heads need apply. Well, I don't think that he need worry; no red-headed girls would be silly enough to write to him.

He says she must be willing to live on a farm and help a fellow along. He is a nice sort of fellow, now, isn't he? If he really had any pride and really wanted a girl he should not take her until he has a good comfortable home and a girl in the kitchen, and then he might advertise for a girl if he couldn't get one without it, but it must be a very poor fellow that couldn't get married without advertising—that's my opinion. We have been taking your paper for three or four years and think it very interesting. Will you please publish this for the sake of the Plough Boy.

A Sensible Sort of Girl.

Calgary, Alta., May 23, 1907.

Editor.—I have read with some amusement and interest the letters in your correspondence columns. Possibly some of the marriages brought about through you may be as successful as if they had been the outcome of ordinary social intercourse. I think that a well brought up English girl stands no better chance of marrying well here than she did at home. Canadians prefer wives of their own nationality as a rule. The remittance man, who is always available, is a very uncertain problem; he may turn out all right or he may drink and go to the dogs. There is a class, too, out here which is eligible as far as prosperity goes, but the personal habits of these "gentlemen" are a nightmare to the well-born and refined girl who has been accustomed to eat with people who respect the functions of knife and fork and who are cleanly and refined in person and habits. Personally, I am too fond of my profession to marry for the sake of being married, but, of course, I should be happier in a home of my own—every woman would—with the right man, who, in my case would have to be gentlemanly, honorable and with some definite occupation and an ambition to get on in it. I will not be any man's chore boy, nor do I want to marry a moral or physical derelict such as are only too common out here. My only recommendations are good birth, the finest profession in the world, ordinary looks, youth and health. I do not expect any answers to this, judging by the letters I have seen in your paper (save one), but if any do come I will answer them in the spirit in which they are sent.

"Alice Montrose."

Ready for Business.

Brandon, May 27, 1907.

Editor.—Referring to yours of 1st inst., and mine of 18th, please accept my apologies for writing same to you. I gave the note referred to in mine of 18th to a friend of mine to post to you and enclosed photo and stamps.

Being a reader of your most up-to-date valuable paper, though not a subscriber to same, I have followed all the letters as published in your correspondence page.

Well, to begin with, I have a home-

stead, patent of which I expect to receive this year. Have two cows, 3 horses (worth \$500), 3 roomed house, stable, etc. The only thing I have not got is a wife. Do you think you could give me the address of a young woman from 20 to 24 years of age, dark and good looking, height 5 feet 8 inches and upwards, fairly well educated? I am a Scotchman, 22 years of age, well educated, 5 feet 11 inches in height, and of fair complexion. I intend, if I get married, buying a quarter section of land. I do not smoke or drink.

If you could let me hear from you at your earliest convenience I shall indeed take it as a favor.

"Aleck."

Daisy Will Marry for Love.

Wapella, Sask., May 18, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time and I derive much pleasure and interest from the letters in your correspondence columns. I am a farmer's daughter and therefore take an interest in the young bachelors of the West.

I am 19 years of age, five feet seven and a half inches in height. I am of a dark complexion and have dark brown eyes. I weigh about 145 pounds. I have lived in both the country and city, but I decidedly prefer the former.

I do not wish to correspond with fellows who are not hard to please, for I want them to understand that if I ever marry it's to be for love, and not merely for the sake of a housekeeper. I should very much like to correspond with the gentleman who signs himself "Sandy," Belle Plaine, Sask., and oblige "Daisy."

Limber Jim, Put This in Your Pipe

Manitoba, May 27, 1907.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence column, and, looking over your January number, I read a letter which was signed "Limber Jim." I do not agree with him in any way.

I want him to "understand" that there are more girls deceived by men than there are men by girls.

He also says they make love to the fellows and then when some other fellow comes along with a new pair of boots and a starched collar they walk away with him, but this is not the case. It's not the boots and collar, but the character; and, another thing, all girls do not want a horse and buggy to drive around with.

But I guess the one he went with was so disgusted with him that she gave him up, and I don't wonder at her much, for nearly all the men are regular "sots." Again, he says that all girls are alike. Were his sisters like that, and what about his dear old mother?

I must now close, wishing your paper further success.

"Violet."

Got the Necessary Qualifications.

Inga, Alta., June 20, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine; although I am not a subscriber, my father is. I also have some friends who are subscribers. I am a young man, 18 years old, 5 ft 8 in. high, have dark hair and dark eyes. I live on a ranch, and can rope a steer and can handle a six-shooter to perfection; but I think I would be much happier with a companion. I would like to have the address of "Winter Sunshine," of Findlay, and "Fair Face," of Balcarres. Wishing good luck to your magazine, I remain, "Inga Cow Boy."

Hetty Would Marry a Farmer.

Wawanese, Man., May 31, 1907.

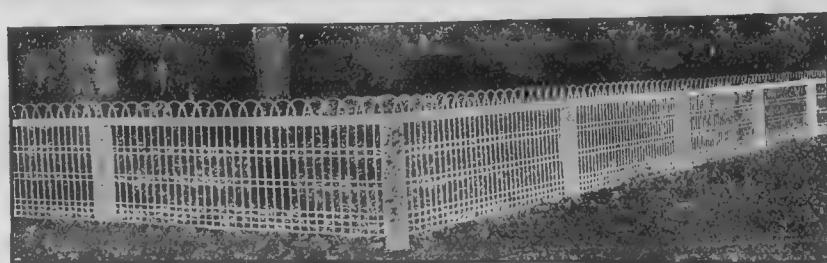
Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper, the W. H. M., for a few months and I am a young lady of 22 years of age and will be much obliged if you will put me in correspondence with a farmer, but not one who chews or expects me to do a chore boy's work. I am 125 pounds in weight, 5 feet 6 inches in height, fair complexion, have a very good education and can play the banjo and piano. I have not been long out from the Old Country, thinking better of Canada. I have worked on the farm as housekeeper, and I know what the farmers expect of me, to milk cows and feed pigs, so I left my place. I have won prizes for cooking. Any young farmer wishing to correspond with me with a view to marriage, I will gladly answer their letters.

"Hetty."

Rather Nice Letter.

Ontario, June 27, 1907.

Editor.—May I join your charming circle? I am one of your Eastern admirers, and your magazine is a very welcome monthly visitor here. The letters are both amusing and interesting, especially so to an eastern girl, not in search of a western home. I think but few men would respect a girl who commenced a correspondence with them in the hope one would invite her to marry him. Let us have all the fun possible but let us not forget the dignity of



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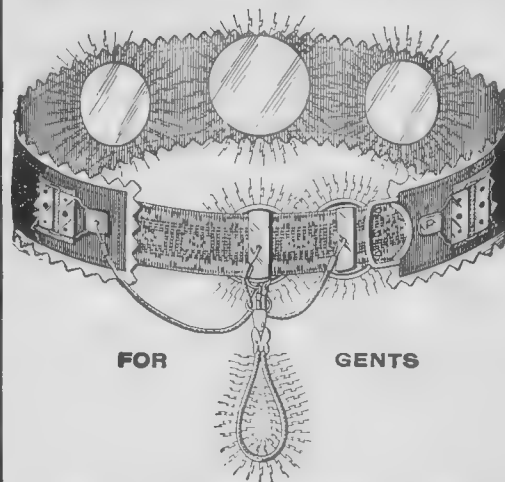
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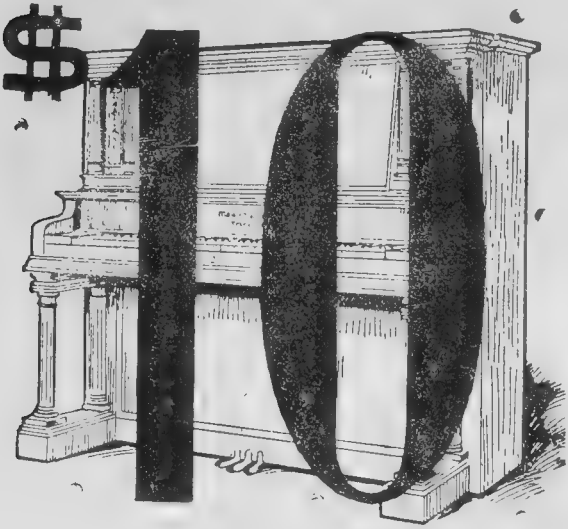
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Canadian womanhood in pursuing it. I would be very pleased to correspond with some of your readers, especially English people, as I am of direct English descent, and quite agree with Tenyson that:

"There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts;
Such hearts of oak as they be."

What inveterate smokers those Westerners are! But why should girls object to men smoking? Personally, I have not the slightest objection to their using the much-abused weed, in moderation. Of course, there are smokers who are very offensive to those of refined taste; such are in need of a few months' tuition, at the close of which they would, no doubt, have learned the proper use of the pipe. Some of the readers accuse the western bachelors of being "rough," etc. Though entirely ignorant of the West and its settlers, still I think such an accusation is too sweeping. Do you not think so? I quite agree with "Fair Play" that we would all be wise to memorize the few lines he quotes. Did "The Masher" ever meet a lady that chewed gum? Almost all your readers are apparently handsome (in their own estimation, at

least), and so, as I am quite the reverse, I shall not mention my personal appearance. I am passionately fond of music, and I also have a few hobbies. I enjoyed reading "English Boy's" letter very much.

"Light o' the Morning."

Address Ladies through this Magazine.

Nanton, Alta., June 11, 1907.
Editor.—It is with no little interest that I have read the correspondence in your valuable magazine for the past ten months, and I cannot help but laugh at times to see the way some of the western bachelors advertise themselves, as good looking, good habits, home-steaders, etc. About 70 per cent. of western men have homesteads, and, of course, it goes without saying that all are good looking (I am judging now from my own appearance—don't laugh). I have a looking-glass in front of me as I write (and I think I am a good judge of that). I also have a homestead.

I agree with "Edith Lyle," of Brooklyn, N.Y., in her letter of March 30th, 1907. Any good girl and one worth having as a wife would want to see and know something about the man she was to marry, and any young man who would take a wife as he would a new

hat, through the mail, might find out afterwards that, like a hat, the gloss would wear off, and the goods become threadbare.

There are chances that correspondence may lead to acquaintance, as most of the young men might spare the time in the winter season to visit the places where all those nice young ladies live, as I know there are many very nice girls in Ontario.

Hoping that I am not taking too much of your valuable time and space, I might say that I am tall and fair; looking for a young lady with dark hair and brown eyes; must be fond of music, driving and good books, also to be interested in all business affairs. Would you kindly send me the address of "Edith Lyle," Brooklyn, N.Y.; also of "Molly Bawn," Calgary, Alta.?

Wishing your paper every success.—
Very truly yours, "D. O. N."

Wants to Correspond.

Sask., June 10, 1907.
Editor.—I have been reading the letters in the Correspondence Columns for some time, and certainly find them very interesting. I am a young fellow, 19 years of age, medium height, and fair complexion. Have been in the West two years, coming up here from the eastern states. I am not looking for a wife just now, for I am not very anxious to double up, but would like to correspond with some nice young lady about my own age. I don't drink, but am a moderate smoker. Hoping some young lady will send me a few lines, I remain,
"Easterner."

A Chance for "Hardy Gent."

Sask., July 7, 1907.
Editor.—I enjoy reading your correspondence columns very much. I find some of the letters very interesting. It is amusing to hear so many of the bachelors asking the girls to write first. On my own part, I would never dream of writing first, and I am sure other respectable girls are of the same opinion. I would like to get a few correspondents in Alberta, as I am thinking of going there, and would like to know a little about the place first. I would be pleased to hear from a writer in your May number, signing himself "Hardy Gent." Hoping I have not taken up too much space,
"Another Scotch Lassie."

Sorry for you, "Buster Brown."

Rathwell, Man., June 25th, 1907.
Editor.—Being a member of the correspondence column circle, I thought that I would write and let you know of the sad accident that has befallen me. While sawing wood on the 24th of May I happened to see some gophers that were running about close beside me, so went in and got the gun, which I loaded in both barrels and laid it down beside me, not knowing it to be cocked, and while lifting it up both barrels went off, blowing my left leg to pieces. I managed somehow to crawl to the house and get on the bed, where I lay moaning until sleep overcame me. When found, after laying there 24 hours I was so done up that my life was despaired of. When the doctors came some two hours after I was found, I thought it best to ask God to help me to withstand the operation, which I trust He did, as I am progressing splendidly. I would like you to ask a few correspondents to write a few letters for you to address to me. I now wish the corresponding columns every success, and remain, yours truly,
"Buster Brown."

P.S.—Please find enclosed 50 cents in stamps, which I think will be all right for a subscription for your valuable magazine, which I think would be cheap enough at a dollar, as it is the best paper of its kind I have as yet seen. I would like you to come and see me if possible before long, as it helps to pass the time away, as I am a stranger here, coming out November 16th, 1906, from England.

Wants a Wife to Help Keep Him.

Condie, Sask., June 26, 1907.
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but a neighbor of mine is, so I feel very interested in your matrimonial columns. I would like to correspond with a young and attractive girl, about 20-25 (widow or single). I would make a good hubby, can milk and cook to perfection, and I will give up all my bad habits, such as drinking, smoking and swearing.

I have a good trade at my fingers, but I would like the lady to have a good income, so as to help the home. I am anxious to meet the right party, as I am good looking, fair and short, strong and healthy. I love children, but I would not like more than two in the family.

I would like a farmer's daughter, as I have a nice homestead in future dreams. She must be musical, clean and tidy. Must always carry a smile, if possible, and be a model wife. Ladies don't all write at once, as I am poor at corresponding, but I will answer the right one who comes up to my ideal. I have splendid prospects, so will sign myself
"Hustler."

An All-Round Useful Man.

Baldur, Man., June 19, 1907.
Editor.—Judging from the various opinions expressed by the readers, I conclude that each has a different opinion on the subject of matrimony. Some of the ladies, I think, have been too hard on us bachelors, while, on the other hand, some of the bachelors seem to be looking for a chore boy or slave, rather than a wife.

If a farmer is a perfect gentleman or a true husband, he will not allow his wife to do any work outside of the house, nor will he allow her to work from morning till night, as many of them do. She should have a horse and buggy with which to go driving whenever she wished, and be able to spend her evenings driving, visiting, or playing the piano.

Some of my bachelor friends may ask, "Where is there time on the farm to go driving for enjoyment?" In answering, I would say that I have worked sixteen years on a farm, and have found that it is unnecessary to work from early morning till late at night, as many of the farmers do.

"Work while you work, and play while you play" is a good motto, yet many farmers think it all work on a farm. But it is whatever you make it; you can enjoy yourself on a farm as much as anywhere, if you only try to. And, although I work as hard as any one I take at least three evenings in the week in which to enjoy myself.

I have a team of drivers, and go driving, fishing, shooting and any other pleasure I feel inclined to indulge in. Valuable as the time is on a farm, I think that every farmer should take his wife for a drive in the evenings, or take her out hunting and shooting, for I have found out from my experience with the gentler sex that they never objected when asked to accompany me on a hunting or fishing expedition.

One of the ladies writing expressed her opinion that if a man truly loved a woman, that she should marry him, whether he was penniless, cripple or blind. I, however, do not agree with her on that point. I would rather live and die a bachelor than ask a woman to share my joys and sorrows, were I penniless, or even in poor circumstances. I should never think of matrimony unless I were in good circumstances and had a home—not a shanty, but a house of which anyone might be proud—to bring my future wife to, over which to reign as household queen.

I am a young man 5 ft. 10 in. in height, strong and healthy, brown hair and brown eyes. And, although I am a "Hay Seed" and "Moss Back," as one young lady calls us, I can throw off my farm clothes in the evenings, put on collar and gloves, and cut as dashing a figure as any town swell. If anyone wishes my address, it is with the editor
"Canadian Jack."

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USE

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FOR THAT THIN HORSE.

Al and the Buzzard Perplexed

BY CLAUDESLEY JOHNS

THE heat-haze streaked the steely sky, and deep in the shimmering dry mist the distant reaches of shining gray seemed to crawl and writhe, but in the foreground the long rolling billows of sand lay motionless. High in the quivering air a great buzzard wheeled lazily in wide circles which lapped each other as the black scavenger completed each one, for he was watching two men that walked in the heated silence of the desert, and he kept the central point of his circular flights directly above them.

One of the men staggered as he walked, sometimes leaning forward and reaching toward the ground with his hands, as if he would lie down, but he always straightened up in terror and lunged on after his companion. Besides the glaze of his eyeballs, seared by the dry heat, there was a glare of hopeless horror in them: this man struggled on only because the other walked ahead. At last he fell.

"Wait, Frank!" he cried.

"For what?" asked the other, turning around.

The fallen man groaned, reeling from side to side on his knees, holding his hands away from the sand which had blistered them when they were plunged into it.

"For me," he pleaded with terrified eagerness: "I'm coming in a minute—in just a minute I'm coming. I—I only tripped, that's all. Don't you see I'm coming?" He half rose to his feet, but fell back—"Oh, God, Frank; wait for me, just a minute! I'm coming!"

Frank laughed thickly, and his puffed lips remained twisted in a horrid grin as he replied, opening his jaws wide to give play to his swollen tongue:

"Yes, you will!" he sneered. "But for me you'd be miles back there. *He* knows better," indicating the soaring buzzard by a jerk of his head; "look at him."

The buzzard was still wheeling

around, but the circles were suddenly grown narrower and the bird had come down closer. The dying man looked up and screamed.

"He'll have you next thing you know," mumbled Frank, still grinning, his tongue more hindrance than help to his speech. "He's followed such fellows as you in the desert before." He turned sharply about, the grin disappeared, and started on.

With a look of horror at the descending buzzard, a glance of fury at his departing companion, the weaker man tottered to his feet and staggered after.

"Wait, Frank!" he entreated.

"Wait nothing!" retorted Frank. "What's the good, anyhow? You can't make it, though it's not over five miles now; but *I* will. You'll never have the spending of that gold, Al, and you know it; might as well lie down and take your medicine."

Al had been reeling again, but now he

stiffened up, plunging along after his brother, the glare in his eyes showing more fury than terror.

For an hour they went on, Frank moving more and more slowly, yet leaving his brother farther and farther behind, Al toiling onward in wrathful despair. The buzzard grew impatient watching these men in the clutch of death, feebly clinging to life; he flew far away, soon appearing only as a black speck in the distance, and then was engulfed in the throbbing heat-haze; but his flight was still in a circle. When at last he returned he saw one of the men lying on the sand, and flew a little faster.

Frank, looking round from time to time, saw that his brother had fallen again, and went back.

"What do you want?" growled the fainting Al.

"The gold, Al; it ain't over three miles now, and I guess I can carry

yours and mine, so even if I don't find the place again I'll have enough to marry on, anyhow. Here! drop that, you fool! What good's the stuff to you?" But Al clung with weak hands to the belt.

"Let me alone!" he mumbled. "I'll make it if you do, you thief!" and holding by Frank's coat he raised himself to his feet. Frank stood still till Al had lifted himself, and then he sneered:

"Oh, yes, you'll make it, you will! Why you can't travel fifty yards, you baby!" He broke away from his brother then, and walked on.

Al kept on his feet, dragging them through the powdery sand while the tortured body swayed and rocked.

How quickly men succumb when death pounces upon them suddenly!—a gasp, perhaps; a thrill of terror at the shock; a rolling up of the eyes and quivering of the muscles as the mind becomes blank, and then the weaken-



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it were at the bottom of the sea. I'll thump, thump, thump—thump—thump—thump, as the heart runs down! But when he comes openly facing his victim, taking him tentatively by the hand and leading him on that victim grows obstinate, sullen; he will not yield, and strength and life ebb slowly; he clings feebly even to the last atom that slips away, leaving him dead.

The buzzard did not go away again. Al still walked, but staggered this way and that, scarcely moving forward at all; and now the circle of the great bird's flight was not perfect, for each time that the man reeled far to right or left weakly waving his arms to balance himself, the buzzard paused in his flight, sinking downward. Finally

he poised himself, motionless—Al had fallen again, and lay quite still. Frank stopped also, turning back and bending over his brother as before, tugging at the belt; the dying man made only a slight resistance now, and then relaxed.

"Let me have it!" cried Frank angrily, as loudly as his swollen tongue permitted: "it's no good to you."

At this Al made another slight effort to grasp the belt.

"It's no good to you," iterated Frank, coughing out the words: "let me have it; I'll take it to Daisy."

Al's glassy eyes unclosed; he sat up and fumbled clumsily at the buckle of his belt.

"Yes; take it—to her," he mumbled

Frank seemed disappointed. "I'll marry her myself now," he explained. "I always wanted her, but she was fool enough to prefer you."

Al's closing eyes opened wide; in his darkening mind a great fire flamed up; he screamed and snarled savagely, though the sound came smothered from his mouth.

The buzzard knew nothing of the desire for gold, the hatred of men, the love of woman—or jealousy, the most powerful emotion of all; he wondered why this man always got up again after lying down to die.

Doggedly Frank toiled on over the sand; Al stumbled after in a such rage, his mind inflamed with the heat of the desert and the hate of men. Eagerly his scorned eyes watched for his brother to fall; then he would have lain himself down for the last time, with a grim laugh struggling out of him as he died. But Frank would not fall; he hurried along at almost a mile an hour.

The brassy sun sank into the wavering heat mist and shone through it like copper, distorted, undulating as it were visibly a molten mass. Night was coming soon.

Al was down, groaning and cursing because his brother would not fall. Miracles of avarice, hate, love, jealousy, could not raise him now, for in a moment there was not left life enough in him to feel; the mind ceased to act, and death was there; only the heart moved slowly, mechanically, more slowly; death was there at the heart, too, already hampering the rhythmic beat. The buzzard rested on outspread wings, coming slowly down.

Frank looked back and saw; the glare of horror grew in his eyes, and for a moment he stood in despair. There was hopeless agony in his last smothered cry of genuine appeal to his dying brother:

"My God, Al the water is near! Come!"

Al gave no sign; Frank turned with a groan and dragged his heavy feet along. He reached the curving crest of a long, low wave in the motionless gray sea, and beyond it lay a deeper hollow than any he had passed. Madness then came into his glazing eyes; strange sounds squeezed their way past the thickening tongue and tumbled forth into the desert air, hideous sobs, and his feeble arms reached out before him. He tried to run and, falling, rolled in the sand, and crawled but presently staggered to his feet and lurched forward. Again and again he fell, and sometimes he lay for a minute or more, staring in wild affright at the desert spring. Foot by foot he crept or plunged, and lay at last, smiling with his horrible lips, on the edge of the water-hole.

With trembling fingers he unfastened one end of its strap and dropped the canteen into the spring. It was not heavy when full yet the first pull he gave frightened him; so weak he was, so near to death, the weight was

too much. Straining every muscle he lifted it a little way, and saw the water drip from it; then his awful sobs began again, the water-spring and all the desert faded from his sight. A great weight hung upon him, and in his clouded mind was only the thought that he must struggle with it. It seemed a metal band was tightening across his chest, and something inside shriveled and burned his lungs; sounds which were not of the desert silence but the madness of a mind, buzzed and cracked in his ears—the strap slipped through his hands. Still he clung and heaved upward, and inch by inch the water was dragged up—out at last—Triumph! Life!

And the sobbing and the sounds of madness ceased; Frank lay quiet for a while in the silence of the desert. Presently he drank, and poured the water over his aching body. Then he turned to look back the way he had come, and saw the poised buzzard; Al was yet alive then, and might still be saved! Again he filled the canteen, and painfully toiled back over the sand.

The heat-haze was almost gone; the angry red sun touched the gray horizon and was slowly blotted out. Frank lay beside his brother, exhausted, asleep. Al was moaning in the pain of restored life, now and again sucking a mouthful of water from the canteen Frank had brought.

The buzzard had lit upon the sand; he was walking toward the men that lay there, and Al put one arm protectingly across the body of his stronger brother.

"Dear old boy!" he said. "He just pretended he would leave me; he lied when he said he wanted to take the gold—he just wanted me to follow—and he lied when—" He paused.

Were either of the brothers to die, after all? The buzzard would know. Slowly and solemnly he walked close up, surveying the group with an air of grave, experienced inquiry; but the examination was unsatisfactory, for he spread his wings and rose heavily into the air. Twice he circled round, then soared higher and higher. Would he continue circling, high up, waiting? No; he flew straight away at last, over the desert.

"I wonder," said Al reflectively, "if it Frank does really care for her?"

The New York Hair Store.

Heavy pressure of business in their Portage Avenue store rendered it impossible for Mesdames Seaman & Petersen to spare time for an exhibit at the Winnipeg Fair. During all exhibition week their store was thronged with customers, many of whom, in addition to their intended purchases, could not refrain from buying a fancy comb or Parisian hair ornament as a present for the old folks at home.



The Superior Express, C.N.R., showing C.N.R. Station and Steamers Dock, Port Arthur, Ont.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rev. Dr. Johnson: It is quite as important to a preacher to know something about Dickens and Scott and Defoe as to read Wesley's Notes on the New Testament.

Maxim Gorky: The Russian people are struggling for freedom to learn; the Tsar for freedom to rule, and the bureaucracy for freedom to steal.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: Canada is indeed one of the youngest nations of the world, and during my journeyings in Europe I have found that it is the young nations that most attract the attention of civilized Europe.

Archdeacon Sinclair: I believe that advertising in its best and truest sense is part of our original business, for the first preachers of the gospel were instructed to publish it abroad as far as they possibly could.

Dr. Saunders (Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms): The plan of the government at the present time apparently is to establish smaller farms and to place them in any locality where there exists a sufficient difference in the climate, etc., to make it necessary and wherever a farm would be of benefit to the surrounding farming community.

President George H. Greig (of the Winnipeg Industrial): It is the livestock that is building up the country. It is the live-stock industry that makes for the uplifting of the people. It is this that will keep the boys on the farm and make this country a country of homes. Such is an absolute impossibility where nothing but wheat farming is carried on. The directors feel, therefore, that when they are giving their efforts to encouraging the live-stock interests they are proceeding along the right lines to encourage the best agricultural interests of Western Canada.

Dr. Sproule, M.P.: At the coast I was informed that the best hams and sides of bacon come from Liverpool; butter, and even potatoes, are imported from New Zealand, and other eatables. This is the case while so much of the prairies remain unused. The returns from mixed farming are surer than the grain harvest. Farmers would do well to take this leaf from the book of the men of Ontario and the other eastern provinces, and not let the people from the outside world be feeding the towns of the Great West, when they ought to be doing it themselves.

Hon. Thos. Bent, Premier of Victoria: We, in Australia, like you in Canada, are following out the policy of providing the best possible agricultural instruction. To be a good farmer, you must be an educated man.

Dr. J. Wesley Mills (of the Dominion Railway Commission): There is no doubt of Western Canada's ability to produce first-class live-stock, and it is to its interest to do so. My observations of farmers and farming lead, generally speaking, to have a specialty. They should carry on mixed farming as far as possible and lead the community in some one thing.

Premier Roblin: Within the last twelve months in the city of Winnipeg, there have been over 100 cars of hams and bacon imported from the United States, carrying heavy freight charges, and also a duty of two cents a pound. This has been consumed by Manitobans, and it might have been produced in the province by the coarse grains being converted into the hog product at a greater reward to the farmer than what he got by selling his barley and other coarse grains for ordinary commercial purposes. I like that homely yet expressive phrase "Made in Canada," and I like it very much better when they reconstruct it and say "Made in Mani-

toba." A province such as this should certainly provide what its people want in the way of food.

Lady Haberton: To go up and down stairs without fatigue would, in itself, be the freeing of thousands of women from an intolerable daily hardship. And it is clothes and not the stairs that cause the trouble, though women do not realize this, as they refuse to make the experiment of trying a different style of clothing. And it is the same with all they do. They talk of freedom, and remain bound themselves, and, as far as possible, try to bind others in one of the most harassing forms of slavery that human ingenuity can invent.

Dr. Wiley: Warm weather naturally leads to thirst; let the latter be satisfied by pure, wholesome drinks. Home-made lemonade is one of the very best. Barley water is excellent; so also are orangeade, grape juice, and the juices of other fruits, diluted with water and slightly sweetened. Free drinking of pure water is helpful in keeping the system in good running order. Children should be encouraged to drink freely; preferably, however, between meals. A drink is also in order the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Bishop Fallows: It is curious how people struggle to get rich, when riches are so truly relative that everyone could be rich if he would quit struggling to get to the head of a procession which is marching in a circle. Just reach a hand back to the fellow who is behind you and know the satisfaction of being rich. It is when we are stretching forward to try and hold back the one in front until we get ahead that we feel our limitations. The man in the rural community gets \$20,000 and is rich, but, not satisfied to stay there, he removes to the city to be poverty-stricken on the same income. Many a man who was rich as he jogged along in his buggy drawn by an old horse has discovered his abject poverty when he traded for an automobile! Wisdom exercised in choice of surroundings is the secret of being wealthy.

President Falconer, of the University of Toronto: I am profoundly convinced that the greatest educational need of our time, in higher and lower schools alike, is a fuller appreciation on the part of the teachers of what human institutions really mean, and what tremendous moral issues and principles they involve. The ethics of individual life must be traced to its roots in the ethics of the social whole. The family, property, the common law, the State and the Church are all involved. These and their products, taken together, constitute civilization and mark it off from barbarism. Inheritor of a glorious past, each generation is a trustee for posterity. To preserve, protect and transmit its inheritance unimpaired is its highest duty. To accomplish this is not the task of the few, but the duty of all.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, of New York (President of the International Sunshine Society): In several of the great cities flower missions have been established for the distribution of blossoms and bouquets to the bed-ridden. Elderly persons of a hard and material training view this sort of thing, no doubt, as a trifling sentimentalism. They do not know what the flower stands for in the home where all other freshness and fragrance and beauty are strange. The love for color and perfume has been educated out of the lives of many good business men, but it is alive where it might least be looked for. Any one who has gone through the tenement district with a bunch of flowers remembers the eager faces of the children, the plaintive beseechings for "just one," and the shrill triumph if the one was bestowed. The flower was a link with the great outdoors that these poor little half-fed and mentally unfed youngsters hardly knew, even by report.

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before Oct. 31, 1907, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards, suitably printed cover and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following list of Winnipeg views, viz.: "Looking North from City Hall," "St. Mary's Church," "Central Congregational Church," "Manitoba College," "University of Manitoba," "Grace Church," "Victoria School," "Normal School," "Deaf and Dumb Institute," "Sacred Heart Church," "Mulvey School," "Land Titles Building," "Wesley Church," "Medical College," "Wesley College," "First Baptist Church," "St. Stephen's Church," "General Hospital," "Carnegie Library," "St. Andrew's Church," "St. John's College," "Looking South from City Hall," "Norquay School," "Machray School."

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To secure twelve post cards and album, all you have to do is to take a copy of a recent issue of The Western Home Monthly, show it to friends, neighbors or acquaintances, call attention to its merits, attractions, and very low price, and ask for the subscription. As soon as you have secured it, send us the name and address with the 50 cents, and state that you want the twelve post cards and album as premium.

They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for The Western Home Monthly, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken the Western Home Monthly at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until October 31st, 1907, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any twelve post cards from the above names.

Address all letters

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition of 1907 surpassed all previous records in point of attendance and in this connection it was a success. The management of the exhibition are deeply indebted to the people of Winnipeg as well as to those who came from outside points in record breaking numbers to attend the fair and help make it a success from a financial point of view. The Winnipeg newspapers, farm journals, magazines, and the provincial press did their part nobly in disseminating advance news about the exhibition, and in this way working up attention and enthusiasm among exhibitors and the public in general.

The reputation of the Winnipeg Industrial is improving under the able direction of Mr. Greig, the president, and the board of directors, who give much of their valuable time, without remuneration, to its guidance. The show of live stock was commendable and the improvement in this department was most noticeable when compared with exhibitions held here in previous years. The Industrial section, in the opinion of many, was not what it should be, and the fair management would do well to ascertain the cause with a view to remedying any real or imaginary grievances on the part of manufacturers whose goods are sold and used exclusively in this country so that a better representation may be presented another year.

To make the exhibition the success it should be special attention should be given to the live stock and Industrial section to encourage a good representation. The platform attractions in front of the grand stand and horse races are good money getters for the management, and money is necessary to conduct a successful fair. But, after all, the live stock and industrial sections are the backbone of any agricultural exhibition, about which should be grouped all the other incidental attractions. Better arrangements for the getting of meals on the grounds are necessary, as the complaints made this year were numerous.

The vendors of ill-smelling "hot sausage" adjacent to the sidewalk leading from the main gate through the centre of the grounds, should be relegated, together with their boisterous voices, to some remote point closer to the western fence. Another matter to which the board of directors should give special attention to is the policy adopted this year in doubling the price of admission at the gate.

Exhibitors cannot be attracted unless they are assured of a good attendance, and it is an open question if the attendance would have been as good this year had the people known beforehand about the advance in the price of admission to the grounds.

If it is necessary to increase the revenue, the better course might be to provide a better class of platform attractions and charge a higher price for the grand stand, but to leave the price of admission to the grounds as before at 25 cents. The increase in price at the gate proved most unpopular with the visitors from the country, and these people are wanted in large numbers by the business people and others who are taxed to maintain the fair.

The people in business look forward each year to doing a large trade with people from country points who are attracted here during fair week. If doubling the price of admission to the grounds tends to keep many away who might otherwise come if the price of admission were 25 cents instead of 50 cents, a falling off of exhibitors will be sure to follow as a natural consequence. The Winnipeg Industrial is making substantial progress, and this is as it should be, for our manufactures, farm interests and population has made marked gains within the past few years.

Any observations or criticisms offered by us are made in perfect good faith, with a view to assisting the board of directors and management to see things in connection with the ex-

hibition as others see them. We are not given to fault-finding and we feel that the shortcomings noticeable this year will be removed or remedied another year.

The Holbrook Sauce Co.

There is no quarter of the civilized world in which the products of this firm are not known on the tables of rich and poor alike. Emanating from the largest sauce manufactory in the world, the famous Worcestershire sauce, which has established the reputation of the firm, has attained a world-wide reputation, and established itself as a household word in every family.

The western representatives of the company, Messrs. Brack & Kirkland, of 218 Princess street, arranged a tasteful exhibit of the Holbrook specialties, including the aforesaid Worcestershire sauce, sundry brands of pickles, and a particularly pure extract of olive. Their stall well repaid a visit, and the caller was assured of a courteous reception from Mr. Musham, and the able demonstrators who were in attendance.

Steele & Co.

Perhaps the most attractive exhibit, from an artistic point, in this year's exhibition has been on view at the gallery of portraiture and photographic work of all kinds staged by Messrs. Steele & Co., from their studio at the corner of Main and Bannatyne. It does not require the trained eye of the expert or connoisseur to recognize the high level which is attained in the pictures this firm are exhibiting. That their productions have not failed also to capture the appreciation of the best judges of such work is evidenced by the fact that Messrs. Steele & Co. carried off not only the silver medal but also five prizes out of a possible seven at the Industrial Exhibition. No further proof is necessary of the excellence of the work turned out by the highly skilled artists of the firm in every branch. There can be little doubt that the success and popularity which the company has attained is due to the ability and brilliant attainments of their popular manager, Mr. H. A. Hubert, whose celebrity is by no means confined to Winnipeg or even Manitoba, since he is also recognized throughout the Eastern Canada as a past master of the art and craft of photography.

The Excellent Showing of the National Cream Separator at the Winnipeg Fair.

Although having been on the Western market but a few years, the National cream separator, manufactured by The Raymond Mfg. Co., Ltd., of Guelph, Ont., is now recognized as being one of the most up-to-date, efficient and durable of separators, and its fine qualities were adequately exemplified in the butter making competition held at the recent Winnipeg Fair, when Miss Valens succeeded in winning first place in the home butter-making competition and also first place in the professional class, using the National in each instance. She states, that the National gave the utmost satisfaction, without being the least troubled in producing 40 per cent cream, and it succeeded in skimming over three pails more of milk than its competitors did in the same length of time. Its simplicity was another feature which commended itself to her, the entire operation of cleaning up being completed in a very few minutes, and she was again ready for a second run some time before her competitors. Another noticeable feature was the favorable comments passed on the National, all recognizing it as a machine admirably suited to its requirements and particularly efficient in producing first class butter as Miss Valens did.

The Winnipeg Piano and Organ Co.

The Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co. had a large space about half way down the south aisle of the South Manufacturers' building. Here were exhibited the musical instruments, for the manufacture of which the Bell Co., of whom this firm are the agents, are famous. Among the most interesting of these was the Broadwood Baric Grand piano, a beautiful instrument in Spanish mahogany, the special feature of which, as its name implies, lies in the absence of the bars, making a comparatively light, but solid and compact, instrument. The popular Knabe Upright Piano was also shown in Spanish mahogany. The Bell Autonola, of which several were sold during the exhibition, was also shown in a case of burl walnut, and selections on this instrument attracted large crowds throughout each day.

In addition to this the style N. Bell Piano was shown in a beautiful mahogany case, style F, with orchestra attachment, giving 16 different tone effects. The C. J. and several other designs of Bell Pianos were also shown. The Little Jewel, a baby upright, admirably adapted for small flats, is one of the best pianos in the market. In organs several designs were shown, including the double manual high top church organ, also a small size of church organ, as well as all kinds of parlor organs. Four different kinds of gramophones, the Columbia, Berliner, Victor and Edison, were in use at different times throughout the day and last, but not least, the firm's famous cornet player attracted large crowds by giving selections on his instrument with one hand, accompanying himself on the piano with the other.

The offices of the Winnipeg Piano & Organ Co., on Portage Avenue, were thoroughly remodelled and the alterations were completed but a few weeks ago, making the firm's emporium one of the most up-to-date and well furnished in Canada. The visitors to the fair were welcomed not only at the booth at the exhibition, but at the store of the Company, on Portage Avenue, where Mr. C. M. Maywood, the manager, with his staff of capable assistants, gave every attention to the wants of prospective customers.

The "House of Banfield" Exhibit.

This well-known firm of house, office and hotel furnishers were once more leaders in the exhibitors' class at the Winnipeg Industrial. They had not only the largest space, but an exhibition of high-class rugs, draperies and furniture in the eight room suite, that would attract attention in any large city. Admiring crowds were always about the Banfield exhibit, whether it was in front of the large display of 100 Oriental prayer and other rugs, admiring some of the Persian silk prayer rugs—which are only to be seen in New York or London—or the Turkish cosy corner, with its gun and sword decorations, or admiring the display of hand-tufted Donegal squares—about twenty of these rare squares were in the space. The Banfield firm are sole agents for this latest class of choice floor covering, made, as they are, by hand by the Irish girls from your own exclusive design to match your wall covering or room decorations in any shape or size, shade or color scheme. Everlasting in wear they have driven out the eastern rug and have become the "tone in high-class rug squares."

The suite of rooms illustrating the furnishings of a complete house, attracted much praise and was one of the chief attractions of the fair. Each room had been worked out in a color scheme to blend with the others. The draperies and curtains had all been made up in the firm's workrooms. The dining room was specially worthy of notice, the furniture being in fumed oak and unique in design; the Donegal rug, a rich blue and gold eastern pattern, the velvet curtains, appliqued with gold, were quite effective; but the gem of the collection was the bedroom. The hangings, the portieres, bedspread, and pillows and other room decorations were of a plain blue ground, with bunches of roses appliqued on it. Many orders, we understand, have been taken for

similar rooms, but in different colorings. The whole exhibit showed not only what this enterprising firm can accomplish in the way of fine high-class house decorations, but also that Winnipeg is now in the metropolitan class, and that the homes of our people demand artistic floor coverings and decorations. The house of A. F. Banfield & Co. are now the acknowledged leaders in their line. They have been established twenty-four years. That they do every order right is evidenced by the two large warehouses and the staff of sixty-five members, with an ever increasing business. Their country order trade is a large one and over fifty hotels have been furnished completely throughout by A. F. Banfield & Co., Winnipeg. They will be pleased to answer any letters sent as to house or hotel furnishings. Correspondence is solicited.

D. R. Dingwall, Ltd.—Matchless Jewels.

As on every occasion on which this firm displays its splendid array of goods the instantaneous effect is little short of staggering, and nothing of the nature of disappointment awaits a closer inspection.

There is nothing loud or gaudy, either in jewel or setting, and the most minute examination of any of their beautiful handicraft in the fashioning of the precious metals and jewel setting has the same gratifying result as a microscopic examination of any department of Nature's own exquisite handiwork.

The mere arrangement of the details of their exhibit was an object lesson in tasteful adjustment of intricate and exceedingly fine parts to a magnificent and perfect whole. The whole effect was one that captures the attention at once and excites an interest that never flags.

The wealth of Golconda seems to have been ransacked to find the magnificent stones that have been worked up with infinite care and skill into that \$6,500 diamond necklet. If its individual gems are not quite so numerous as the historic "Diamond Necklace" that had so much to do with the destiny of a sister nation, they are certainly of greater value than the brilliants that well nigh brought a French cardinal to the guillotine.

Another unique specimen of Messrs. Dingwall's altogether matchless work was a diamond set watch which was moderately valued at \$1,000, and the splendid line they showed in watches generally, with their special "Dingwall" movements, are by far and away the most accurate timekeepers that are either made or marketed in Western Canada.

The display of candelabra (although only an incident of the decorative scheme), was a striking feature of the exhibit, and nothing finer in cut glass has ever come out of Europe than the magnificent punch-bowl and other crystal ware which Mr. D. W. Dingwall recently acquired in Vienna, etc., and which were tastefully displayed in their place.

Among other solid but inexpensive souvenirs that commanded attention were the splendid examples of diamond brooches set in platinum, the latest achievement of celebrated European factories. Chain bags in gold and silver work are also novelties that are carrying all before them in Europe at the present moment, and are certain to share the popularity they deserve in Canada.

A brief notice cannot do justice to the superb sterling silver work in tea services and other table ware that were here shown. The high art and delicacy of workmanship evidenced in every specimen in the cases is something for even a slow salesman to conjure with. They are irresistible, and whether for presentation or for private use it is scarcely possible that finer goods and more artistic and fashionable gifts are to be purchased in the Dominion.

D. R. Dingwall, Ltd., have a large mail order business in Western Canada. They issue a handsome catalogue, a copy of which should be in every home. Their new illustrated catalogue will be issued shortly and will be one of the most complete of its kind in Canada. Send them your name and address and request them to send you a copy.

Sawyer & Massey Company.

One of the most complete and interesting exhibits in moving agricultural machinery ever seen in Winnipeg was installed by the Sawyer & Massey company, on that part of the exhibition grounds devoted to farm implements. Four powerful traction compound cylinder engines were employed in driving as many of the "Great West" separators, in favor of which make the firm has discarded all others. They have been induced to adopt this course by the satisfactory manner in which the "Great West" Separator has always fulfilled every demand made upon it. This firm handle seven sizes of this machine, some of the main distinctive features of which may be enumerated as follows: An important patent embodied is the I. X. L. separating device, in which six revolving pickers on a revolving drum ensure the complete disintegration of the sheaf, and the consequent clean extraction of the grain from the straw. The firm of Sawyer & Massey have acquired the rights of this patent for its use in the Dominion of Canada. Each separator is equipped with the I. X. L. picker, Sawyer & Massey wind-stacker and "Perfection" elevator, bagger and weigher. Of the various feeders supplied by the firm the Woods (all steel), "Parson's Hawkeye" "Success" and "Ruth," should be noticed.

The engines which were employed for driving the machinery are respectively 20 h.p., 22 h.p., 26 h.p., 30 h.p. "S & M" traction compound cylinder engines. They also showed a 20 h.p. portable engine.

The Eclipse is the name of a separator especially made for farmers who do their own threshing, is capable of handling 800 bushels per day, and will run with an 8 h.p., or small gasoline engine.

A remarkably powerful piece of mechanism is the Sawyer & Massey, steel reversible road grader, which is capable of tearing up and grading the stiffest macadam, and can be worked with 4, 8 or 16 horses, or attached to

a traction engine, according to the severity of the task imposed upon it.

The firm also exhibited an engine plow-tender, capable of drawing ten plows at once with a 26 h.p. engine. They also had on exhibition tank trucks or farmer's handy wagons, on which were mounted water tanks, a complete line of threshers' attachments such as belts, tanks, pumps, lifting jacks headlights, cables etc., in all making a very complete exhibit of threshing machinery of unique interest to everyone who is interested.

A Winnipeg Invention.

The dirty, dusty door mat is a thing of the past and is now superseded by the invention of A. C. Houghton, of the Houghton Land corporation, of Winnipeg. Mr. Houghton's invention, the "u-need-it" door mat, is one of the principal commodities shown in the south manufacturers' building at the exhibition and elicited words of praise from all who investigated its workings. The mat cleans the welts of shoes and leaves them without the slightest trace of mud by three simple movements of the foot, while the leather of the finest shoes is not scratched in the process. It is the most convenient and sanitary mat in existence, all the mud from the boots being collected in a dustproof steel pan, the edges of which serve to clean the soles of the footwear. It requires no shaking or beating as it automatically cleans itself as it is used.

The mat is handled throughout the west by A. E. Bryant, who is the western agent, his territory extending from Port Arthur to the Pacific coast. It has also been introduced into Eastern Canada, where it is gaining favor in hotels, railroad offices and cars, and large buildings. The mats are in the form of two rollers, which will last for years, outliving the old style flat mats, while giving an infinitely better service. It is now in use at government house, the court house and other large buildings, in Winnipeg, and should be seen by every visitor to Winnipeg.



This 18 size open face gunmetal watch with fine Swiss movement, gold dial combination photos of the King and Queen and royal family and splendid timepiece; the very latest and most durable watch in the market. Price

\$2.65



This 18 size open face gunmetal case with a very fine Swiss movement. This watch can be set the same as an alarm clock, and will ring for several minutes. It is an accurate timepiece and one of the latest watches that has ever been invented. Fully warranted, very fine porcelain dial. Roman and Arabic figures. Price

\$5.65



This 16 size open face 20-year case is guaranteed, and made of two plates of solid gold with the plate of composition between and guaranteed to wear for twenty years. This case is fitted with a high-grade 16-size 15-jewel damaskeened quick train, straight line, lever escapement, micrometer regulator, exposed pallets, cut expansion balance, hardened and tempered brequet, hairspring safety pinion, screw bankings, exposed polished steel winding wheels, dust band, Roman or Arabic, depressed centre, second white enamel dial and red marginal figures. Gents' and Ladies' watches same. Price

\$8.65

The Canadian Mail Order Company

163, 165, 167 James Street
WINNIPEG

We will accept any produce you may wish to send to us at the highest market value, f.o.b. Winnipeg, instead of cash. Any goods not found satisfactory we will cheerfully refund your money.

OATS from WHEAT

No. 2 Special Chatham Fanning Mill

Screens 33 in. wide.
Turns Easy.



Size No. 1 Screens 25 in. wide—No. 2, 33 in. wide. No. 3, Power Warehouse Mill, Screens 4 ft. wide.

The Manson Campbell Co.

LIMITED

Address the nearest place. CHATHAM, ONT.

Brandon, Man.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

Calgary, Alta.

WE FACE THIS PROBLEM OF THE WEST. WILD AND TAME OATS IN WHEAT HAVE BECOME A PEST. WE ARE SPECIALISTS—WE ARE THE DOCTOR.

It is a special case and requires special expert treatment.

The oats are there. You must have them out. You want them all out. Nothing can take them out too fast to suit you.

We have some reputation in our business. We make Fanning Mills for all the world, and every place on this green earth needs something special in a Fanning Mill.

Last year we sent 1,000 Mills to Australia. They are as different from the Canadian type as a Kangaroo is from a Buffalo. We send special Mills to Bengal, Natal, Buenos Ayres, Glasgow and even to Quebec. When we diagnose the case we send the Mill that does the work.

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING FANNING MILLS SINCE 1867.

Don't you think we could manage to build a special Mill for you?

We know we are equipped to build the Mill you need. We make our own Wire Cloth. We punch our own Zinc. There is no mesh of cloth or size or shape of hole in Zinc we cannot make or use.

OUR UNITED STATES FACTORY

Ten years ago when our United States business got so large and the tariff wall too high, we built a factory in DETROIT, MICH., and now over there we make 10,000 Mills a year. We have several kinds, for every State needs something special in the set of screens.

ONE MILL WILL NOT DO EVERYTHING AND EVERYWHERE

Don't you think we have the experience, the brains and means to build the very Mill for you? The Canadian West is no new field to us. Our Mills were there before the C. P. R.

This Latest Special Mill for THE WEST will be sent out to you ON THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL,

with the binding guarantee that it will SEPARATE OATS FROM WHEAT better and faster than any Mill on the Market. We have seen them all. We know what we are talking about.

At the regular work it is the same old stand-by. It cleans Oats, Barley, Flax—all the grass seeds just the same.

Ask for our Catalogue and Price List. WE SELL ON TIME—TWO PAYMENTS—FALL, 1908-1909.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

A CONQUERING RACE.

Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Canadians, and Americans all belong to one race—the English-speaking race.

Either by birth or by force of circumstances we are identified with the foremost race in the world. A book written in German is read by Germans. A book written in French is read by Frenchmen. A book written in Spanish is read by Spaniards, but a book written in English is read by the world. In the year 1700 there were 6,000,000 English-speaking people. In 1800 there were 20,000,000. In 1900 there were 130,000,000. Years ago Gladstone predicted that in the year 2,000 there would be 600,000,000 people speaking the English language. We move on the high tide of time. Let us be true to our origin, history and destiny.

TIME AND I AGAINST ANY TWO.

"Time and I against any two" was the watchword and maxim of Cardinal Mazarin. "Time and I,"

what a splendid combination! The man of genius never spends his time mourning over reverses and defeats. He never groans over a defeat nor gloats over a victory. He simply plods on. His motto is "Time and I against any two." Think of James G. Blaine, the morning after his defeat as a presidential candidate (the great dream of his life blasted) calmly going to work on an entirely new enterprise, and writing the first pages of his great book: "Twenty Years In Congress," now a classic in the political literature of the United States. Plod on my friend. Time is a great factor in any splendid achievement.

NOBODY OR SOMEBODY.

When an old Bishop of the Methodist Church was examining a group of candidates for the ministry, he asked them "Are you willing to be a nobody in Christ's service?" and every one of them piously exclaimed, "Yes!" "Then," said the old bishop, "You are a poor lot,—I have no use for you!" The quality of ambition must enter into every successful life. "I mean to be somebody," said Lincoln. "I am determined to be famous," said Tennyson. "I will write a history which the world will be compelled to read," said Macaulay. Even in the sacred office of the ministry a man ought to be determined to preach the best possible sermon and command the largest possible hearing.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

The year 1906 was one of the most successful years viewed from a commercial standpoint, and yet 10,000 people

committed suicide in the United States. The fact is that life is becoming more and more intense. Take New York City for an example. Every minute an immigrant arrives. Every three minutes someone is arrested. Every six minutes a child is born. Every seven minutes someone is buried. Every forty-five minutes a building catches fire. Every hour a ship arrives. Every hour a train departs. Every seven hours someone fails in business. Every twenty-four hours somebody commits suicide. City life is intense, and for this intensity there is only one remedy—relaxation.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

On the continent of North America there are at the present moment 100,000 paupers, 100,000 criminals in prison, 20,000 youths in reformatories, and 100,000 women leading lives of shame. In contrast with such poverty, think of the massing of wealth in the Republic. There are over 5,000 millionaires in the United States, 68 millionaires in Cleveland, 75 in Cincinnati, 60 in Baltimore, 35 in St. Paul, 50 in Minneapolis, 200 in Detroit, 500 in New York State, and 1200 in New York City. In one of the finest parts of New York City there is a mile of residences, each one the home of a millionaire—a mile of millionaires. When men of wealth consecrate themselves to the needs of humanity, a new day will dawn.

CONSCIENCE AND THE PREACHER.

Hugh Latimer was true to his conscience when, standing in the presence of King Henry VIII, he exclaimed in the midst of his sermon: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer,

remember thou art in the presence of thy King! Heed well what thou sayest to him." And then pausing for a moment he added, "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, remember that thou art in the presence of the King of Kings, heed well what thou sayest!" There are two kings—King Temporal and King Eternal. Conscience always speaks for the King Eternal. When conscience is attuned to the Eternal, there is peace in the soul.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Strict economy is a fine thing—up to a given point. The man who takes care of the pennies will find that in due time the dollars will take care of him. But there is a species of economy which tends toward meanness. There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions. The founder of that vast estate was a man who would send back a package of tacks because they cost two cents more than he expected. The owner of twenty millions grew thoughtful over a package of tacks! The secret of his success was the curse of his success. He could not relax. At 70 years of age he must bow down to a package of tacks, and worry his soul about two cents.

MONEY—BLINDNESS

Rev. Robert Hall, when conversing with a clergyman who had obtained a lucrative position by a sacrifice of his religious convictions, pressed hard upon the mind of his selfish neighbor that a principle of fundamental importance had been sacrificed. "I can't see it.—I can't see it at all!" said the dodging theologian. Then Dr. Hall took a letter out of his pocket and wrote on the back of it with his pencil, in small letters, the word "God." "Do you see that?" He answered, "Yes!" Then he covered the word God with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No!" "Good morning, sir," said Dr. Hall, and left him to his meditations.

KINGLY MEN.

A young man, very unwisely, informed the superintendent of a railroad division that he would like to secure a position on the road "where the hours were short, the work light, the occupation clean and the compensation good." The president replied, "There is only one position of that sort on this road. I've got it! And I don't propose to resign." Railroad officials are not looking for men who are looking for easy places. Men who love hard work and can conquer difficulties are never long out of a position. Kingly men command the best. You remember what the Tudor King said to the Irishman, "If all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare, then let the Earl of Kildare govern Ireland."

COURAGE!

There are seven kinds of courage. What the young beginner needs is the first kind. The young preacher facing his first congregation. The young lawyer facing his first jury. The young physician waiting for his first patient. The young teacher presiding over his first class. The young actor battling with his first season. The young merchant waiting upon his first customer. Beginnings are always difficult. The young soldier in his first battle is a fine illustration. Two soldiers were charging up a hill with a regiment, in a desperate attempt to capture a battery. When half-way up, one of them turned to the other and said, "Why you are pale as a sheet! You look like a ghost. I believe that you are afraid." "Yes, I am," was the answer "And if you were half as much afraid as I am you would have run long ago."

AN ARMY OF QUALITY.

Cromwell was forty-two when he was called from his farm at Huntingdon to organize an army and make history. His famous "Ironsides" was a regiment composed of one thousand men. A regiment which was never defeated though often facing an enemy stronger than they by two to one. His was an army built on quality. One thousand men, and every man a man of prayer,

every man a Bible student, every man a Puritan. One thousand men, and every man a man of conscience. No wonder that they were never defeated and that an enemy called the great leader "Ironsides."

What a fine blending of mental gifts and moral traits was to be

found in the life and character of Frances E. Willard. She possessed a body compact and strong, yet delicate as an Eolian harp. Her voice was as sweet as a flute, yet thousands could hear her speak. What a fine blending of rare common sense, and insight into human nature! Memory, reason, tact, sympathy, imagination, enthusiasm and courage—these all belonged to this little finely constructed woman. What success she achieved as a speaker, writer and organizer! Mental gifts in equal blending, and physical traits in perfect proportion—these we should covet. Ask not for a striking personality but rather that you may be even, all round and well proportioned.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The heart of humanity is hungry for heroes, and history has furnished an ample supply of great men and great women. A strong man is never an accident. God has a man for every emergency, and an emergency for every man. The hero's name is a name to conjure with. In it there is inspiration and life. Such a name is Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the English Commonwealth. "Nature's lion-hearted son." "A man for all the ages to admire." "The great Independent." "The most royal name in English history." "The maker of modern England." "The most English of Englishmen." These are some of the titles and appellations applied to him by Thomas Carlyle. He was the greatest statesman and the most successful general of his age. Under his reign England became a European power of the first rank.

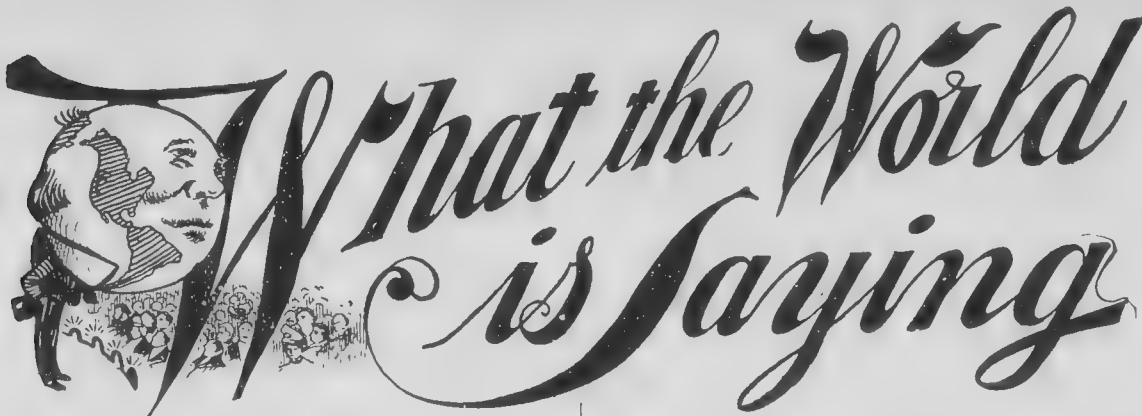
A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

There is no music so sweet as the inward whisperings of a clear conscience. Men have died supremely happy amid the horrible tortures of martyrdom because of a strange inward peace. There is no peace for a man when his conscience is against him. There is no struggle too great when conscience keeps you company. George Whitefield's house was near the village inn. One night he was aroused from his slumbers by the loud voices of cursing, drunken gamblers. He arose, entered the inn and rebuked the gamblers and then returned to his couch, but the gambling continued and the voices of the jolly, sinful crew might be heard a block away. In the morning the friend who was his guest for the night twitted him on account of his unsuccessful effort to silence his gambling neighbors.—"What did you gain by it, anyhow?" inquired his friend. The great evangelist replied: "What did I gain by it? A clear conscience, a soft pillow, and a sound sleep!" Make a friend of your conscience. Listen to the still small voice within. There is music in the soul when conscience is your friend.

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

A strong personality is supposed to be usually found linked with large physical proportions. When we hear of a great man we naturally think of a large man. Bigness and greatness are supposed to be cousins. But some of the greatest thinkers, writers and speakers, not to mention other callings and professions, have been slender in form, light in weight and not unusual for height. The great thing necessary in building a strong personality is fineness of texture, balance, evenness and proportion. You may be strong without being heavy. You may be mighty without being weighty. There is a type of oratory which requires a strong physical basis—but I am not sure that it is the highest type.

Character is what you are. Reputation is what you are supposed to be. Success is achievement. Goodness is the quality. Greatness is the measure or proportion of the man compared with other men. Work, as a rule, Will not worry you, If you work at your work And worry it through. The gas jet which makes the most noise doesn't always afford the most light. The great forces of the world are the silent forces. The great orb of day, the sun, rises so quietly in the morning that some of us sleep on for hours after he has prepared his morning twilight, unconscious of his all-pervading presence.



What the World is Saying

The Ways of the Stock Market.

Two Toronto brokers, members of churches, went down to their offices one morning. One called up the other over the telephone, and asked him how many shares of Lake Superior Consolidated he would take. The reply came that he would take a block at a certain advance figure on the closing price of the night before. The two exchanged messages again and again, each one taking shares each time at constantly rising prices. When the market closed it was given out to the press that a good number of shares of this stock had been sold at big figures. Not one share was bought or sold by these men, but the trick was played to make the gullible public bite. It did so, and when it bit, the men unloaded their holdings. This is a story which the Rev. Dr. Chown gave his congregation at Bowmanville on Sunday.—Monetary Times.

Sir Archibalds' Flow of Language.

Leading an account of T. G. Bowles' speech at King's Lynn on Tuesday, we wonder how it was he did not do better at Billingsgate when he stood against Mr. Balfour. The fishwife has yet to be born that could improve on the expletives which Mr. Bowles hurled at Mr. Balfour in this King's Lynn meeting, which it is said was attended by his old supporters. We cannot say this is the first time Mr. Bowles has recalled to us Sir Archibald Macdonald, M.P., who took the part of the revolting American Colonists, but he has never before reminded us quite so much in his adjectives of Sir Archibald, who called Lord North "lazy, indolent and incapable, evasive, shuffling, cutting and deceptive, plausible, artful, mean, insolent, confident and cowardly, a poor, pitiful, sneaking, snivelling, abject creature".—London Saturday Review.

Victims of the "Green Goods" Lure.

Those charged with counterfeiting bank notes at Lindsay are described as men of standing and respectability. This is not a matter of surprise. Counterfeiting and forgery, which accompanies it, are not crimes of the ignorant and poverty-stricken. They require intelligence, and such position in the community that parties taking part in them can, without attracting suspicion, be known to be in possession of considerable sums of money. The green goods faker knows how to catch the crooked men of the class in question, and does it with fair regularity. The same greed the faker appeals to evidently worked the undoing of the Lindsay respectables who forged.—Montreal Gazette.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

There is food for thought in the coincidence that on the very day that the United States launches a so-called scout cruiser, the Chester, whose business is not to fight but spy, and whose speed is 24 knots, England launches a first-class fighting ship, the Inflexible, with a speed of 25 knots. A scout vessel with less speed than a fighting ship she might be called to spy upon is somewhat of an absurdity. It would be cheaper to haul the Chester up on the mud flats than to send her scouting an Inflexible. The coincidence illustrates two things; The extent to which England is advanced over the rest of the world in warship building and the millions which are wasted on ships that are obsolete when launched or soon after. A merchant vessel which falls behind the record of the day in speed is still useful, but a war ship that once becomes obsolete represents little more than so much junk.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Extreme Partizan.

To a deputation of his supporters who waited upon E. D. Smith, M.P., the popular member for South Westworth, to endeavor to persuade him to again become their candidate, he regretted that he could not alter his resolve to leave public life. Mr. Smith is getting up in years and is one of the largest fruit farmers in the Niagara peninsula and while still in good health he does not feel that he can stand the added strain of attending to his public duties in Ottawa. Incidentally Mr. Smith voiced the sentiments of a great many level-headed men like himself in the course of his remarks to the deputation. The discussion of the

affairs of the country was one of the most interesting and useful matters to which a man could devote his time, and while he was always fond of a contest in the political arena, he thought that when politics were carried so far that one side or the other was ready to sacrifice public interest to party consideration it was going too far. He believed in a party, but if there was less partizanship the country would be governed better.—Ottawa Citizen.

Failures of Memory.

At a recent matinee in London Lewis Waller, the eminent actor, essayed to recite the famous speech of Henry V. before Harfleur, one of the most thrilling passages in Shakespeare. In the middle of the speech, however, his memory played him false. He stopped dead, and it was not until he was prompted by someone in the audience that he was able to continue. It is altogether probable that Mr. Waller has recited the passage in question hundreds, if not thousands of times, yet his very familiarity with the lines was a foe to his memory. It is important to note this incident because of the frequent lapses of memory brought to light in the election courts of Canada. There have been cases when a witness has forgotten everything, when he has been unable to recall the name of the organizer, or of the local chairman of Mr. Blank's committee, or of the principal speaker at Pike's Corners. Often he has forgotten whether or not he had money given to him. He cannot recollect whether or not there was an election fund, and if there were he cannot recall the name of the treasurer. Yet counsel for the petitioner have information that this witness was in the thick of the fray. Perhaps familiarity is the foe of memory more often than we imagine.—Toronto News.

Politicians and Politicians

Politicians are of many kinds, and every student has his own idea of classification. Not all the politicians are bad; nor are they all good. Politics mean the science of government; politicians are the scientists, of government. Many of these scientists, some of the best of them, are never heard of in the cities. They spend their days in tilling the soil, and their evenings in thoughtful discourse with their fellows. They are the inglorious Solons, whose ideas and ideals, some way or another, get up finally to the big men in authority. Perhaps, the big men send out their scouts to get into touch with these real politicians. Not all the men who pose as politicians in the picture part of newspapers are real politicians; they are for the most part papier-mache politicians. And very sad it is that the man whose classic brow affords great scope for a two-column halftone in the newspapers, can't make even half a vote among the people. You can't blame the newspapers for all the exploded politicians, but it is a fact that the picture part of newspapers is responsible in many, very many instances, for the ruining of what otherwise might have been fairly contented and prosperous lives. All of which further complicates the classification of politicians and makes us fall back on the dictum, "By their works ye shall know them."—Toronto World.

The Importance of Tree-Planting.

In a discourse upon "Making Calgary a Beautiful City," the Calgary Herald proposes that the government should make an important alteration in the settling duties of the free western homesteader, and include in the work to be performed on each homestead the planting of a certain number of trees. The Herald is engaging in the good work of urging the improving of the appearance of Calgary by the planting of trees, making lawns, and the cultivation of such flowers as may be found suitable to the climate of Alberta, and in this it has already had gratifying assistance from property owners, who are determined to assist in making beautiful Calgary more beautiful still. All this is in the right direction and Calgary should soon be a city to be proud of, if the plan for boulevards and other mooted improvements are carried out, as doubtless they will be. As for the planting of trees generally in the province, it will be found a necessity, apart from the aesthetic effect upon the landscape. Trees ensure a regular supply of moisture, add to the productiveness of the soil, and would doubtless ameliorate the severity of the climate.—Montreal Witness.

There Never Was a Lynching in Canada.

Many Canadian newspapers are worrying about an alleged dangerous tendency towards the lynching spirit in Canada. Some of them seem to think that there was a good deal of such a spirit in the crowd which went after Greenhill at Richmond last week. Even if it were true that the number of persons accessible to the lynching mania is growing in Canada, of which there is no visible evidence, there would still be no immediate danger of its being put into practice. Lynching in practice involves not merely a lawless spirit on the part of the lynchers, but cowardice on the part of every law-abiding person in the vicinity at the time, and particularly of those officers whose duty it is to preserve order and enforce law. We believe that the vast majority of constables and sheriffs in Canada would to-day give their lives in defence of the prisoner for whom they were responsible, no matter what the charge against him. We believe that in any crowd that could be got together in Canada there would be a percentage of private citizens who would risk their lives if necessary to save the community from the stain of lawless vengeance. And above all we believe that the courts and prosecuting authorities of every country and every province of Canada would pursue to the utmost limits of the law the slayers of even the most debased criminal, and would have the support of all Canada in so doing.—Montreal Herald.

A "Strong-Minded" London Lady's Dress.

One evening at a recent performance of Votes for Women the attention of the entire house was concentrated upon a box for some time at the entrance into it of a remarkable looking elderly French gentleman in evening dress of a rather pronounced kind. He leaned forward with a severe and criticizing expression through the first act, though a peculiar expression of triumph now and then dawned in his eye at the emphatic heroine's tirades. But on the lights going up, to every one's intense astonishment it was found that this elderly Frenchman had a knot. Glasses were levelled at and bets made upon this figure until it hastily crammed a felt hat upon its head and left the box. Then behold the elderly Frenchman also had a skirt—or should we say a very scant amount of black cloth depended about his knees. This, then, was strong-minded evening dress. It consisted of a black cloth dress coat and waistcoat, a soft-fronted white evening shirt and sleeve-linked cuffs and a large bow—the softness and the bow gave the impression of the French origin, and the most retiring knot seemed entirely out of keeping with what was in every other respect a massive elderly gentleman. One felt distinctly inclined to send round to the box a large feather and a bunch of pin curls. Would he—or she—have resisted them?—London Morning Post.

A Tendency in England.

No one who diligently studies the signs of the times can fail to observe that the conditions of modern life in England are producing a change in the character of the people, a change which is especially noticeable among the middle classes in our large towns. Men are becoming more shrewd, more prudent, more businesslike, and in a negative sense more correct; they are becoming less courageous, less impulsive, less emotional, and in a word less human. This is largely due to the increasing complexity of the mechanism of life. Owing to the strain of competition, the professional man must work longer hours than formerly, he must give more attention to his business, he must put more of his soul into it. He tends to be first a man of business, and, secondly, a human being, and his standard of conduct, his methods of thinking, are formed accordingly. There is a mechanical spirit abroad, mechanical qualities of mind are being developed, the breath of a sirocco is withering up the ordinary human feelings. Routine and the dull details of business occupy the individual and tend to encroach more and more on the margin of time and energy requisite to the development of the higher qualities of mind and heart.—Westminster Review, (London).

Sir Wilfrid on the Manitoba Boundary.

In the early part of the year 1905 the Dominion government received from the provincial government of Manitoba a memorandum praying for the extension of the boundary of that province to include a portion of the districts of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, and northward to Hudson's Bay. On March 21, 1905, a minute of the council, approved by his excellency, the governor-general, was adopted as follows: The committee are likewise of the opinion that the desire of the province of Manitoba for an extension of its boundary to the shores of Hudson's Bay is not an unreasonable one, and they suggest that when the measure now before the parliament for the formation of the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan are disposed of the subject of such an extension of the boundary of Manitoba might profitably be considered.

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EVERYONE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL HIS OR HER INCOME MAY BE, can afford to take advantage of this offer and from a small investment obtain a comfortable income for life. The stock may be worth many times what it cost you before you have made your last payment. By investing in good stocks at first cost, many people have become independent for life. This is a bargain. The company is selling shares at 25c; our price is 15c for exactly the same stock, sharing equally in dividends with Treasury stock.

IN 1896 CROW'S NEST PASS COAL COMPANY'S STOCK SOLD FOR TEN CENTS PER SHARE. TO-DAY IT IS WORTH \$200.00 PER SHARE. FIGURE THIS OUT.

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Your body is a machine.
The nervous system is the motor.
Electricity is the power that runs it.
When you are weak, it shows you lack the necessary power to drive the machinery of your body—just like any motor without electricity.
The nerves control the organs and muscles, and electricity supplies to the nerves the power to control. Electricity is nerve food, nerve life. When the supply is exhausted the nerves become weak and the organs refuse to perform their functions in a regular manner.

How can you get a new supply of this nerve force—electricity? Simply draw upon another supply furnished by Nature. Is it drugs? No! Drugs are poisons to the nerves. Electricity is the natural food of the nerves. When the mother's breast fails, the child is fed by milk from the cow. The parent doesn't go to a drug shop and buy poisons with which to nourish the child.

So if you are weak you must feed, not poison, but electricity to your nerves. You can do this by wearing my Electric Belt while you sleep.

It is easily, comfortably worn next to the body during the night, and gives out a continuous stream of that strength-building, nerve-feeding force which is the basis of all health.

Electricity is a relief from the old system of drug-ging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It is Nature's way of curing disease, for it gives back to the nerves and organs the power they have lost, which is their life.

It is a quick and lasting cure for all Nervous Debility, Weakness, Rheumatism, Pains in the Back and Hips (Sciatica), Lumbago, Constipation, Indigestion, Weak Kidneys, Failing of Memory, and all evidences of breaking-down. It cures when all else has failed.

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that and lots of it. When your neighbors tell you I cured them you will know I did it. F. W. NEWCOMBE, Box 386, Montreal, Que., says: I purchased a Belt from you last year, and am pleased to say it did all that was required.

MR. G. W. PRICE, Madoc, Ont., has this to say: As regards my health, I am improving every day, and I am not sorry I invested. My nerves are getting all right, and I am feeling much better every way.

JEROME SCANLON, Ancaster, Ont., writes: In one month's use of your Belt I have gained seven pounds. No bladder trouble, constipation or headache any more, and have developed a lot of muscle and strength. Thanks for your help.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative powers of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security the use of the Belt at my risk and they can

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A VALUABLE COAL PROPERTY.

Fryer & Co. Receives Satisfactory Report of Amalgamated Coal Co.

Fryer & Co., financial agents, of Winnipeg, have received the following report on the present status and financial condition of the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company.

The Company had, on the 23rd day of February, 1907, at the annual meeting, held at that time in the city of Portland, Oregon, a cash balance to its credit on deposit with the Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, \$33,794.70.

This spring the Company bought a Sullivan Diamond Drill, with boiler and engine, for the purpose of further exploring the ground and sink bore holes in order to determine where to open the shaft and prepare for mining coal on a big scale. The Company's engineer is now on the ground, and actual work on the coal properties in Nicola valley has been commenced and will be continued until one of the four properties held and controlled by the Company shall have been fully equipped and placed on a producing basis which we expect to have accomplished within the next six or eight months.

The Company has recently secured an option from a farmer in Nicola valley on two thousand acres of land, laying right close to the Canadian Pacific Railroad Line (the Nicola branch), near the town of Coutlee and almost in the centre of the Nicola valley. This land is, according to our engineer's report, underlain with an abundance of the same high-class coal (bituminous) which has been exposed at "Coal Gully" near Coutlee. I consider this new acquisition to our already large holding (17,500 acres) of the greatest importance to the Company, as it will enable us to go right ahead with sinking of shafts and get ready to procure coal in a few months. The engineer has stated to the directors of the Company in Portland that he would have this mine opened up sufficiently to have coal ready to ship before Christmas. On the property above mentioned there are several big outcrops of coal on Ten-mile Creek and it is believed that these two thousand acres contain enough coal to last as long as any of the present stockholders may live, no matter how extensive the production may be.

The price of the Company's treasury stock is still 25c. per share, but it is believed that an advance will take place as soon as the shaft has reached down to the first vein of coal. The prospect for success is certainly great and could not be better.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad has built and completed a line from Spence's Bridge to Nicola Lake, and is now running daily trains. This railroad is about three and one-half miles from the four sections of coal land situated on Cold Water river, and held by the Company.

The Great Northern Railroad has not reached the coal district yet, but is building its line into the coal field as fast as money and labor can do it. When this road shall have been built and completed to Coutlee it will run across our properties on Cold Water river for a distance of about seven miles. It is also claimed for a certainty that the Canadian Pacific will build a spur from Coutlee up Cold Water river to any coal producing mine, whenever ready to ship, but inasmuch as our Company has now an option on two thousand acres of land close to the railroad track, and underlain with inexhaustible quantities of high grade coal, we would not have to wait for any spur to be built by the Canadian Pacific, and the great importance of this can readily be seen.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) S. ANDREW HARTMAN,
Director and Financial Agent.
July 1st, 1907.

Some people cannot eat strawberries, but everyone can use them externally as an aid to beauty. It is wonderful how a crushed strawberry rubbed over the teeth will whiten them. A strawberry cut in two and rubbed over the face is an excellent remedy for freckles, summer pimples and a general defective complexion.



THE PHILOSOPHER

Editorial disquisitions have been plentiful in the newspapers of this country upon the present British Government's trouble with the House of Lords. Not until the next change of Government at Ottawa will our Canadian House of Lords become a live topic, as it

OUR CANADIAN HOUSE OF LORDS

was for a few years after the last change of Government. Strongly entrenched as the ancient hereditary chamber in Great Britain is against assault, the life-tenure upper chamber at Ottawa is a veritable Gibraltar of an institution, too. There are formidable constitutional difficulties in the way of its abolition; but even if there were not, it would still be safe. The Greek Kalends will have arrived long before any Government, even if it should desire to do so, will be able to begin to make preparations for getting rid of it. The exigencies of politics will perpetuate the Senate while grass grows and water runs and political human nature continues to be what it has been. And if the future of the Senate as an institution is to be judged from its past and its present, its usefulness will continue to be in inverse ratio to its costliness. It was a surprising declaration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's not long ago that the Senate was in the nature of a safeguard of the interests of the smaller Provinces. What Sir Wilfrid can have been thinking of it is difficult to make out. Provincial rights are about the last thing that the Senate has ever in the forty years of the Dominion's history shown any desire to trouble itself about; nor is it easy to imagine any such sentiment manifesting itself in the Senate, except possibly on the part of the Senators from Quebec. The fact of appointments to the Senate not resting in any way whatever with the Provincial Governments, but being wholly in the hands of the Dominion Government, certainly does not point—whatever party may be in power—to the likelihood of the safeguarding of Provincial rights ever being regarded by the Senators as a prime duty. Not a few of the Fathers of Confederation were in favor of making the Senate elective, but the appointive idea prevailed. Among the suggestions made was that the Senators should hold the rank and title of Knights Bachelor. In an official memorandum written in London, in April, 1867, by Sir John A. Macdonald, on the subject, addressed to Lord Monck, this suggestion was disapproved of, one of the reasons given being (as may be seen in the official life of Sir John, by Mr. Pope, vol. I, page 387, where the memorandum is set forth in full) that "it must be remembered that the conferring of Knighthood on a Senator would entail a title on his wife, which might not in all cases be considered desirable."

Turn we now to a glaring anomaly—from the Western Canadian point of view—in the construction of the elective House at Ottawa. A special Dominion census of the three Prairie Provinces was taken in June of last year, and, in accordance with the provisions of the charter

THE WEST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Acts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, the representation of these two Provinces in the House of Commons was readjusted on the basis of that census. That is to say, in the next Dominion general elections, whenever they may come round, Saskatchewan and Alberta will send to Ottawa 10 and 7 members respectively, instead of the 5 members each which is their present representation. But Manitoba will only send 10 as at present, the British North America Act standing in the way of any readjusting of the representation of the oldest of the Prairie Provinces between the regular censuses taken every ten years. Not until the first Dominion general elections following the readjustment after the next Dominion census in 1911—and those elections may not be until 1915—will Manitoba have any more than its present 10 members. Saskatchewan and Alberta, too, will in those elections send to Ottawa a number of members based on their 1911 population, though their actual population in 1915 will undoubtedly be very much greater. Thus the representation of Western Canada is at present, and is destined to continue to be for a considerable time to come, very considerably less than in due proportion to the population. Each Western member will represent several thousand more people than each Eastern member; and the East will thus have an unduly large representation in Parliament. This is not as it should be. The House of Commons ought to be fairly representative of the Canadian people, and no Province, or set of Provinces, should be handicapped by being under-represented. The Fathers of Confederation were wise men in their day and generation; but they never dreamed of the present rapid growth and development of Western Canada. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta now have in all 20 repre-

sentatives in the House of Commons; yet they have a population which ought to give them 32 representatives. This plea, of course, is one of justice, not of law; but the law—that is to say, the British North America Act, which is the Charter of the Dominion—ought to be amended in this respect. Such a constitutional amendment is too much to hope for, however, in view of the increasing concern which is being manifested in the East in regard to the inevitable approach of the time when the balance of power in Canada will rest with the West, any way. The future belongs to the West.

And yet an anonymous gentleman, writing learnedly in the New York Medical Record under the portentous heading, "Are the Settlers of Western Canada Doomed to Failure?" is grievously distressed about the future of us prairie-dwellers. The cloud he discerns hanging ominously over our

THE SUNSHINE OF THE WEST

future is, strange to say, the absence of cloud. The prevalence of sunlight in this favored land afflicts his theorizing soul with gloomy forebodings. There could be no better illustration of the besetting mania of certain scientific writers to startle the world with novel theories. The New York alarmist has simply appropriated and enlarged upon an idea put forth by Rev. E. C. Henstis, of Red Deer, Alberta, based upon a book recently published by Major Woodruff, M.D., Surgeon, United States Army, designed to show that what white people suffer from in the tropics is not the heat, as they think, but the sunlight. Major Woodruff advises people going from this continent to Panama or the Philippines not to lay in a supply of white clothing. The wearing of white, he declares, is "partly responsible for the irritable temper and wrecked nervous system of many Americans in the tropics." While white clothes, he tells us, deflect the long or heat rays, they "do not deflect the dangerous actinic rays, which strike through to the skin." The native has a defence in the pigment of his skin, which the white man lacks. Therefore, the latter is counselled to wear colored clothing in the tropics—red, or still better, orange. A compromise suggested is orange underclothing, with white outer garments. But this Woodruff theory, which is only a theory after all, applies only to the tropics. As distorted to apply to Western Canada, it takes this form: that all of us who are of fair complexion in this country will find the sunshine too much for us, and only those of us who are of dark complexion will thrive. As a matter of scientific argument, this has been disposed of by Dr. A. G. Welsford. But the question is not one of theory or arguments; it is a question of facts. And the foremost of these facts is the abounding energy which is the characteristic of the dwellers in this country, and which puts out of court this attempt to apply to Western Canada the Woodruff theory designed to explain the demoralization and debilitation suffered by some white men in the tropics.

When we think of foreign trade, we think of the Atlantic Ocean, as centuries ago men thought of the Mediterranean. But it is likely that in the years to come the Pacific Ocean will be fully as important a commercial highway as the Atlantic. It washes the shores of the countries in which

THE WEST AND THE ORIENT.

will take place the greatest developments of the twentieth century—China, Japan, Canada, the United States, Australia. In the years to come as large a part of the products of Canada and the United States may be shipped westward as eastward. The trade between this continent and Europe has been assiduously cultivated; the trade between this continent and Asia is in its infancy. The people of the United States are plainly well aware of the possibilities of Pacific trade. Western Canada—the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia—is geographically and by the character of its resources destined to take a leading part in the coming great developments of trade with the Orient. And Canada is destined to hold the primacy of being the most direct route from Europe to the Orient. Canada extends farther into the Atlantic towards Europe than any other nation on this hemisphere; and from our Pacific seaports to the great Asiatic seaports the distances are likewise the shortest. Jules Verne's fantasy, "Around the World in Eighty Days," has just been cut in two by a British Officer who has circled the globe in forty days, using the ordinary means of transport. He crossed from Liverpool to Quebec, and from Quebec, through Winnipeg to Vancouver, thence to Yokohama.

For easy, summary, offhand settling of the big problems of the West by an armchair critic at long range in the East, it would be hard to beat the following editorial paragraph in a recent issue of the Montreal Gazette: "Western newspapers say that, despite the

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC

fuss made about the shortage of fuel last winter, the people are showing no disposition to lay in their supplies while the weather is warm and coal cheap. They were probably right who said the distress caused by the fuel shortage of last winter was exaggerated. A frozen community would not so soon forget its lesson. Everything would have been all right last winter, if only everybody in the West had only laid in his winter fuel supply last summer—such, evidently, is the simple view which the Montreal Gazette finds satisfactory. The wise writer of the paragraph quoted seems to consider that fuel in the West means coal, and coal only. And he has never a word of blame for the railways. The severity of last winter, which had such a paralyzing effect upon railway operation in the West, was not confined to the West. Other portions of the continent had cold dips as well as Western Canada and the Northwestern States. Down on the Atlantic seaboard unusual severity of climate prevailed, and in the Province of Quebec the thermometer sank considerably lower than the lowest readings in Winnipeg or Westward. But what made the situation so bad here in the West was that the railways were so unjustifiably lacking in the equipment requisite for operation. With every allowance for the exceptional severity of last winter and for the plea of the railways that they could not combat the forces of nature, the plain fact remains that their failure was the result of their accumulated negligence of years to provide adequate equipment. It is of such vital importance to the people of this country that adequate railway service be maintained, that there is no possible justification for the railways proceeding on the assumption that exceptionally severe winters will not occur. They are here to carry on the railway business in this climate, and the millions they have received from the public have been furnished to them for that purpose. Public opinion is moving rapidly towards a development that will mean effective compulsion of the railways to do their duty by rendering the adequate public service for which they have been chartered.

It may be that before these words are in type Walter Wellman will have started on his airship voyage to the North Pole. The latest news is that, owing to an unforeseen accident, he has had to postpone for a week or two his daring attempt. That unforeseen accident is ominous. It is a reminder that his is a desperate venture, from its very beginning, at

THOSE WHO GO UP TO THE AIR IN SHIPS

the mercy of a thousand big and little accidents, any one of which will mean disaster. In New York recently an airship made an ascension and was handled with complete success, travelling over the city and down over the bay under easy control, just as the Knabenshue airship was that performed its evolution at last year's Winnipeg Industrial. But the airship in New York the other day, after coming up the bay, made a graceful landing, preparatory to continuing its flight over the city. A clumsy hand unintentionally disarranged one of the delicate vanes of its propeller, and when it rose again, it was no longer under control, but was simply a uselessly and dangerously complicated balloon, that went where the wind carried it, and came down at last a wreck, the aeronaut happily escaping with his life. Mr. Wellman has figured out the possibilities of his apparatus in a very scientific way, and a vast amount of mechanical ingenuity has been expended in utilizing carrying power and stored energy, but after reading all his really wonderful computations, one cannot but retain the impression that the whole dreadfully hazardous enterprise will be at the mercy of any one of an incalculable number of mishaps. His daring is superb, and the whole world will wish him the success he deserves.

Discussion of the regular business done in the manufacture and sale of crooked gambling devices, evidence of which came to light in Ontario the other day, should serve to show once more the speed with which a fool and his money can be parted when a

"FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK."

fool engages in a friendly game with genial strangers. It was a famous criminal who said when he was referred to as a gambler: "I am not a gambler. When a man plays my game with me, he gambles. I don't." Just what he meant is abundantly plain from the Ontario developments referred to. In a hotel there was found the catalogue of a Chicago firm, announcing that it manufactures gambling outfits of every description, including some devices that are guaranteed to fleece the unsuspecting public. "A Word Regarding Loaded Dice" is the heading of one of the announcements; and there are descriptions of magnetic dice, marked cards, controllable roulette wheels, faro spreads, and various other devices for gathering in the money of the unwary. "This is your chance to clean up all the money in your neighborhood, and you might as well get it as let anyone else," says the catalogue. We cannot know how much business this Chicago firm does in Canada. But the discovery of a catalogue so frankly worded is instructive.

WINNIPEG—A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL



A Beauty Spot—Assiniboine Park.



A Shady Promenade—Assiniboine Park.



Roslyn Road Driveway



Old Fort Garry Gateway in Fort Garry.



Kennedy Street Driveway.



Wellington Crescent—Driveway.

TIFUL PARKS AND DRIVEWAYS



Promenade—Assiniboine Park.



The Assiniboine River—Looking West toward Suburban Park.



Gateway in Fort Garry Park.



Wellington Crescent Driveway, Looking West.



Wellington Crescent—Driveway.



Driveway, Armstrong's Point.

Retaining the Attractiveness of Youth.



There is no good reason why every woman should not continue to increase in attractiveness as she

grows older, until long after she has attained middle life. The most fascinating women in history were well along in years at the time of their greatest triumphs. Josephine was 34 years old when she captivated and married Napoleon; Cleopatra was upwards of 40 when Anthony sacrificed the whole world rather than be separated from her at the battle of Actium; and Madame de Maintenon was almost 50 at the time of her marriage to Louis XIV. In everyone's list of acquaintances are women no longer young, but well preserved, and possessing a

charm and graciousness of manner that make them extremely popular.

And yet, how often does it happen that women who were belles in their younger days, sought after and admired by their acquaintances of both sexes, lose, to a large extent, as they advance to early middle life, the attractiveness that used to be theirs. The eye loses its lustre, the bloom on the cheek gives way to an expression of care, and she becomes fretful, easily discouraged and irritable. She is keenly conscious of this condition, and is inclined to become moody and fearful of losing the regard of her husband and friends.

Why is it that some women continue to improve in appearance and womanly qualities, while others rapidly lose their beauty and their agreeableness? The explanation lies wholly in the perfect or imperfect operation of the female functions. If perfect circulation be maintained in the womanly organs, all waste matter is regularly eliminated, and the nerves and tissues are properly nourished by the blood circulating freely and without obstruction. There is a very close sympathy between the nerves in these organs and those which give expression in the face and eyes, and with proper circulation in the womanly organs the nerves of the face and eyes are strengthened and invigorated, giving that happy, contented and magnetic feeling and expression that goes with true womanliness.

If, however, the circulation in these organs is imperfect or obstructed, the blood becomes stagnant and congested, the nerves and tissues are not properly nourished, and they are oppressed by the presence of waste matter which should have been eliminated, but which is still held on account of the impeded circulation. This condition is bound to cause fretfulness, irritation, lack of confidence, etc., as well as more or less physical suffering, and unless it is corrected it will certainly lead to some of the graver forms of what are usually called female disorders.

To overcome this trouble and restore the right conditions, it is evident that the circulation in the organs must be improved. This is exactly what **ORANGE LILY** is designed to do. It is applied direct to the suffering parts and is absorbed into the circulation. The first effect is that the waste matter which has been accumulating is discharged, giving a feeling of immediate relief, and the nerves and tissues are toned and strengthened, so that in a comparatively short time Nature restores normal circulation, with all which that implies.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I have been intending to write to you for several days because I want to tell you how much better I have felt since I commenced using **ORANGE LILY** about four months ago. Before I started I felt half the time as if I didn't have a friend in the world, and I was always worrying over something. I would be so despondent I could cry by the hour, and I could give no cause. I have used three boxes of **ORANGE LILY**, and feel like a new woman. I never both about the trifles that used to worry me and wonder how I could be so foolish. I am cheerful and keep in good spirits and know I am looking better. I enclose \$1.75 and ask you to send me one box of **ORANGE LILY** and one bottle of Blush of Roses. I have not used **ORANGE LILY** for the past few weeks, and I do not feel that I need it now, but I do not want to be without it in case any of the old symptoms should return. I will always remember you with gratitude, for I know that this great change is due to **ORANGE LILY**.

There are hundreds of women in every part of the country who are suffering more or less like this lady. They are not sick in the ordinary sense of the term; and yet they are far from being well. They can easily be cured if they attend to the trouble now, but it will surely get worse if left to itself. As **ORANGE LILY** acts entirely and only on the nerves and tissues where the trouble exists, it effects a rapid and positive cure, and the result is noticeable from the start.

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I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends, to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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The T. EATON CO., Limited, Drug Department.



THE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR.

By ECH.

The Exhibition. The woman who was unable to attend will naturally be interested in knowing what went on, and how the exhibits in the line of women's work compared with those of previous years. I am quite safe in saying there was a very marked improvement in the quality of needlework and in the varieties exhibited. The re-arrangement of the prize list and the offering of larger prizes has had its anticipated result in improving the exhibit. It is not perfect yet, but it is a great deal better than it used to be.

In pickles and preserves, probably owing to the backward season the exhibit was smaller. The exhibit of bread was good and about the same as last year.

One of the most interesting exhibits was the native homespuns made by the Habitants of Quebec, the Doukhobor and Galician embroideries and the Indian bead work, shown under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association. The preservation of handicrafts is of far greater value than Canadians, as a nation, have as yet realized, and the Woman's Art Association deserves much praise for the progress they have made in encouraging this line of work.

The British Columbia fruit exhibits, though much smaller than last year, owing to the exhibition being earlier, attracted much attention. Indeed, I walked through that building every day just to look at it, it was so tempting, such delicious cherries, and red currants and splendid tomatoes. Judging from these exhibits and the literature given out it will not be long before British Columbia will be in a position to supply the whole of this great North-West with choice fruit, and at reasonable prices.

In the dairy section at the exhibition the women made the best record they have ever done yet. The highest-scoring butter 98 out of 100 was made by Mrs. Coates, of Morris, I think. However, the judge, Professor Dean, of Guelph Agricultural College, told me personally that it was a nearly perfect sample and decidedly the finest in the exhibition.

Mrs. Coates also captured a number of special prizes, among them the splendid cup of the De Laval separator people.

Harvest Time. It is drawing on to that bug-a-boo of the western housewife—help is apparently no more plentiful than it was last year. My thought goes out to the women, who dead tired with the long and dreary winter have not had time to recuperate before they face the toil of cooking for harvest hands. I have searched my exchanges from end to end to find anything that might serve to lighten this labor, and I have failed to find it. It is the West's greatest problem to-day, no matter what the legislators may talk about.

The harvest will this year be spread over a longer period (if we have no frost) and will not be as heavy as last year, owing to the shorter straw, but all the same the men will want three meals a day and good meals at that. I heard a sermon the other Sunday on unknown heroes, and as I sat in the quiet cool church and the minister dwelt on the heroic men who served their generation in quiet ways and were never heard of, my thoughts sped over the great plains of the West, and in fancy I saw the thousands of women bending over hot cook stoves with a blazing August sun on the roof of the shack, and cooking meal after meal for hungry men; washing endless piles of dishes, making beds and above all tending the little restless children and doing it all sweetly and patiently, and never thinking they are in any way heroic.

I felt like speaking out in meeting and saying: "Mr. Preacher, put at the head of your list of unknown heroes the women of the farms of the West." We are a great big prosperous country to-day because these women have been, and are willing day after day to do a round of

hard, and often uncongenial work, without which progress would be impossible.

I have nothing else to offer but I can offer this word of sincere appreciation for the women on the farms, who work day in and day out to build "a home." Perhaps these verses of Charles Q. D. Roberts may be helpful to some worker tired with the long, long way:

Up, Heart of mine,
Thou wayfarer of earth.
Of seed divine
Be mindful of thy birth.

Though the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To life that set thee in such strenuous
ways,
And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxuri-
ous plot.

Strong, strong is earth.
With vigor for thy feet,
To make thy wayfarer
Tireless and fleet.
And good is earth;—
But earth not all thy good,
O thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood!

And though thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Lead upon thy heel,
Put forth thy powers!
Thine the deep sky.
The unpreempted blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew.
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The restless run
Of wind and sun,
The vagrance of the sea.

St. Jude. I expect there is hardly a woman in the West who does not know and love the books written by Ian McLaren. During the month I have read the book, that was not out of the publisher's hands at the time of his death—St Jude. Those who read Kate Carnegie will remember how she married Carmichael, the young parson, who was not of the established church. This book, St Jude, is a series of sketches of Carmichael's big congregation in Glasgow, to which he went after two years in Drumtochty.

It is not, on the whole, so appealing as "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and there is no one character in it to compare with "Doctor MacLure" but it is a book to get and keep for all that. One of the sweet, wholesome human books that it does one good to read over and over again.

"A Domestic Difference" is one that will appeal to every housewife, and "Her Marriage Day" is the most pathetic thing in the book.

"The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller, is one of the new books which I would like to recommend for the home and the Sunday School Library. It deals with the deliverance of the children of Israel and is written in good style and has much valuable information put well in story form. It is written in something the style of "The Prince of the House of David" and similar books.

Another new book that will interest very many, both men and women, in the Canadian West is "The Imposter," by Harold Blindloss. This story deals with the English Colony at Cannington Manor in the old days. It has some splendid bits of description, among them the putting out of a prairie fire. Blindloss is not a writer of much note, and I fancy he did not get his local color at first hand, but it is very correct for all that, so far as life at Cannington Manor (which, by the way, is called Silverdale in the book) goes.

There is not much time for reading on farms at this time of year, but I thought I would like to suggest these books while they are fresh in my mind, so that they might be procured for winter reading.

Woman's Council. I am very glad to see that the Woman's Council that has been in session in Victoria is preparing to take up the question of help in the homes in a systematic and thorough manner. It has always seemed to me that that body was one in a position to deal intelligently with this question and possibly find some solution of it. I see that at last they have realized

that the lack of help on farms is becoming a serious menace to the homes. In a somewhat less degree it is a menace to the home in the city also, and one that can no longer be overlooked or ignored.

Women at Work. In connection with women as domestic help, the returns from the census bureau of the United States, issued a short time ago, make interesting reading. It is shown that every fifth woman in the United States is a breadwinner in the sense of reaching wages for work done outside her own home. There are in the United States 23,485,559 women and of these 4,833,630 are breadwinners. These women are divided among 294 occupations, and, as there are only 303 occupations followed by men, it shows that women are employed in all but nine of the daily avocations of the working world. No women were reported as United States soldiers, sailors or marines, as members of city fire departments or as telegraph or telephone line men, or as apprentices or helpers to roofers and slaters, or as helpers to steam boiler makers or brass workers, although eight women are reported as boiler makers, two as roofers and slaters.

The occupation of domestic service still claims the largest percentage of women engaged in any one occupation, there being 1,124,383 domestic servants and 146,929 housekeepers. There are, however, more farm laborers by a hundred thousand than there are dressmakers, and nearly three times as many women engaged in farming on their own account as there are women employed as housekeepers. Over 68 per cent. of women workers are under 35, and 25 per cent. are under 21. This is in marked contrast to the ages of men workers, and indicates that ultimately the bulk of women workers marry and go to housekeeping.

The Eisteddfod.

A Winnipeg Man selected as Judge for the great Welsh Festival.

Wales clings with fervor to the Eisteddfod, the great musical and patriotic celebration. The choral work at these festivals is generally of the highest order, and therefore it is not surprising that the men chosen as judges in the choir competition should be among the best known and most competent of musicians. This year, Dr. Cowan, Dr. Davies, Dr. Protheroe and Mr. Rhys Thomas will pass on the merits of the singers. The first three are Englishmen of eminence. The fourth is a resident of Winnipeg, whose work on behalf of music in the western city has had splendid results. Mr. Thomas may be regarded as an authority on music and musical topics. His taste is undeniable, his experience varied and his knowledge almost encyclopaedic. Because of this, it is a matter of considerable pride to the firm of Gourlay, Winter Leeming that since he has been in Winnipeg Mr. Thomas has been a firm friend to the Gourlay piano. A letter from him to the firm is as follows:—"When I wanted a piano some time ago for my studio, I examined a number of instruments by various manufacturers and finally selected a Gourlay, solely on its merits. Its tone is remarkably rich, the touch very responsive and the mechanism perfect. After using it for several months I am more than ever convinced that it is the finest piano made in Canada." Many other musicians of eminence in this country will endorse the opinion of Mr. Thomas.

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James Murray, Jr., of the Tea Rooms, North Vancouver, B.C., says that since he has been using Jacksonian Roach Powder he has not seen any cockroaches in its kitchen, and that the results from its use have been highly satisfactory. If your druggist cannot supply you, write the Jackson Roach Killer Co., Toronto, Ont.



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*In my Grandmother's garret, I remember years ago,
When I was but a little chap, of six, or seven or so,
An oaken chest, both deep and wide,
In whose capacious black inside
I hid my childish treasures hide,
That none might see;
Save Phyllis, bless her heart, aged five;
She held the key.*

*My odds and ends I now must guard in more exposed places.
The good old chest now overflows with sheets and pillow-cases.
But in my heart, down buried deep,
A priceless treasure still I keep,
Where prying folk may come and peep,
But nothing see;
Save Phyllis, bless her heart, aged—well ;—
She holds the key.*



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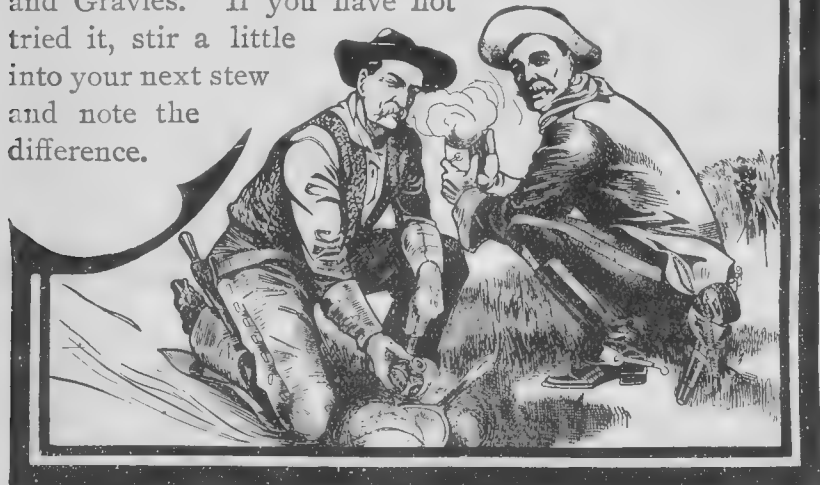
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Velvet Gowns. It seems early to be talking fall frocks, but Exhibition week always brings out a few of the most exclusive fall designs, and there is an advantage in knowing what to get in good season. To the woman who made her last fall suit do for spring, the purchase of a fall suit this year must be made just that much earlier.

Chiffon velvets will be the suits par excellence for fall, and as they are light in texture they can be worn on a cool day in August or early September without looking out of the way. They are extremely handsome, are shown in mouse grey (exactly the color of a mouse's back), golden and almost seal brown, sage and myrtle green, leather color, very deep garnet, plum color and black. Nearly every suit has a pleated skirt, small box pleats fastened down about 18 inches from the waist band and then let fly. Many of the skirts have no trimming, but a number are decorated with soutache braid, put on in straight bands or geometrical designs. All the coats are short, many of them cut away in front, and all have vests of contrasting colors, though white and cream lead.

There is no manner of doubt that the dressy suit will be velvet for this fall and winter, and as the chiffon velvets do not crush, they are very serviceable. There is nothing definite about cloth suits as yet, but by September issue there will be something to say along that line. The summer was so late coming that there is no doubt it will be prolonged as far as possible, and, indeed, it is more than likely we will have a hot fall, as that so frequently follows a cold, late spring.

White Dresses. I have attended the Winnipeg exhibition ever since there has been one, and I do not think I ever saw so many white frocks before. Fully seventy-five per cent. of the women on the grand stand were in white.

There is every indication that white embroidered linens and white wool gowns will be worn right through the fall and winter for afternoon teas and the like. Indeed, a dressy combination that promises to be very popular is an embroidered linen gown and a long loose coat of colored velvet lined with fancy silk. It is very smart, and the linen gowns have the blessed recommendation of being always new when washed.

Ribbons. The majority of people thought the ribbon bows on hats had reached the limit of size this summer, but such is not the case. Paris announces that she has just got her hand in on the ribbon questions, and, whereas there were six and eight yards in the bows on summer hats, there will be twelve and sixteen yards in the bows on the winter hats. This, of course, is the ultra extreme of Paris fashion, but it means that profusion of ribbon will be worn for fall and winter, and really the ribbons that are being shown are the loveliest designs that have ever come out. Even in plain ribbons the shading seems to grow more delicate and more illusive than ever before. There is a growing tendency to decorate dresses with ribbon. Three and four long points of velvet or taffeta ribbon reaching from the waist and finished with butterfly bows below the knee are seen on many gowns, and the changing of the ribbons is almost equal to a new gown.

Long Gloves. There are many anxious inquiries as to whether or no long gloves will be in vogue for fall and winter. It is safe to say they will. The three-quarter sleeve is more popular for afternoon gowns than the very short one, and the five-eighth sleeve is seen on a few of the more extremely new velvet coats, but the long glove and short sleeve will be with us for another summer—that is assured by the enormous orders placed with the houses that make fabric gloves. It will be all right to purchase even very expensive gowns with short sleeves, that is, three-quarter sleeves, without fear of their being out of style by the spring of 1908. One well-known Canadian dry-goods house has placed an order for twenty-five thousand dozen long gloves with the Chemnitz manufacturers, so that does not look as if long gloves were going out in a hurry.

Neckwear. There is nothing new to talk about. Just at present every woman has as little on her neck as she can possibly manage to get along with and not look naked, and there is nothing new offering in the stores.

July is a general off month, and there is little to talk about in any line. For the girl who wants a hat to finish the season, I would recommend a red poppy hat, as they will be much effected for the early fall. Indeed, flower hats of all kinds are very good and are useful for dressy occasions all winter.

Mark Twain on Advertising

Mark Twain says: "When I was editing the Virginia City Enterprise, writing copy one day and mining the next, a superstitious subscriber once wrote and said he had found a spider in his paper. Was this good or bad luck? I replied to him in our 'Answers to Correspondents' column as follows:

"'Old Subscriber—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his door, and lead a free and undisturbed existence for ever after!'"

In the World of Music.

In the course of an article on Paderewski's playing in Queen's Hall, London, recently, Arthur Symons writes in the Saturday Review: The art of Paderewski recalls to me the art of the most skilled and the most distinguished of equilibrists, himself a Pole, Paul Cinquevalli. It is the same kind of joy that you get from Cinquevalli when he juggles with cannon-balls and from Paderewski when he brings a continuous thunder out of the piano. Other people do the same things, but no one else can handle thunder or a cannon-ball delicately. And Paderewski, in his absolute mastery of his instrument, seems to do the most difficult things without difficulty, with a scornful ease, an almost accidental quality which, found in perfection, marvellously decorates it. His playing is in the true sense an inspiration; he plays nothing as if he had learned it with toil, but as if it had come to him out of a kind of fiery meditation. Even his thunder is not so much a thing specially cultivated for its own sake as a single prominent detail in a vast accomplishment. When he plays, the piano seems to become thrillingly and tempestuously alive, as if brother met brother in some joyous triumph. He collaborates with it, urging it to battle like a war-horse. And the quality of the sonority which he gets out of it is unlike that which is teased or provoked from the instrument by any other player. Fierce exuberant delight wakens under his fingers, in which there is a sensitiveness almost impatient, and under his feet, which are as busy as the organist's with the pedals. The music leaps like pouring waters, flood after flood of sound, caught together and flung onward by a central energy. Where others give you hammering on an anvil, he gives you thunder as if heard through clouds. And he is full of leisure and meditation, brooding thoughtfully over certain exquisite things as if loth to let them pass over and be gone. And he seems to play out of a dream, in which the fingers are secondary to the meaning, but report that meaning with entire felicity. In the playing of the "Moonlight" sonata there was no Paderewski, there was nothing but Beethoven. As you listened you forgot technique, or that it was anybody in particular who was playing: the sonata was there with all its moonlight, as every lover of Beethoven had known that it existed.

Vladimir de Pachmann is an interesting talker, though he has been known to offend sensitive souls by insisting on talking at his concerts. Some recent remarks of his to a London interviewer are worth reproducing. "What do I think of critics? That is not the way to put it," said Pachmann. "I am more interested to know what critics think of me. Broadly speaking, I should divide all critics into two classes—those who write well of me, and those who do not. Of course, the former are the good ones and the latter are the bad. But you must not take me seriously, eh? No one does except when I am at the piano." It is said I do things on the stage to make people laugh, and sometimes I am scolded by the critics for what they call my "antics." Why should I not be on good terms with my audience, and even converse with them if I feel so inclined? As for my pet hobby, it is the collecting of precious gems. I spent the earnings of years to acquire my wonderful stone treasures. No, I never wear any of them. I have named most of them. My most flawless diamond has been christened Bach. A wonderful dusky emerald I own is called Brahms. My best opal, the most poetical of all stones, bears the title Chopin. A brilliant ruby, full of scintillating color, I have dubbed Liszt. Richard Strauss? I have no stone worthy to bear that name. Ah, what a giant! That gives me an idea. My manager tells me my American concerts are all booked and the tour will be the most successful I have ever made. Well, then, when

I return to Europe, I shall buy a Richard Strauss for my collection."

There has been very little music or drama in the Western provinces during the past month. Both Brandon and Portage la Prairie celebrated Dominion Day with highly successful concerts, but apart from these everyone seems too busy, or else too hot, to pay any attention to indoor amusements. In Winnipeg the conditions have been different. The Winnipeg Theatre is closed for two months but the Augustin Daly Co. have been holding forth at the Walker and delighting houses which have been more enthusiastic than large. It is certainly great 'nerve' for any management to charge \$1.50 for a seat during the summer months and people were pretty quick to express themselves strongly about the high prices in vogue. Let us hope for more popular prices next summer.

Adela Verne, the superb English pianist, may be heard at the Walker theatre early next month as her manager is trying to arrange for a recital here. Miss Verne needs no introduction here to music-lovers for her splendid playing when she was here with Madame Albani won instant recognition for her as an artist of more than ordinary talent and achievement. Her interpretations of the great masters are in many instances wonderful and all show keen musical temperament.

Only a small portion of Brandon's population turned out to hear the concert given by Calgary's crack band, who were passing through en route to the old country. The band is a good one containing, as it does, some of the most accomplished musicians of the West. The Brandon band escorted the visitors to the rink before the concert. The programme was a good one, but although Calgary has a good band, it will indeed have to be first-class in every sense of the word to draw crowds throughout the Mother Country, where bands like the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream and Irish Guards, not to mention other famous bands, that are heard daily.

The Pringle Stock Co. have been offering, with great success, at Prince Albert, "Young Mrs. Winthrop." The presentation was very real and many eyes were wet as the play proceeded. A misunderstanding between husband and wife is the foundation of the piece. The play makes a distinct impression, and Miss Charlotte Hammer, the emotional actress, got out all there was in the part. She is an exceptionally capable actress. The company will play "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Trapped by Treachery" in the near future.

"The Merchant of Venice" was presented in the Orange hall, Indian Head, on the night of the fair, August 2nd. The play was given under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the Presbyterian Church. This was the best entertainment ever given in Indian Head by amateur performers and attracted a big crowd. All the scenery and costumes were thoroughly typical of the times and scenes of the original Merchant of Venice. Prof. Simmons, of Wolseley, directed the music. The following was the personnel:

Duke of Venice - Rev. A. Henderson
Antonio (Merchant of Venice) E. Eaton.
Bassanio (friend to Antonio) G. R. Bell
Gratiano (Venetian gentleman) H. Long
Lorenzo " R. Crook
Salarino " Dr. Cordick
Solanio " F. Dundas
Salerio " H. Bell
Shylock (the Jew) - A. F. Little
Tubal (Jew's friend) - G. Burgess
Launcelot Gobbo (Shylock's servant) J. Weal
Old Gobbo (father to Launcelot) A. Bell
Leonarda (Bassanio's servant) H. Bell
Balthazas (Portia's servant) H. Bell
Portia (a rich heiress) Miss B. Wilson
Nerissa (Portia's friend) Miss Govenlock
Jessica (Shylock's daughter) Miss Dundas

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified.
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6733—A Pretty Chemise Nightdress.

The chemise nightdresses are great favorites because they can be made so much more attractive without the front opening to interrupt the scheme of decoration. Here is one of unique design which provides for the use of two different materials in the yoke. A plain embroidered material may form the shaped yoke band while the gusset-



percale or other apron material may serve, 2 3/4 yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size.

6927—Sizes, small, medium and large. The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4213—A Charming Little Apron.

Novelty is as much sought in aprons for small maids as in dresses, and surely Dame Fashion has outdone herself in the small apron shown. This is in one piece, and as simply made as any imaginable. The skirt portion closes in back with a button at the belt, while the upper part may slip on over the head, or be opened at the center in back and fastened with buttons. For lawn or cross-barred dimity, the style is wonderfully attractive, and with a bit of lace or embroidery as edging, a



yoke may be of some finely tucked material or lace. The sleeves may be in bishop style or flowing and are of three-quarter length. A fine nainsook or lawn may be used for material and any amount of elaboration will be possible. For the medium size 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6733—sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6927—An Apron of Becoming Lines.

Every housewife appreciates the necessity of the big apron, but few realize that this may be made becoming, as well as practical. Here is an excellent example of an attractive work apron, having a bib in one piece and a long skirt portion, with unique pocket



pretty result is assured. For the medium size 1 yard of material 36 inches wide is needed.

4213—7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6912—A Waist of Excellent Style.

A very pleasing waist in linen or lawn has a yoke of lace as a dainty finish for the neck. The waist is one suited to a variety of developments, the center front panel being applied and trimmed with stitching and buttons. Narrow tucks over the shoulder terminate at yoke depth in front and at the belt in back. The sleeves may be in full length or shorter, the latter being the popular choice. A silk, pongee or tub fabric would develop the waist becomingly, while a lace or contrasting material may serve as adorn-



ment. For the medium size, 3 3/4 yards of 27 inch material are needed.

6912—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6915-6904—A Charming Development

for Linen and Lace.

A chic little coat and skirt in linen and all-over lace which is well adapted to home making is shown. The coat is decidedly new, with its kimono sleeves in one with the front and back, giving almost a cape effect. This is shown in all-over lace, with linen bands finishing the edges. A little collar of the lace



completes the neck. The skirt is also of linen, consisting of seven gores and lengthened by a straight gathered flounce. The suit is especially chic in appearance, and may be made at home without difficulty. For the medium size 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch goods are needed for the coat and 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch for the skirt. A taffetas, pongee or cloth might be used for the suit.

Two patterns: 6915, 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 6904, 6 sizes, 20 to 30 waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c., but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4214—A Dainty Frock in Persian Lawn.

Some of the daintiest frocks are to be seen in French organdie and Persian lawn, and one of unusual charm is shown. A small fanciful yoke of lace



and insertion completes the neck most attractively, to which the full waist is closely tucked. The long-waisted style is one of the most pleasing of present modes, and here it appears very graceful, the waist blousing a bit all around. The skirt is a straight gathered one, attached to the waist. Tucks retain the

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fulness of the sleeve at the wrist, and further adornment may be added by the pretty cuff. A ribbon sash may complete the frock if desired. The medium size calls for 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

4214—7 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6837—A Dainty Negligee.

It is the dainty necessities which make a woman's wardrobe pleasing to her, and one of them is the negligee, which offers rest from the close-fitting garments and becomingness for the idle hour. A sack of decided simplicity but very pleasing is shown, and may be realized without the expenditure of much time or money. The sack is



circular and hangs from a yoke with increasing fulness, so that a pretty ripple results at the hem. The fanciful collar may be omitted if desired, and the neck be finished in Dutch square outline, with a band of lace or ribbon. A soft challis, lawn or Swiss might serve as material, with lace insertion, ribbon or folds of material as trimming. The medium size calls for 4 yards of 27 inch goods.

6837—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4209—A Graceful Jumper Dress.

The jumper dress sketched, with its quaint Mandarin sleeves and attached five-gored skirt, realizes one of the most pleasing modes of a most artistic season in dress. It is in sizes suitable



for girls from eight to sixteen years, and may be developed in a wide variety of fabrics. The waist portion is tucked at the shoulder, the sleeves being tucked similarly, so that these seem to be all in one with the front and back. The skirt is a simple one, gathered easily to the belt which joins the waist. Any blouse or guimpe which extends to the waistline may complete it. Linen in white or a color, pongee or chambray, are suggested for the dress, bands of a contrasting fabric being used to trim it. The medium size calls for 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material.

4209—9 sizes, 8 to 16 years

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4212—A Pleasing Model for a Small Gown.

Mothers find that the blouse dresses are most practical and appropriate for small folks' wear, and few little maids are without this most becoming style. The dress shown is built on French lines, with its long waist and short full skirt. The broad sailor collar is most attractive in shape and closes in front, being left free at one side. The com-



bination of sailor collar and French dress is quite novel and decidedly pleasing, as broad collars are sure to prove becoming and provide sufficient adornment for any dress. The style is one easily made up and suitable to any of the tub fabrics or worsteds. For the medium size 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material are needed.

4212—7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.



4099—A Quaint Little One-Piece Apron.

The little maids of the present generation are quite as lovable in their snowy aprons as were those of grand-mamma's time for the apron sketched suggests those wonderful days of long ago by its grace and simplicity. But it is not alone quaint and pretty, but very practical as well, for it is all in one piece and very easily made. Then, too, it is easily tubbed, being ironed flat, with no ruffles or flounces to require patience and time. The trimming suggested is very effective, being a narrow fulled Valenciennes. For the medium size two yards of 27-inch material are needed.

4099—sizes, 4 to 12 years. 8 sizes. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4185-4186—An Excellent Model for Underwaist and Drawers.

A practical underwaist which answers all of the requirements of the undeveloped figure is given as a suggestion for the home sewer. The waist closes in back and is fitted by its under-arm and side-back seams. The neck may be round, as shown, or high if desired. The drawers are of the newest shape and just what every girl needs for general wear. They are easily full at the waistband and flare a little at the lower edge, where a few tucks or



a ruffle may complete them. The usual materials may serve, of which 1 1/4 yards 36 inches wide are needed for the underwaist and 1 1/2 yards for the drawers in the medium size.

Two patterns: 4185—sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. 4186—sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years.

The price of these patterns is 30c., but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—These patterns, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

The Champion "Runner."

A slab-sided, mud-covered stranger entered a Broadway clock store about dusk the other evening, and with a bewildered look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, as politely as possible.

"Wal," said the would-be purchaser, "what be that ticker wuth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful timepiece. It is worth two hundred dollars, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scott," gasped the granger. "Three years without winding! Say, Mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she WAS wound up?"

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Work for Busy Fingers.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl. st.): Drop the stitch on the hook; take up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d. c.): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

need to take the space to give all directions in detail, since one has only to count blocks and spaces from the illustration. I will gladly send, them, however, if required. It is a good plan to have someone "read off" the pattern as one works, if this can be conveniently arranged, as the work progresses so much more rapidly. Or, a few rows may be copied down on a bit of paper, simply giving the blocks and spaces as they follow each other. This will save having to stop and count while at work.

For an oblong tidy, several rows of plain spaces may be made at top and bottom to lengthen the square. Finish the edge with a simple crocheted scallop, with a lace in some block pattern, or in any way preferred. The picot, shell is simple and pretty: Fasten in the space next to corner; * in the corner space, make 2 trebles, chain 5, fasten back in 1st stitch to form a picot, repeat from * 4 times, 2 trebles in same space, miss next space, and make a double in top of treble; * * miss 1 space, (2 trebles in next, picot), 3 times, 2 trebles in same space, miss 1 space, a double in top of treble; repeat from * * along the side, and continue around the tidy. This is very pretty over a sofa-pillow of colored satin.

Child's Tatted Yoke.

For this yoke, No. 80 linen thread was used. Wind your shuttle with the thread. To make the wheel begin in the center. Make a ring of 8 picots, each separated by 2 double knots, close; make a ring of * 4 double knots, 1 picot, repeat from * 3 times, 4 double knots, close; join to 1st picot of center ring. Make 7 more rings like this, join-



Handsome Tidy in Block Crochet.

Handsome Tidy in Block Crochet.

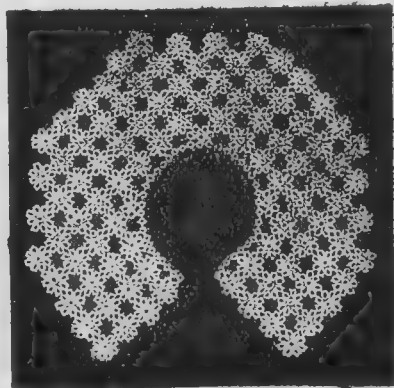
Any cross-stitch design may be easily copied in what is called "block crochet." The figure or solid portion of the design is represented by plain treble stitches, and the spaces or open part of the pattern are formed by 2 trebles separated by 2 chain. Thus a space would be made thus: 1 treble in a stitch, * chain 2, miss 2, a treble in next, repeating from * to make as many spaces as called for by the design. A block is composed of 4 trebles, 2 blocks of 7 trebles, 3 blocks of 10 trebles, and so on, the last treble of the 1st block forming the 1st of the 2nd.

To crochet a sofa-pillow or tidy, after such a pattern, first count the spaces across the bottom, and allow 3 stitches to each space with 5 extra to turn. This pattern has 81 spaces, requiring 248 stitches. No matter if you do get the chain too long, it is easily pulled out after the work is completed; but it should be sufficiently long.

1. Miss 7, a treble in 8th stitch, * chain 2, miss 2, a treble in next, repeat from * 79 times, turn.
2. Chain 5, a treble in treble (forming the 1st space of the row), 11 spaces, made as described, 12 trebles in next 12 stitches, making 4 blocks in all, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 13 spaces, 9 blocks, 35 spaces, turn.
3. Beginning as in 2nd row, make 33 spaces, 14 blocks, 9 spaces, 5 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 4 spaces, 1 block, 11 spaces, turn.
Continue in this way, counting the rows back and forth. There seems no

ing to following picot of center ring, and to preceding ring by side picot. This completes the wheel or rosette, of which the yoke is formed, consisting of a center ring with 8 rings joined around it.

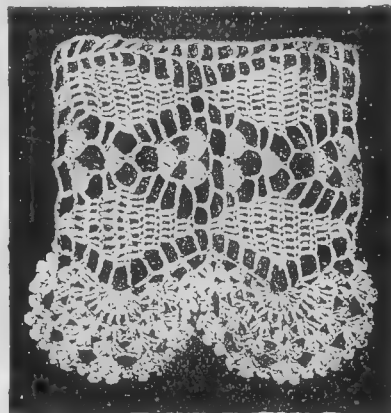
Cut a paper pattern the size and shape of yoke required, and join the wheels to fit this neatly. It is very pretty and easily made, and the wheels are so firm that they launder nicely. Lovely yokes for corset-covers, night-dresses, shirt-waists, etc., are made in like manner. Just be sure to have a well-fitting paper pattern and there is no trouble.



Child's Tatted Yoke.

Dresden Lace.

Make a chain of 38 stitches, turn.
1. Miss 7, a treble in next, chain 3, miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, chain 3, miss 3, 1 treble, (chain 4, miss 4, 1 treble) twice, chain 3, miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, chain 3, miss 3, 1 treble in next, turn.
2. Chain 6, 3 trebles over 3 trebles and 1 in chain each side, chain 3, (1 double, 5 trebles and 1 double under 4 chain) twice, chain 3, 3 trebles over 3 trebles and 1 in chain each side, chain 3, a treble in next treble, chain 2, a treble in 3rd stitch of chain at end, turn.
3. Chain 5, a treble in treble, chain 3, 5 trebles over 5 trebles and 1 in



Dresden Lace.

chain each side, (chain 5, a treble in 3rd of 5 trebles) twice, chain 4, 5 trebles over 5 trebles and 1 in chain each side, chain 3, miss 3, 1 treble, turn.

4. Chain 6, 7 trebles over 7 trebles and 1 in chain each side, chain 4, 1 double, 5 trebles and 1 double under 2nd 4 chain of last row, chain 4, 7 trebles over 7 trebles and 1 in chain each side, chain 2, a treble in next treble, chain 2, a treble in 2nd of 5 chain, turn.

5. Chain 5, a treble in treble, chain 2, 11 trebles over 9 trebles and in chain each side, chain 5, a double in 3rd of 5 trebles, chain 5, 11 trebles over 9 trebles and in chain each side, chain 8, a double in 4th of 6 chain in last row, turn.

6. Make 1 double, 12 trebles and 1 double under 5 of 8 chain, turn; chain 4, a treble in 1st treble, (chain 1, a treble in next) 11 times, catch in next row back, turn; chain 3, catch in next row back, turn; chain 3, catch in next row back, shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles under 1st 1 chain, * miss next, shell in next, repeat from * around scallop, making 7 shells in all, chain 3, 1 double in 2nd of 4 chain, chain 3, miss 1st of 11 trebles, 9 trebles in 9 trebles, (chain 4, a treble in center of 5 chain) twice, chain 4, miss 1 treble, 9 trebles in next 9 trebles, chain 2, a treble in next treble, chain 2, a treble in 3rd of 5 chain, turn.

7. Chain 5, a treble in treble, chain 3, miss 1st treble, 7 trebles in next 7, chain 4, 1 double, 5 trebles and 1 double under 2nd 4 chain of last row, chain 4, miss 1 treble, 7 trebles in next 7, chain 3, a double in top of 3 chain at beginning of scallop, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in each shell of last row, catch in end of next row back, chain 3, catch in end of next, turn.

8. * chain 4, catch back in 3rd stitch of chain to form a picot, chain 1, 2 trebles in shell, chain 4, picot, chain 1, 2 trebles in shell, chain 4, picot, chain 1, 2 trebles in shell, chain 4, picot, chain 1, 2 trebles in shell, repeat from * 6 times around scallop, chain 2, a treble in double, chain 3, miss 1 treble, 5 trebles in next 5, chain 4, a treble in double, chain 4, miss 1 treble, 5 trebles in next 5, chain 3, a treble in treble, chain 2, a treble in 3rd of 5 chain, turn.

9. Chain 5, a treble in treble, chain 3, 3 trebles in 2nd, 3rd and 4th of 5 trebles, chain 4, (1 double, 5 trebles and 1 double under each of 2nd and 3rd 4 chain), chain 4, 3 trebles in 2nd, 3rd and 4th of 5 trebles, chain 3, a treble in top of treble, turn.

10. Chain 5, a treble in 2nd of 3 trebles, chain 3, a treble in center of 4 chain, (chain 4, a double in 3rd of 5 trebles) twice, chain 4, a treble in center of 4 chain, chain 3, a treble in center of 3 trebles, chain 4, a treble in treble, chain 2, a treble in 3rd of 5 chain, turn.

11. Chain 5, a treble in treble, chain 3, 3 trebles over treble and in chain each side, chain 3, a treble in center of 4 chain (chain 4, a treble in center of next 4 chain) twice, chain 3, 3 trebles over treble and in chain each side, chain 3, a treble in 3rd of 5 chain, turn.
Repeat from 1st row.

Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k.) is to knit plain.
Over (o.): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.
Narrow (n.): Knit two stitches together.
Purl (p.) or seam (s.): Knit with the thread in front of needle; this is the reverse of plain knitting.
Purl-narrow (pn.): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f.): Over twice, purl two together.

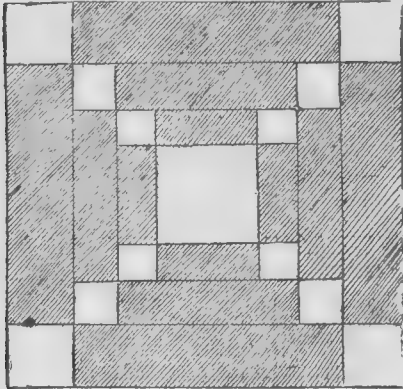
Slip, narrow and bind (sl. n. and b.): Skip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needles.

Slip and bind (sl. and b.): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast off, repeat.

Stars (**) and parentheses () indicate repetition, thus: * over, narrow, repeat from * twice, is the same as saying, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times, is the same.

"Capitol Steps" Quilt Block.

Beginning with a 2-inch square in the center, this block may be made as large as desired. Simply add strips of the dark color to each side of a square.



"Capitol Steps" Quilt Block.

with light or white blocks to fill out the corners. Very desirable in worsted goods, for chair-cushion or sofa-pillow. Or, silk pieces may be used for the pillows.

Summer Handiwork for Girls.

The girl who loves summer handiwork need not depend on the art-embroidery stores for stamping the linen she is to embroider. This is just the season to make the pretty leaf finger-bowl doilies so much in fashion. Select a large and perfect maple or oak leaf, and from this cut your pattern. Outline the design on your linen, drawing it in lightly with a pencil, or you may use tracing paper if you have it. If not, put your leaf and linen against the window-pane, and after getting the outline of the leaf, trace the main veins of it. Now buttonhole the edge of the leaf to a width of one-fourth of an inch all around the design, using green embroidery silk. Work the veins in simple outline stitching.

Besides maple and oak, clover leaves are especially pretty. Of course, these have to be a good deal enlarged. Six doilies in clover-leaf pattern, also several clover leaves grouped together to form a centerpiece, and a set of very small butter-plate doilies in the same design make a lovely set. These will make any table look fresh and pretty and are attractive on outdoor tea-tables under the trees.

Effective leaf doilies can also be made of coarser linen and buttonholed with dull shades of green linen embroidery thread or with mercerized embroidery cotton (sold for 5 cents a ball). This work is so simple that any girl can do it, and forms an ideal summer fancy work for girls.

Another splendid summer handiwork for girls is the making of straw porch and chair mats. These are very easy to make and are useful for outdoor or indoor use. Make a continuous rope of straw two inches thick and seven or eight feet long by winding the straw about with thick cord. Keep this rope as even as possible and very firm.

Now, you may buttonhole the entire length of this with strands of raffia, keeping your stitches neat and close together, so as to entirely cover the straw. When this is done, flatten your rope by putting it under a heavy

weight. When it is flat, coil it into a mat, using raffia stitches to connect each inner coil with the next outer one.

The value of pure tea as a nerve nutrient is conceded by the eminent scientist, Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson. He takes issue with those who contend that tea drinking is injurious to people with weak nerves, and states that a long series of experiments proves that tea direct from the gardens, packed in sealed lead packets, such as "SALADA" Tea, is extremely beneficial to those of weak nerves. Such teas build up the nervous system.

They Want the Best.

The Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg, has just received a large contract from the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, for a large supply of Witch Hazel toilet soap. This is a case of the wise men from the East sending to the Great Canadian West for the article in toilet soap. The fame of Witch Hazel toilet soap has spread to the four corners of the globe, and it is now used on four continents.

This in itself is a good advertisement for the genius and brains of Winnipeg business men.

NOT TROUBLED SINCE.

Peterson Bros. & Lind, of Headley, B.C., say that they have never had any trouble with cockroaches since having used Jackson Roach Powder. They have found it a great success, and would advise any one troubled with roaches to give it a trial.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and Kidneys as well have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me to-day for sample and free Book: Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all druggists.



THE ALTAR.

Said the sweet and single maiden,
"Will you tell me, if you can,
Why the loveliest of lovers
Is no sooner wedded than
He becomes the careless husband
Of the matrimonial pan?"

"Oh, it is the marriage altar!"
Said the bitter married man.

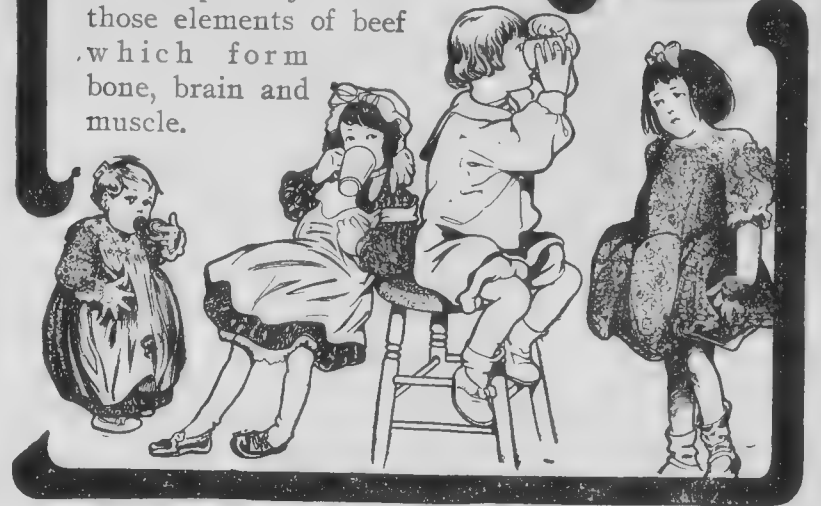


Excellent Fishing may be enjoyed near Port Arthur along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

There is only one

BOVRIL

Children like it. It is a particularly good food for them as it is specially rich in those elements of beef which form bone, brain and muscle.



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Teething Babies

are saved suffering—and mothers given rest—when one uses

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

Quickly relieves—regulates the bowels—prevents convulsions. Used 50 years. Absolutely safe.

At drug-stores, 25c. 6 bottles, \$1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Sole Proprietors, Montreal. 41

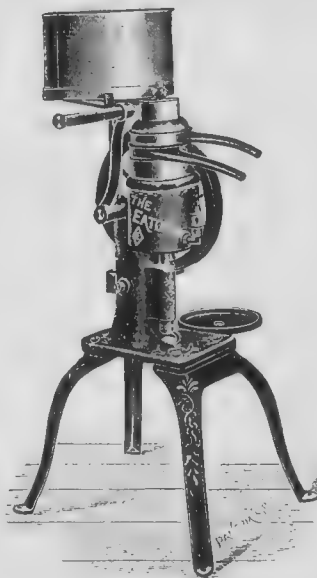
Central Business College

WINNIPEG, MAN.

CATALOGUES FREE.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The "Eatonia" Hand Cream Separator



In competition with leading makes it has won some of the highest awards offered for cream separators. Its three leading features are:

Excellence of Work

Ease of Operation

Simplicity of Construction

Tests have proved that the machine extracts practically all the cream fat from milk.

Much less power is required to run it than other machines of similar capacity.

It contains so few parts, that it can be cleaned in a fraction of the time required to clean others that have many parts.

It is so well built that it seldom goes out of order and requires but few repairs.

Our prices are in a class by themselves, and the reasons are that we have the separators made specially for ourselves and we neither employ selling agents nor pay commissions. Here are our prices:

No. 1. Capacity, 150 lbs. per hour. Has neat stand and occupies but little space. This useful separator is for small dairies, for three to six cows. It is a little wonder in its way and works so smoothly and perfectly that its friends say it "runs like a watch." It does its work quickly and thoroughly and is simply indispensable in every small dairy. It occupies little space. This separator has no inside cylinder. It has three wings on the interior bowl.
Eaton price \$34.85

No. 2. Capacity, 250 lbs. per hour. This separator is for a dairy of half a dozen cows. It is extremely easy to operate and to manage, and is no trouble to clean and keep in order. It takes up but little room and in appearance is neat and attractive. It will pay for itself over and over before wearing out. In fact with proper care and proper oiling it will last a life time.
Eaton price \$40.95

No. 3. Capacity, 350 lbs. per hour. This separator is for a dairy of from 12 to 18 cows. It is more valuable than the 250 lb. size in that it does a greater amount of work in a given period. In a dairy of a dozen or more cows time counts, and this size saves time.
Eaton price \$46.35

No. 4. Capacity, 500 lbs. per hour. This is the separator for the dairy with many cows. It is easy of operation and yet has great efficiency. So far as time is concerned it is the quickest in operation of all the Eatonia hand separators. It requires rather more power than the other sizes, but still it is exactly suited to large home dairy operations of all kinds.
Eaton price \$51.45

WINNIPEG THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED CANADA

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The Range that Saves.

A range is something like a horse—You pay so much for a horse—its feed and keep amount to so much a year. And you get so much work from it and it lives so long.

You pay so much for a range—its fuel and repairs cost you so much. And you get so much cooking from it—and it lasts you so long.

The most expensive item about either a horse or a range is not, usually, the first cost—it's the yearly feed and fuel bill.

It isn't the cheapest horse that costs, say, only \$25, eats its head off in a year, and then goes sick and dies.

Any more than it is the cheapest range that costs, say, \$25, and turns up fuel like sixty and then goes all to pieces.

No, sir, the horse that's worth the most is the one that will drive easiest—that doesn't soon tire out—that has no bad tricks—that can be relied on—that has a small yearly feed bill—is healthiest and lives longest.

And the best range is the one that will stand the hardest usage—will use the least fuel—that can be perfectly controlled—that will last the longest.

In short, the best horse or the best range is that which will do the most work at the least cost.

Now, what is a range?

It is simply a cooking contrivance consisting of a top and an oven—heated by a fire in a fire box.

The Monarch malleable iron range is universally acknowledged the "Premier" range in the market to-day.

It is artistically constructed from malleable iron, free from carbon, which gives the iron a close, dense, compact texture, that toughens it and makes it unbreakable.

Another feature about the Monarch is its air-tight joints and seams. It is practically air-tight—body, fire-box, in fact, everything.

The top is polished as bright as a well-worn steel rail, requiring only a little rubbing with a cloth to keep it clean and bright, which saves the good housewife much back-breaking rubbing.

The body of the Monarch is lined with asbestos, riveted to a sheet of steel. The asbestos reflects the heat on to the oven, where it is needed. To attempt to enumerate all the good points which the Monarch possesses would be to use much more of our space than we can afford here. We advise our readers to write direct to Merrick-Anderson Co., 117 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, and request them to send you their beautifully illustrated booklet, giving full and complete information about the "Monarch." This booklet contains a fund of information of money-saving value to every housewife in Western Canada, and a post card addressed to the aforementioned firm will bring you one by the next mail. When writing, please mention this magazine.

The Common House Flies are a Menace to Health.

The United States Department of Agriculture has started a crusade against the common house fly, and is carrying on extensive experiments as to the best way of banishing it from the abodes of man. The fly has been found to be not only a nuisance, but a menace to man's health. Its hairy body carries both disease and death. Many epidemics which sweep over communities in the hot season have been traced to the fly. Having its origin in filth, it brings with it the bacteria which breed in filth. And as it moves about, now crawling over refuse, now over the food on the table, flying from the lips of the sick to the lips of the healthy, it is said to be more dangerous to modern society than were the wild beasts to primitive man.

The high mortality among the children in the congested districts of a city, where families are closely crowded together, where refuse accumulates fast, where food is often kept in living rooms, is due to a large degree, so scientists now say, to the fly. Infant diseases chiefly prevail in the hot season when the flies abound. Dr. J. T. C. Nash, in The Journal of the Royal Sanitary Institute, giving his experience as an English health officer, says that the fly is responsible for the death of many children because of polluting the milk which they drink.

"It is a matter that has been entirely overlooked," said Dr. C. O. Probst, recently, "but we now know that the common house fly is an agent of importance in carrying the germs of typhoid fever. It was formerly believed that the germs were only carried in water, milk or other liquid food. Flies both breed and feed in places where the germs are to be found, and then, flying into our houses, no doubt often carry the germs and deposit them on our food."

GRAND TROPHY SHOOT.

Dominion Cartridge Co. presents Cup for B. C. Championship.

The day following the tournament of the Vancouver Gun Club, which was held July 1st, witnessed an exciting contest for the championship of British Columbia and the grand trophy, presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co.,

Ltd., of Montreal. This trophy took the shape of a beautifully designed solid silver cup, 22 in. high, and which was eventually won by T. H. Oliver, with a score of 84 per cent.

Unfortunately, the weather conditions were not of the best, the wind being high and the light variable, so that many professionals from the other side, who took part in the gun tournament, and who seldom go below 90 to 95 per cent., only averaged 80 per cent. on this occasion.

Both on this day and on the previous day Imperial shells (made by the Dominion Cartridge Co.) were the choice of the contestants, and in the matter of scoring, Dominion ammunition was right on top in every event.

TRAP AND TRIGGER.

Dominion Cartridge Co.'s Shoot.

The shoot for the Dominion Cartridge Co.'s (Limited) western championship took place yesterday morning on the Fort Garry grounds.

It was keenly contested throughout, and the spectators were kept guessing until the last shot was fired to find out who the winner would be. To P. J. Nelson, of Esterhazy, belongs the honor with a score of 86. G. Simpson came a close second with 85. Roy Lightcap third with 84., and F. P. Barlay, of Brandon, fourth with 83. If Mr. Simpson had not lost his last bird, Mr. Nelson and he would have tied.

There was great excitement and keen interest all through this tournament, as it was the first time in the West that a competition of 100 birds at one contest took place. The Dominion Cartridge Co. were congratulated for the handsome trophy given, and the Fort Garry Club for pulling it off so successfully.

The Farmer and Dairyman.

The Ideal Butter Separator and Aerator, a new invention which will produce a maximum quantity of pure butter from sweet or sour milk and cream in from five to ten minutes, is the newest invention perfected by man for the farmer and dairyman. Its makers do not call it a churn nor a cream separator, they call it a butter separator.

The butter is separated by the combined action of the agitation of the dasher and the aeration of the air. The air is sucked from the outside to near the bottom of the milk or cream, where it is distributed by centrifugal action and bubbles up, causing the separation globules.

Of its advantages a few prominent ones are mentioned by the manufacturers of the Ideal, viz.:

1. More butter is produced from a given quantity of milk or cream than by any churn. This is because it separates the globules of butter from the cream without breaking them. The old process broke them up by the continued friction produced by agitation. Milk twelve hours old or older produces best results.

2. The butter will keep better, since it is pure and has been thoroughly aerated. It has no mixture of casein or milk in it.

3. The residue is pure and sweet and may be used for table use.

4. The separation is more rapid than any other separator, and the air introduced is always pure and does not bubble through more than once. This is because the air is drawn from outside the vessel.

5. The gearing is simple, and a child can operate it with safety. No cog-wheels to catch the fingers.

6. No casein, albumin or impurity in the butter. It is not possible to remove these by any other process. The ordinary churning beats the butter into an oily mass containing all the impurities, such as casein and albumin. The Ideal separator causes the butter globules to form separately and cohere together. The butter will thus not become rancid or smell offensively.

A post card addressed to C. Griffiths, 129 Bannatyne Ave. E., Winnipeg, or Mr. McBride, Calgary, the agents in Western Canada for their respective districts, will bring you by return mail full and complete information regarding the working, price, etc., of the Ideal butter separator.

The Iroquois Mfg. Co., Limited, of Iroquois, Ont., are the manufacturers, so that buyers have the assurance that they are getting a "made-in-Canada" machine.

Some Interesting Facts About Ruberoid Roofing.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the Standard Paint Co. began business manufacturing the P. & B. products. These include P. & B. paint, electrical compounds, P. & B. insulating papers and insulating tape.

In addition to these, they, at that time, made a roofing, the base of which was burlap. This, however, in a very short time, proved to be useless as a base—something more substantial had to be employed. Their experts were at once put to work to devise a roofing that would withstand every internal strain and all weather changes.

About sixteen years ago, after much experimenting, they finally succeeded in making ruberoid roofing. From that

time until this, without any change in its composition or construction, it has withstood the test of time.

The Standard Paint Co. have on file in their offices samples of ruberoid roofing which have been on buildings for the last fourteen years, and, although these have had no attention, they are as good to-day as when they were put on.

If any similar roofings possess any merit it is simply because the makers have imitated the good features of ruberoid.

Owing to the constantly increasing demand for ruberoid roofing, the Standard Paint Co., in addition to their factories in the United States, and at Hamburg, Germany, have had to build factories here in Canada. The factories in the United States supply South America the West Indies and the Orient, that in Hamburg the continental and English colonial trade, and the Canadian factory was built to supply the large increasing demand for ruberoid roofing in Canada.

Ruberoid has withstood the severest tests to which it is possible to subject any roofing. Not only has it been used in the most northerly Arctic regions, but at the equator with equal success. Changes of climate have absolutely no effect on it. Neither is it affected by oxidation, corrosion, acid fumes, or steam arising from the interior of buildings in round houses, factories, fertilis or plants, laundries, etc. Ruberoid is equally suitable for glass factories.

To Help Farmers Save Money.

The opening of another mail order house in Western Canada marks a new epoch in the commercial advancement of this country. The needs of settlers remote from cities and towns must be provided for them, and the mail order house fills the bill. Buying by mail is the modern method of shopping without the discomforts and banter attending where the customer is obliged to go to the store in person. A catalogue containing full and complete information about the goods, sizes and price of each article may be had for the asking and studied in the confines of one's home. This method enables the buyers to make up a list of needs when at leisure, where thoughtful consideration may be given to each article advertised.

The advent of the Canadian Mail Order Company, 163, 165 and 167 James Street, Winnipeg, in the mail order field creates a healthy competition and tends to regulate prices. This house has issued a catalogue, which will be mailed free to any person making a request for one.

Later on a more extensive catalogue will be printed and will be mailed free to all who desire a copy. Just drop the firm a postal card, and mention this magazine, and a copy of their money-saving catalogue will be forwarded you at once.

Ontario Ladies' College.

Parents who are considering to what college they will send their daughters this fall, should write for the new calendar lately issued by the Ontario Ladies' College, of Whitby, Ont.

The many departments of the college are described and illustrated, and give an excellent idea of the advantages of this well-known institution.

The literary training offered the students begins with the work required for high school entrance, and extends to the third year work of Toronto University.

The musical department, under the title of the Ontario Conservatory of Music, is affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music for examination purposes. Well known instructors are at the head of the instrumental and vocal departments. A large pipe organ in the college concert hall is available for practice.

The departments of art, oratory, commercial subjects and domestic science are equally efficient, and present many attractive features to the earnest and ambitious student.

Altogether the calendar reflects great credit on its compilers, and is just the kind of literature that one would naturally expect to receive from this live and progressive educational institution.

Dr. J. J. Hare, principal of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, will send a copy of the calendar to any of our readers who will write for it.

List of Canadian Patents for 21st of June, 1907.

The following up-to-date list of Canadian patents is reported to us by Egerton F. Case, solicitor of patents, and expert in patent causes, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.:

- L. M. Adams, Ft. Steele, B.C.—Clothes washing machine.
- W. D. Beath, Preston, Ont.—Load and litter carriers.
- L. B. Beath, Preston, Ont.—Load and litter carriers.
- J. A. Gowan, Winnipeg, Man.—Grain pickling and cleaning machines.
- S. Dean, Waterdown, Ont.—Fruit baskets.
- Z. S. Lawrence, West Shefford, Que.—Storage and cooling vats for milk or cream.
- W. L. Lee, Montreal, Que.—Insoles for footwear.
- A. C. Scarr, Harriston, Ont.—Railway rail compound nut locks.
- C. J. Talbot, Strathcona, Alta.—Churns.
- G. S. MacLeod, Winnipeg, Man.—Mowing machines.
- D. C. Burpee, Gibson, N.B.—Building apparatus.

Geo. J. Dallison—Three-quarter interest to R. Mulhall, J. R. O'Meara, Ottawa, Ont., and J. Carling Kelly, Toronto, Ont.—Variable gears.

Peter J. Sweeney, assigned to Penberthy Injector Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.—Closures.

F. McArtlyr, Montreal, Que.—Wrenches.

J. Deepker, Ottawa, Ont.—Clutch mechanisms.

Frank Deepker, Ottawa, Ont.—Clutch mechanisms.

Chester Duryea, Cardinal, Ont.—Processes for highly modifying starch.

Chester Duryea, Cardinal, Ont.—Processes for manufacturing glucose.

Chester Duryea, Cardinal, Ont.—Processes for refining syrup.

Chester Duryea, Cardinal, Ont.—Processes for manufacturing maltose.

D. Frappier, Maskinongia, Que.—Vises.

R. Leclerc, Montreal, Que.—Collapsible boxes.

L. E. Love, Edwell, Alta.—Shears.

Louis P. Theriault, Bonfield, Ont.—Can openers.

J. H. Reid, Cornwall, Ont.—Apparatus for treating ore or like substances; one-half interest S. L. Tingley, Ottawa, Ont.

J. H. Reid, Cornwall, Ont.—one-half interest to Stephen L. Tingley, Ottawa, Ont.—Processes for treating ore or like substances.

Alma College Commencement.

Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., concluded the week's programme of commencement exercises 17th June. Beautiful weather, large rallies of old students and crowded audiences of enthusiastic friends at the various recitals was the order of the whole series.

There were three musical recitals, two elocution recitals, class night programme, field day games, Alma daughters' reunion, a noble Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Thomas Manning, M. A., Windsor, Ont., and splendid commencement procession and prize giving before a large and representative audience.

The valedictory was read by Miss Annie Pratt, Wycombe, Ont. The graduates were presented for diploma by Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon, B.A. The prizes and medals were presented by His Honor Judge Colter, and the address to the graduates was made by Principal Merchant of the London Normal School.

Principal Warner stated that the year had been very successful educationally and financially, that important improvements would be made during vacation, including erection of memorial gates and fence by Alma daughters. That endowment had been founded by a gift of \$500 from S. Hemington, of Aylmer, that the course of M. L. A. had been changed to allow wide options for wider culture. The outlook in every respect is most cheering.

G. F. Stephens Limited.

This well-known Winnipeg firm had a magnificent exhibit at the Winnipeg Exhibition, in a bright and attractive booth in the South Building, where they showed a complete line of paints, colors, varnishes, and all accessories of the decorator's trade. This company was inaugurated in quite a small way by Mr. G. F. Stephens, over twenty-five years ago, and its operations have steadily increased in bulk up to the present time. It now claims to be the leading paint business in Western Canada, and its growth has by no means attained its ultimate limits. The output of the factory is increasing at such a rapid rate that in the immediate future the firm finds it necessary to erect a new, larger and much improved factory.

In addition to this, arrangements are in progress for putting up a modern and thoroughly up-to-date varnish factory; while it is but a few months since it was found necessary to add a large experiment department to their plant. It will give some further idea of the magnitude of this man's operations when we state that they are at present employing over 100 skilled workmen to handle the various different branches of their output. Such is the extent of the business which the untiring energy and commercial ability of the founder of the firm have built up that there is no locality in Western Canada, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, that is not covered by their efficient staff of travelling salesmen, and where their productions are not in daily use.

One of the latest extensions to their business is the establishment of a branch warehouse at Calgary.

JUDGMENT IN FAVOR of "Baby's Own Soap" given by Judge Eurbidge.

The Albert Soap Co. recently brought an action against Drysalers Ltd., manufacturers of "Mother's Favorite Soap," for infringement of their trade-marks. This being a matter which is of general interest, we print below the finding of Judge Eurbidge in this case, which torrids the sale of that soap in its present style.

Between Albert Soaps, Ltd., plaintiffs, and Drysalers, Ltd., defendants. "The action is brought by the plaintiffs, who are manufacturers of soap, to restrain the defendants, who are in the same business, from infringing certain registered trade-marks that the plaintiffs own and use in connection with their business."

"The plaintiffs manufacture a soap known as 'Baby's Own Soap,' the defendants a soap known as 'Mother's Favorite Soap.'"

"The plaintiffs ask for a declaration that the acts of the defendants in plac-



REST AND RECREATION TOURS

Delightful Tours via Rail and Water

offered by the

Canadian Northern Railway

Tickets on sale daily until September 15th. Return valid until September 30th, 1907.

Stop over privileges as desired en route.

Meals and Berth included on steamer.

Fulllest information from any Canadian Northern Railway Agent, or write for Tour Circular to

C. W. COOPER,

Asst. General Passenger Agent Can. Nor. Ry.,

WINNIPEG.



ing their soap on the market with the labels at present used and in the manner at present adopted, constitute an infringement of their trade-marks, and for an injunction to restrain the defendants from continuing the use of such labels in the manner mentioned.

"There will be, in respect to the specific trade-mark hereinbefore mentioned, judgment for the plaintiffs, with costs, and the injunction asked for will be granted."

A Winnipegger in Honolulu.

The Pacific Commercial Advertiser, published at Honolulu, Hawaii, of July 2, 1907, has the following to say about a well-known Winnipegger: "W. Phillips, the manager of the Winnipeg Electric Railroad Company, and Mrs. Phillips, are guests at the Royal Hawaiian, having arrived in the city recently to spend a month here. So pleased are they with Honolulu, however, that they propose to extend the length of their stay here to two months."

Latest Scheme is to Bleed Catalog Houses.

Special to The Minneapolis Journal. Webster City, Iowa, May 2.—O. I. Kleveland, of Jewell, is organizing the merchants of Hamilton county into an association for a fight upon the catalog houses. The opposition in Hamilton county is only a duplicate of what is now being carried on in every county in Iowa. It was started by the state association of lumbermen, and is to be

carried into every state in the union.

Mr. Kleveland started his campaign here. His plan is to get every retail merchant in touch with all the large catalog houses through a letter or by making some small purchase and then to ask for a catalog. Then by various inquiries regarding goods each merchant is to write the several catalog houses at least two letters a week.

Figuring the cost of the immense catalogs issued by mail order houses at \$1 apiece and the postage to be paid by these houses in answering the 20,000 letters they will receive weekly from Iowa, it is certain the catalog houses will be forced to change their business methods. It is figured this plan can be made to cost the catalog houses as much as \$100,000 a month apiece with practically no return.

Mr. Kleveland says that over 1,000 lumbermen have already begun the campaign. The big mail order houses have learned of the plan, and are taking every precaution to weed out their mail, separating the prospective purchasers from those who are fighting them. With Hamilton and every other county organized, however, the big houses will be obliged to increase their force to open the mail. The Iowa retail merchants figure that if their mail is thrown into the waste basket, where much of it will doubtless go, it is inevitable that honest inquiries from many prospective customers will find a resting place there also.

It is announced that at the national lumbermen's meeting in Cincinnati this summer this plan will be put into effect in every state of the union.

Starts Operations.

The new factory of the Gilson Mfg. Co., Ltd., at Guelph, Ont., is now ready to start operations. The plant is modern and up-to-date, and fully equipped with everything necessary for the economical production of the famous "Goes Like Sixty" engines.

Much Pleased with Absorbine.

Mr. Thomas Melick, Ottercliffe, Ont., Canada, writes under date of Mar. 31, 1907, "I must say that Absorbine did all that I could ask. My horse had two puffs on the front of his hind legs and also a thoroughpin later on. By the use of two bottles they are all gone, so you cannot detect that anything was wrong. I am much pleased, and when anything goes wrong again, I certainly shall send for more of your remedies." Many customers write of the satisfactory results Absorbine gives. You try a bottle. Price \$2.00 at druggists or delivered. Manufactured by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents: Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal.

Of Interest to Farmers.

A neat illustrated booklet will be mailed to you free, telling you how to save time, money and muscle, upon you mailing a post card to the Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co., Box 301, Brandon, Man., with a request that they send you the booklet referred to. This offer should interest every farmer in Western Canada who is desirous of obtain-

ing information along those lines. When writing, just mention this magazine, and the booklet will be yours for the asking.

A Testimonial.

Gentleman's Driving Park,
Delormier Park.
Dr. S. A. Tuttle, Boston, Mass.:

We have been using your Elixir in our training stables of trotters and racers for fifteen years, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best all round "horse medicine" that we have ever used. As a body or leg wash it cannot be excelled, as it keeps up the circulation and keeps the horse from getting sore and tends to increase the speed. We use it not only externally but internally as well. In case of colic, colds, sore throat, pinkeye, strains, or bruises of any kind and for thrush it never fails. In conclusion, I beg to say that I find it never fails to remove a natural curb, and leave it as smooth as when the horse was foaled—Geo. A. McShone, Maple Grove Stock Farm, Newport, Va.

ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL.

Albert Williams, proprietor of Williams' Cafe, Toronto, repeats his order and says that Jackson Roach Powder is the most successful powder for killing cockroaches and waterbugs that he ever used in twenty years' experience. If your druggist cannot supply you, write direct to The Jackson Roach Killer Co., Toronto, Ont.



Along the Duluth Extension - Large bags of ducks are secured along the Duluth Extension in the fall. This point can be reached by C. N. R.

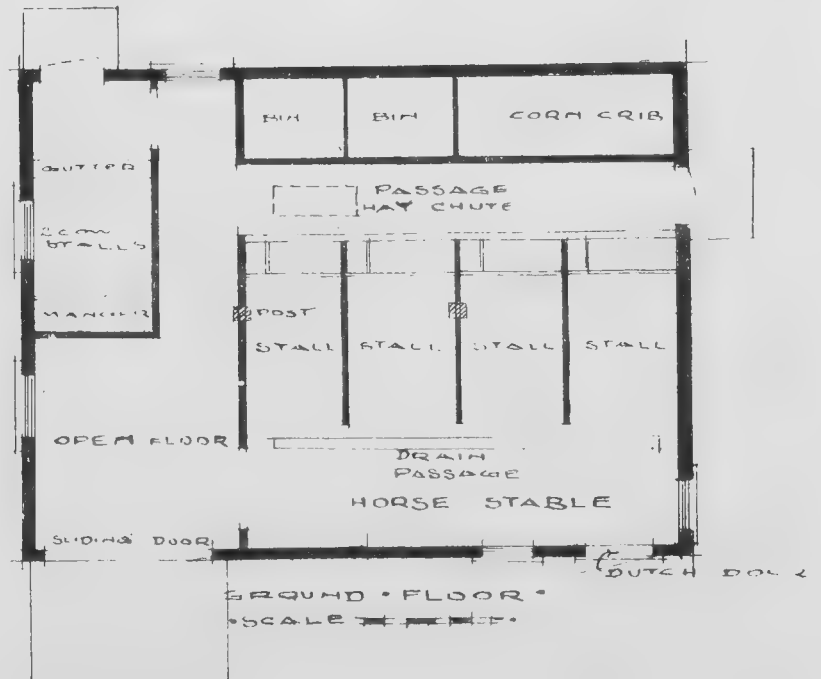
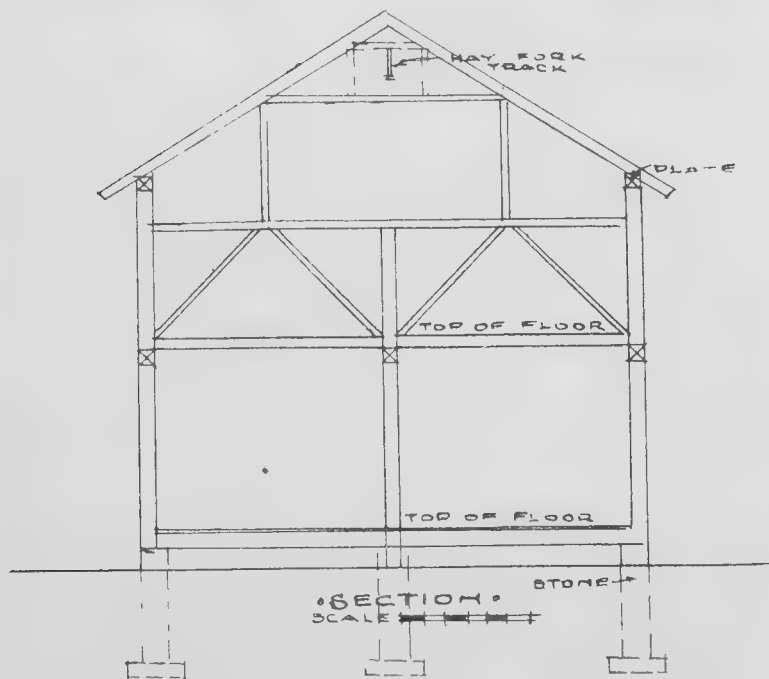
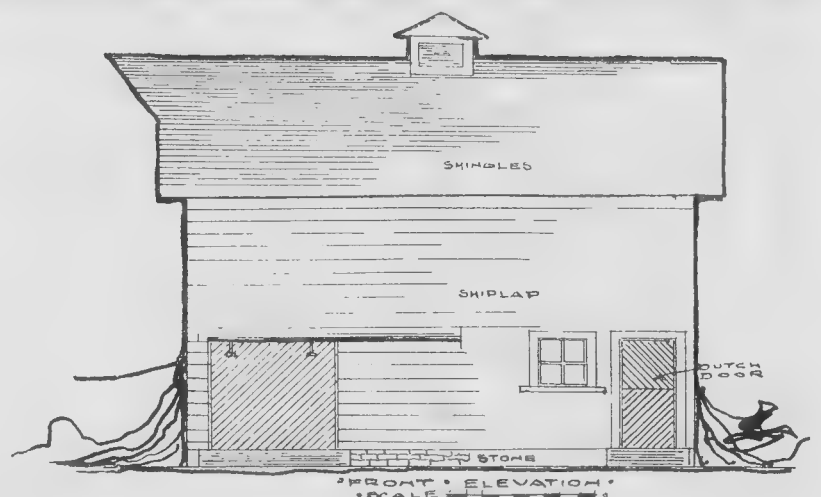
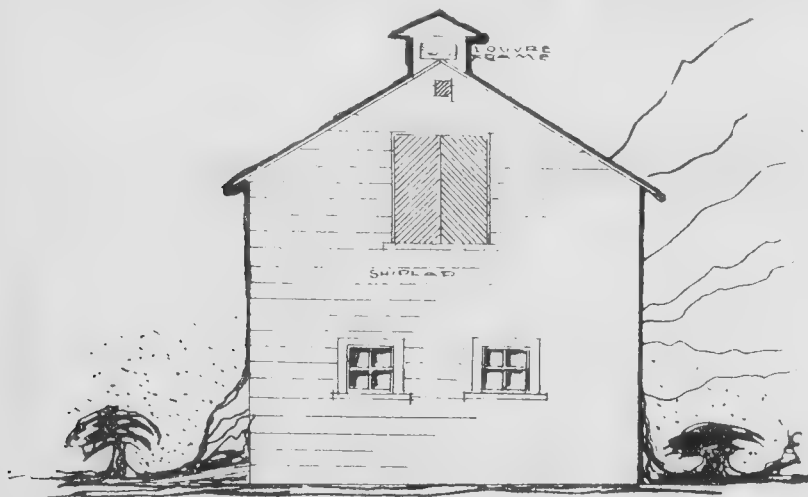


ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

In many respects stable planning is more difficult than house planning. In houses we plan for comfort, appearance, convenience. In a stable comfort is one of the main considerations if results are to be obtained. Better a shelter under a straw stack than a poorly built shack. Fresh air, sunlight, and good drainage are essentials in stable planning. Get a southern aspect for your barn, and, if possible, on a slope protected from the north winds. This plan is for four horses and two cows, and open floor space for tools or harness, bins for grain, and hay mow over. The building is frame. The walls 2 x 4 studs at 16 centers, shiplapped and papered both sides, the outside covered with siding; the rafters 2 x 4 and braced as shown on section; posts 8 x 8; beams 12 x 14. The ground floor is rough boards on

the joist and 2 in. tongued and grooved planks laid in tar with a pitch to gutter. The joists are 2 x 12. The stall partitions are of best pine, 2 in. thick, tongued and grooved. This wood must be perfect. Set up on 2 x 4 about 1 in. from floor and with 2 x 4 top piece. The stall posts to be about 7 in. thick and channelled to receive partition. In the stall a wainscot about 4 ft. high should be carried around. The ventilation is either through windows or by vent on roof, to which a duct is carried from the stable. This ventilation must air loft to keep the hay from getting musty. This barn is very simple in construction and appearance but is capable of being enlarged at any time. It could be built by any carpenter and has the advantages of a more costly building in a compact form.



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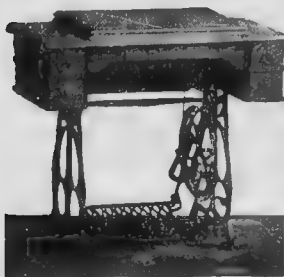
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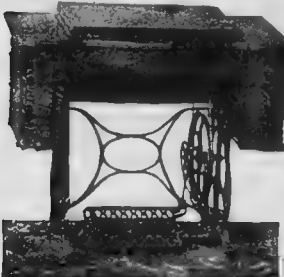
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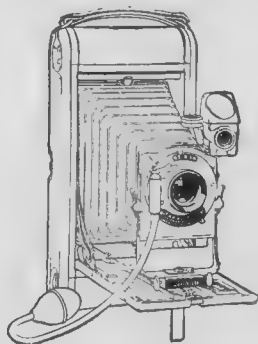
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FEESHIN' IN DE OLE MILL CRICK.

De sun hit des a-glitt'in' lak a platter
made o' gol';
De jew-drops fill de buttah-cups es full
es dey kin hol';
De clovah-bobs dey smell es sweet es
honey in de hive;
De peewees sing en holler lak dey glad
tuh be alive;
De bum'ly-bees is zippin' whur de big-
ges' flowahs grow—
Dey soun' des lak a banjer when hit
playin' kind-a slow.
En folks a-spectin' me tuh wuk!—I'll
fool 'em mighty slick,
Fer I'se a-gwine a-feeshin' in de ole
mill crick.

I'se got a kind-a fevah, en hit gwine
tuh stick lak fate
Tell I takes a ole tomottus can en digs
it full-uh bait.
En sen's de grubbin'-hoe—ker-lick—es
es hahd es hit kin slam,
En hunts de feeshin'-tackle fum de
clauset side de jamb—
No, sah, dat fevah won't leave loose;
hit pleg me night en day,
En pester me untwell I tek en fro de
rake away.
En cut a hick'ry saplin' dat is slumber-
lak en slick,
En scooters off a-feeshin' in de ole mill
crick.

Lucindy, honey-gal, be spry—don't leave
de fi' go out;
Mek haste en put some bresh-wood on.
en rake de chunks about;
Put in a mess o' 'taters while de coals
is 'live en raid,
En, honey-gal, be sho' en mek a pone o'
cracklin'-braid;
En have de skillet good en hot, wid
lots o' bacon-grease,
Tuh fry de feesh I gwinter fotch—den
won't we have a feash!
We's mos'ly out o' middlin'-meat, but
me—I knows a trick,
Fer I'se a-gwine a-feeshin' in de ole
mill crick.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

WHEN DE SUN SHINES HOT.

No, der ain't no use er workin' in de
blazin' summer-time,
W'en de fruit hab filled de orchard an'
de berries bend de vine;
Der's enuf ter keep us libin' in de little
gyarden spot,
An' der ain't no use'n workin' w'en de
sun shines hot.

Fur I'ze read it in de Bible 'bout de
lilies how dey grow.
It was put in der er purpus dat de
workin' men mout know
Dat dis diggin' an' dis grabin' wusn't
meant to be der lot,
An' der ain't no use'n workin' w'en de
sun shines hot.

Does yer hear de stream er callin' az
it crawls erlong de rill?
Does yer see de vines er wavin', biddin'
me ter kum an' fill?
Whar's tuh hook an' line? Say, Hannah,
gib me all de bait yer got,
Fur der ain't no use'n workin' w'en de
sun shines hot.

Des 'bout dark I kum hum strollin', wid
a bunch er lubly trout;
Hannah, she c'mmence er grinnin', little
Rastus 'gin to shout;
Soon de hoe cake is er bakin', fish er
fryin', table sot.
No, der ain't no use'n workin' w'en de
sun shines hot.

—James E. McGirt.

MY SOUL'S AT REST.

Jes' 'bout dahk I com' hom' ploddin',
Tired an' ro'sted f'om de sun.
Do' I w'ok f'om mo'nin' early,
Seems m' tas' ez never don';
Den it's w'en I sit er scowlin',
Dinah smoooves m' brow 'n' sa':
"Ephr'm, yo's bro't nothin' wif yo',
Chile, yo' can't t'ke nothin' wa'."
An' she rech's me m' banjo.
An' I lay it 'cross my bres',
Fo' my trouble's all forgotten
An' my soul's at res'

Soon de spring com' on a smillin'
I 'gin frettin' 'bout de grain.
Fo' my little gyard'n parchin'
An' my crop ez needin' rain;
Den it's w'en I sit a scowlin',
Dinah smoooves m' brow 'n' sa':
"Ephr'm, yo's bro't nothin' wif yo',
Chile, yo' can't t'ke nothin' wa'."
An' she rech's me m' banjo.
An' I lay it 'cross m' bres',
Fo' my trouble's all forgotten
An' my soul's at res'.

Som' des days 'till all be over.
I will lay me down an' sleep.
"Dinah, honey, don' yo' worry."
Tell de people not to weep.
Den it's w'en I lay a sleepin',
Smooove m' brow as ol' an' sa':
"Ephr'm, honey, I will meet yo'
'Roun' de throne o' God som' da'."
T'ke m' banjo f'om de cellin',
La' it sofly 'cross m' bres',
Fo' my troubles will be over,
An' my soul at res'.

—James E. McGirt.

ROASTIN'-YEAR TIME.

De days dey long en ti'some, en de sun
it squorchin'-hot,
En it pizen-hahd tuh swing dis pesky
hoe;
De vines dey shore is humpin' in de
watah-millin' lot,
En de simlins runnin' fas' es dey kin
go.

De weeds dey mighty sassy, en de tater
row is long,
En I gotta be a-wukin' in de sun;
But I'll stretch out in de shadder whur
I'll heah de joree's song,
When at las' I gits de patch o' 'taters
done.

De hollyhocks dey crowd'n up agin de
cabin-wall,
En de fo'-o'-clocks dey raid es burn-
in' coals;
De gumbo in de gyardin hit a-growin'
peart en tall,
En de bean-vines jis' a-hikin' up de
poles.

En de cawn-fel'—honey, harken tuh dat
whispah, lak de rain
When it drappin' sof' en stiddy in de
night;
En listen tuh de pattidge—"Cawn mos'
ripe?" hit axin' plain
Ovah yondah whur de medder bloom-
in' bright.

De blades dey mek dat rustlin' en de
skeins o' tangly silk
Gittin' brighter yaller all de sunny
day;
De grains dey growin' fatter wid de
honey en de milk.
'Cause de time o' roastin'-years is on
de way!

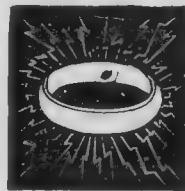
—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

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Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, Etc.

No. 1.—STRANGE BEHEADINGS.

1. Solitary. Beheaded—solitary.
2. Impetuous. Beheaded—impetuous.
3. Secret. Beheaded—secret.
4. To rouse. Beheaded—to rouse.
5. Chosen. Beheaded—chosen.
6. To convey. Beheaded—to convey.
7. A thicket. Beheaded—a thicket.
8. To lessen. Beheaded—to lessen.

No. 2.—PROBLEM.

Three men went fishing. They agreed to divide evenly among themselves the total result of their catch. One of the party caught one fish; the others did not catch any. This one fish had a head that weighed 9 pounds; its tail weighed as much as its head and half its body, and the body weighed as much as the head and tail combined. How many pounds of fish did each man get as his share?

3.—PICTURE PUZZLE.



All of the following may be found in the above scene: 1. Two domestic animals, neither dogs nor sheep. 2. Something used for the safety of vessels. 3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use. 4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America. 5. Very short breathings. 6. What a doctor should do. 7. Something that Robin Hood carried. 8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving. 9. A flat fish. 10. A money-raising establishment. 11. Something that is often the best part of an oration. 12. Something between hitting the mark and missing. 13. A slang word for boldness. 14. Something that magpies often do. 15. A number of small swift-footed animals. 16. A prominent part of Shakespeare's "Richard III." 17. Something too often found in children's books. 18. What I would be if I were in your place. 19. Something formerly practiced in the British Navy. 20. Name of a popular modern novel. 21. An important part of the proceedings of Congress. 22. Something always present at a military parade. 23. A verb involving the idea of plunder. 24. An island off the coast of Scotland. 25. Something that every carpenter uses. 26. Nickname of a famous French general. 27. The last name of a great jumper. 28. Parts of cutting implements. 29. A president of Harvard University. 30. Where you come on your return. 31. What the man did who dined on mutton. 32. An implement used by shipbuilders. 33. A lender made famous by a modern English poet. 34. Something often used as a sleigh-rope. 35. Parts of a tree. 36. A kind of butter. 37. Weapons. 38. Part of a railway. 39. An edible mollusk. 40. A delicious fruit. 41. Parts of a ship. 42. Sacred buildings. 43. A ghost. 44. A part of every river. 45. A symbol of royalty. 46. Part of a clock. 47. Gamblers. 48. A number of fish. 49. Something for dinner. 50. Scholars and flowers. 51. A favorite essayist. 52. A term used in music. 53. A collection of stories. 54. A noted American general. 55. A common garden flower. 56. Part of a carpenter's tool. 57. A projecting tract of land. 58. Parts of an American cereal. 59. A celebrated metaphysical writer. 60. An instrument used in shooting. 61. Something often found in a paper of needles. 62. All flesh. 63. Annanias and Sapphira.

No. 4.—WORD PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences fill in the blanks with a word pronounced

the same but spelled differently:

1. It was — that he had used a — before.
2. The — was so tall that it was almost impossible to get out of the —.
3. The — left the ranks at — and refused to return.
4. The little — was made chiefly of —.
5. There was a — and with uplifted — he stood erect.
6. He is always to be found at the — office in —.
7. We — that the — was sold this morning.
8. Several — were found in my — dooryard.

No. 6.—RIDDLE.

My first is but a name,
My second is quite small,
My whole is of so little fame
It has no name at all.

No. 5.—PICTURE PUZZLE.



How many faces are there in the above picture?

No. 7.—OLD STYLE CONUNDRUM.

If a man carrying lamps drops one of them, what does he become?
Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the September number of The Western Home Monthly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

No. 1. Hour Glass Puzzle.—
CONJECTURES
COMPOSITE
COUNTRY
MAJOR
CUT
G
PAN
PUTTY
PATIENT
PRISONERS
PERMANENTLY

No. 2. Problem.—Three-tenths of a quart.
No. 3. Pictorial Enigma.—Harvesting. Stag, grate, seat, vine, hat, gate, nest, garnet, ring, net, tea, gnat, rest, vest, sting, hearts.

No. 4. Letter Puzzle.—1. L-fin (elfin). 2. N-sign (ensign). 3. Q-rate (curate). 4. S-quire (esquire).

No. 5. Illustrated Rebus.—Roanoke River (roe, an oak, river).

No. 6. Transpositions.—1. Repeated—a pet deer. 2. It is a camel—calamities. 3. I creep—perce. 4. Anguish—in a gush. 5. Resist a—satires. 6. Insufferable—suffer in Elba. 7. A grander—arranged. 8. My one—money. 9. Particular—I curl a part. 10. Covenant—a convent. 11. Diversion—is so driven. 12. Tolerated—told a tree. 13. Trident—red tint. 14. Imparted—dime trap. 15. Do but—doubt.

No. 7. Curtailments and Beheadings.—Poe, poet. Raven, rave. Bells, ella.

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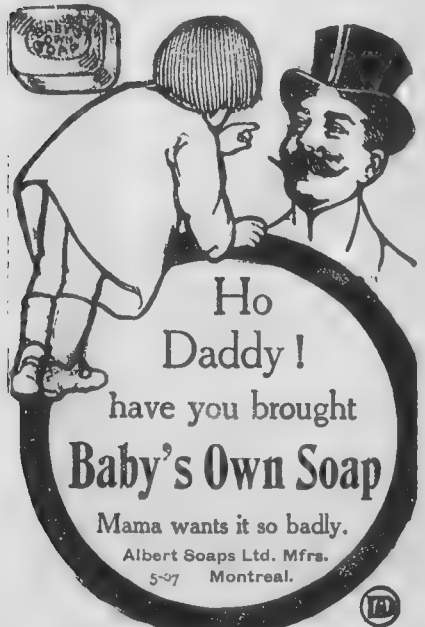
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Among the Flowers.

Longing.

I am longing for the country,
For the fields of wondrous green,
For the hills that rise in beauty,
For the lake with silver sheen,
For the gentle kine that follow
Lowing to the pasture bars,
For the boundless skies that glisten
With their never-failing stars.

I am longing for the country
And its good old-fashioned ways,
For the kindly hands and helpful
Making bright the saddest days.
Lo, amid the city's splendor
No familiar voice I hear,
Not one smiling face to greet me
'Mid the many passing here.

To this din and strife and traffic
I am as a stranger lone;
O! for something true and steadfast,
O! for someone all my own;
Yes, I'm longing for the country
With its good old-fashioned ways,
For the country folks whose friendship
Brighten e'en the saddest days.
—Ruth Raymond.

A Plea for the Flowers.

Until recently, the Northwest was considered by the majority of people a cold, dreary, unproductive section of country; then they were gradually forced to believe it was possible to raise grain there; but even yet it is not generally known that from the opening of spring the vast rolling green prairies are profusely adorned with an almost endless variety of flowers.

One peculiarity of the flowers in this locality is that so many of them are so deliciously fragrant.

About the beginning of April we are greeted by the little blue or lavender crocus, a member of the primrose family (and, by the way, it is the emblem of Manitoba). It is immediately followed by the Canadian sweet-pea, a plant resembling the ten weeks stock in growth, a bright, yellow sweet-pea in bloom and an early hyacinth in fragrance.

Canning Fruits and Vegetables.

To perfectly preserve fruits and vegetables two things are necessary; that each particle shall be thoroughly cooked, to prevent fermentation and destroy all bacteria or spores of organisms that might set up decomposition, and that it be enclosed in air-tight receptacles to guard against any further decomposition. It is also desirable to preserve it as nearly as possible in its natural form and state.

Only perfect products should be used for canning, which should be carefully prepared.

Cans should be in readiness that have been tested by filling with hot water, placing upon each a rubber and cover and turning top down for a few minutes. If any water escapes, the can is not air tight, and either the rim of the cover must be straightened with the hammer to make it so, or another cover found that will stand the test. Only new rubbers should be used, and some times two will make the can air-tight when one fails. Keep each cover, rubber and can together that has been tested, and scald each thoroughly just before filling.

When canning fruit have a hot syrup ready which may be made as heavy or sweet as the nature of the fruit requires. Strawberries and raspberries, two parts of sugar and one of water make them none too sweet.

Place the prepared fruit carefully in the can, shaking gently to compel it to settle, and pour over it the hot syrup. Scald the rubber and can cover and turn the cover on but do not screw tightly. Set the can thus filled on a loose frame of sticks or a bed of straw in bottom of boiler in water that is quite hot in which they should be submerged to the lower rim of the covers. Put on the cover of the boiler, bring quickly to the boiling point and boil fifteen to twenty minutes or until the fruit seems thoroughly cooked, but not long enough to cause it to break up.

Dip out some of the water so that the cans may be easily lifted from the boiler, take off the covers of any that are not full and fill brimming full of syrup that has been kept hot for the purpose, and turn down all the covers as tightly as possible. Stand the cans on their tops over night to make sure

that none leak. Put away in the store closet or cellar, and protect from the light to preserve the color of the fruit by placing in closed cupboards or boxes, or wrapping each closely with paper. Thus carefully canned fruit will keep perfectly any length of time.

Some prefer to steam apples, peaches, pears and plums before placing in the cans and pouring the hot syrup over, but the fruit is liable to be more or less broken up, and it may be just as thoroughly cooked in the cans as described above, and its shape will not be injured.

Vegetables are as successfully canned as fruit by this method, but require longer boiling, and only boiling water is used to fill the cans. Boil pint cans three hours, quart cans four. The cans should not be packed; simply filled and the can shaken a little, then fill with hot water. If filled in too closely it is difficult to heat the mass through quickly and the spores of the micro-organisms that cause decomposition may not all be destroyed in the center of the can, and will get in their work later.

The work of preparing the products and getting them into the cans should be done as quickly as possible after they are gathered, as the longer they are exposed to the air the more bacteria gather upon them. Particularly is this the case with those that have to be peeled or cut, as peaches, pears and apples, string beans, sweet corn and tomatoes, and even removing the stems of berries leaves an opening for the destructive bacteria.

Fruit juices may be cooked in the same way. Fill bottles just to the necks, stand them in boiler of water not too hot, put cover on boiler and boil half an hour. Have clean new corks ready in boiling water on stove and push them in firmly at once before taking from boiler. If bottles are put away on their tops or sides the liquid will keep corks from shrinking, and so air-tight. But if to stand on a shelf, dip the other half of cork in sealing wax. Fruit juice extracted without cooking the fruit, and cooked thus in the bottles, retains more of its natural flavor.

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127 Years of Constantly
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It is a perfect food, as wholesome as it is delicious; highly nourishing, easily-digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, prolong life.

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Rubber Specialties.

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SCORED ANOTHER WONDERFUL VICTORY

One More Added to the Long List of Cures Effected by Psychine.

This young lady, who lives in Brownsville, near Woodstock, Ont., tells her own story in a few effective words of how she obtained deliverance from the terrible grip of weakness and disease.

I have to thank Psychine for my present health. Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I could not sweep the carpet.



If I went for a drive I had to lie down when I came back. If I went for a mile on two on my wheel I was too weak to lift it through the gateway, and last time I came in from having a spin I dropped utterly helpless from fatigue. My father would give me no peace until I procured Psychine, knowing it was excellent for decline or weakness. I must say the results are wonderful, and people remarked my improvement.

Instead of a little, pale, hollow checked, listless, melancholy girl, I am to-day full of life, ready for a sleigh-ride, a skating match, or an evening party with anyone, and a few months ago I could not struggle to church, 40 rods from my home. I have never had the slightest cause to fear any return of the disease.

ELLA MURIEL WOOD, Brownsville, Ont.

Thousands of women are using PSYCHINE, because they know from experience that in it they have a safe friend and deliverer. Psychine is a wonderful tonic, purifying the blood, driving out disease germs, gives a ravenous appetite, aids digestion and assimilation of food, and is a positive and absolute cure for disease of throat, chest, lungs, stomach and other organs. It quickly builds up the entire system, making sick people well and weak people strong.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

for sale at all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, or at Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Laboratory, 179 King St. West, Toronto.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

Farmers' Wives

are unanimous in their praise of

NUT MEAT

It is prepared entirely from the Vegetable Kingdom, therefore it is perfectly pure and wholesome.

Send for pamphlet to the originator John Hailman, 407 Sherbrooke St., Winnipeg

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BIG MAIL FREE



Your name and address Printed 10,000 times in our Mailing Directory and sent to 10,000 firms all over the world, so they can send you Free Samples, Catalogues, Magazines, Books, Papers, etc. We invented this and have satisfied 200,000 customers. Send 20 cents at once to be in 1907 BIG issue and get a BIG MAIL FREE. Canadian addresses especially desired.

Ingram, Va., Jan. 7, 1907. Dear Sir,—From having my name in your Directory I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mails, and still they come, scores of papers, Samples, Magazines, etc., for which I have often paid 10 to 25 cents each, before.

R. T. JAMES.

Send 20 cents to-day to ALLEN, The Mail Man, Dept. J 125, Kennedy, N. Y.

The Home Doctor.

Health Suggestions.

When very tired or recovering from illness, do not use the eyes much.

Oil of cloves or thyme are good remedies for toothache, neuralgia or painful swellings.

Those who exercise in the open air are not often troubled with insomnia.

A glass of half milk and half cream taken after retiring, often proves a remedy for sleeplessness.

The white of an egg applied to a burn or scald and kept in place by a bandage is very soothing and healing.

A baked apple sweetened with brown sugar, stewed prunes or figs eaten on an empty stomach are good laxatives for children.

The mind has such influence over the body that there is truth in the statement, "High thinking makes high living."

Water brash is a symptom of a sour stomach. Twenty drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in warm water, sipped slowly, will relieve the condition.

Rest your feet as much as possible when tired or overheated by changing your shoes, even from old shoes to new ones, as the muscles are rested by the different fit of each shoe.

Keep a saturated solution of boracic acid on hand. It is a good antiseptic for rinsing out the mouth in cases of illness, for dropping into inflamed eyes and for purifying all wounds.

A quill toothpick is the best to use, as metal picks are injurious to the teeth and wooden ones are apt to leave splinters in the gums, which cause festering.

To purify the air of a cellar and destroy mouldy growths place sulphur in a pan on the floor, set fire to it, and close doors and windows as tightly as possible for three or four hours. Repeat as often as necessary.

An excellent home remedy for a persistent nervous cough at night, is to wring a piece of flannel out of very hot water, sprinkle a few drops of turpentine on it, and put it around the throat, covering it with a dry cloth to retain the moisture.

When one falls down in a faint the usual cause is from weakness of the heart, the blood fails to go to the brain, and the person becomes unconscious. The quickest remedy is cold, in any form, applied over the heart. Ice or even a towel dipped in cold water will stimulate it into more vigorous action.

After brushing the teeth, rinse the mouth with some alkaline wash, as milk of magnesia, holding it in the mouth for some minutes and forcing it around the teeth. This is specially beneficial when the saliva has a tendency to acidity, to prevent the accumulation of tartar.

In typhoid and continued fevers the temperature can be sensibly reduced by a cold bath, properly given, or if this is impracticable, sponge the body with ice cold water. This must be done without exposing the patient to the air, nor dampening the clothing; it will bring great relief, besides combating the fever successfully.

The question is often asked what foods will strengthen the nerves. Briefly there are three supplies—foods, if you choose—which if taken per-

sistently and systematically will make tired, tingling nerves strong and quiet. An abundance of fresh air, day and night; pure water taken freely except at meals, and simple, easily digested food eaten at regular intervals. Health foods are only so in name if they cannot be digested.

If a child persistently breathes through his mouth, consult a surgeon. This effect may be caused by a growth in the throat or nose which occasionally makes a child appear stupid. The obstruction often causes deafness and there are always ill effects following in their train, which may cause lifelong annoyance.

In almost all cases of poisoning, emetics are very useful. Of these, one of the very best, because most prompt and ready to hand, is the common mustard. Stir up a teaspoonful of the powder in warm water, and give every five minutes until free vomiting is induced.

By a series of experiments it has been ascertained that food remains in the stomach from two and a half to five hours. The length of time depends on the kind of food and the ability of the individual digestion. In a general way it may be stated that rice, barley and tapioca digest in two hours, butter beans, peas and potatoes in two hours and a half, white bread in three and brown bread in four hours. The digestibility of meats and fish may be placed as follows: fowl, lamb, beef steak, lean meat, mutton, veal, pork and fish.

Ingrowing Toe Nails

Pain from an ingrowing toe nail can be very much relieved by cutting the nail straight across, or even hollowed in the center; place a whisp of cotton under the edge of the nail where it cuts the flesh, and wet with peroxide of hydrogen. If the nail is hard and stiff, file it down the center until it is very thin and pliable, as this relieves the pressure upon the sides.

Throat Affections.

When the mucous surface of the throat is relaxed or swollen and flabby apply a preparation of tannic acid one ounce and glycerine three ounces. Warm the mixture slightly until the powder is thoroughly dissolved. Use a small swab of absorbent cotton on the end of a wooden toothpick or whittled stick, and apply carefully three or four times a day. It is a most excellent remedy for nearly all the ordinary affections of the throat. Use a clean piece of cotton each time.

Laugh and Live Long.

Laughter is undoubtedly one of Nature's general tonics. It brings the disordered faculties and functions into harmony, it lubricates the mental bearings, and prevents the friction which monotonous, exacting business engenders. It is a divine gift bestowed upon us as a life preserver, a health promoter, a joy generator, a success-maker. Life with the average man is too serious at best. Never lose an opportunity for relaxation from the stress and strain of your business or profession. Every draught of laughter, like an air cushion, eases you over the jolts and the hard places on life's highway. Laughter is always healthy. It tends to bring every abnormal condition back to the normal. It is a panacea for heartaches, for life's bruises. It is a life prolonger. People who laugh heartily keep themselves in physical and mental harmony, and are likely to live longer than those who take life too seriously.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:

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Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certainly.

Consultation or correspondence invited.

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The life of the student is made as much as possible like life in a well-regulated family; a few simple rules govern. During the year, lectures and talks on current events and the best contemporary literature are given, and musical, literary and social entertainments held at the college.

The school is opened every morning by appropriate religious exercises; attendance at church on Sundays is required of all students, the selection of the church being left to the parents.

Collegiate and Preparatory Studies, Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Business, Domestic Science, Moral and Aesthetic advantages.

Write for Catalogue to Principal Warner, St. Thomas, Ont.

HOW ABOUT BABY?

Build up your own and your children's constitutions by taking the health-giving and muscle-forming tonic WILSON'S INVALID'S PORT.

All Druggists—
Everywhere

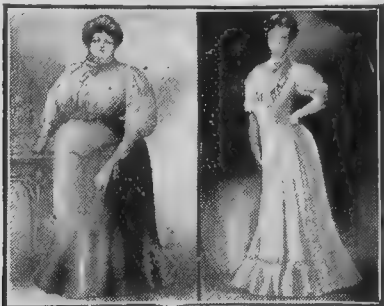
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DON'T STAY FAT

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured.
No Charge to Try the NEW
KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be
Sent You FREE—Do It To-Day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 90 W 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead conditions under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SUFFERED FROM HEART and NERVE TROUBLES FOR the LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Boys and Girls.

The Cottage on the Hill.

Though the world wide o'er we roam,
Thought will wander back to home;
In the midst of crowding throng
How we often sadly long
For some sweet remembered place,
For some dear, beloved face,
On some cherished faithful breast,
There to lay our heads and rest.

Be the mem'ry tears or mirth,
Home's the dearest place on earth,
Home—the cottage on the hill,
With its vine-decked window sill;
With its crimson rambler rose,
Where the fitting firefly glows;
Where the nearer, friendly stars
Brightly beam through lattice bars.

At the cottage on the hill,
There the redbreast robins trill
From the leafy, mantled eaves;
Where the smoke whiffed purling
wreathes
Out the old stone chimney crest,
Where the swallows make their nest;
There all nature is akin
To the loving hearts within.

Now no beauty's in the brook;
Shadows steep each silvered nook;
Grasses growing on the lea
Now seem dull and dead to me;
There's no song from birded bow'rs,
There's no perfume in the flow'rs,
For my heart is with it still—
Home, the cottage on the hill.

—Jessie Beattie Thomas.

"Fortifications."

"Fortifications" is a game that originated in France. The ground is marked to represent a fort, and the aim of the players is to knock the marbles entirely outside the lines. The shooters may start from any outside line, and take their first shot at the marbles in the fort to determine the order of their turns. The general rules are like those of the ring games.

Pictures on Leaves.

Many of the young folks will find amusement and pleasant diversion in making pictures on leaves which may be easily skeletonized, causing the pictures to stand out as shown in the illustrations.



The process is exceedingly simple, and oak, maple or chestnut leaves—in fact, leaves from almost any tree, may be utilized.

Press the leaves for a few days in a book or by some other device to make them smooth and stiff. When the leaves are ready for skeletonizing, cut out of



paper the pictures which are to be reproduced, trimming them closely with sharp scissors.

Paste the pictures on the leaves with common flour paste or mucilage. Before the paste has time to dry lay the leaves, with paper pictures uppermost, on an ironing board or other smooth surface on which a cloth has been spread for ironing.

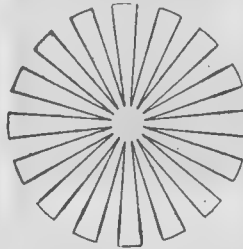
Take a common clothes brush or a shoe brush and beat the leaves with the bristles. The paper protects the parts of the leaves covered, and the uncovered parts are skeletonized by the beating. When through beating, pull off the



paper and the pictures will stand out in the leaves as shown in the illustrations. Illustrated papers and magazines furnish an infinite variety of pictures which may be thus reproduced, and the leaves may be used for ornaments of many kinds.

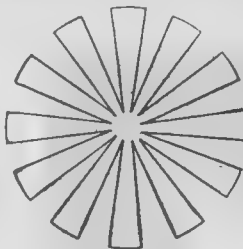
The Magic Wheels.

The magic wheels are made out of cardboard, and should be about an inch in diameter, with at least eight spokes. They may be shaped like either No. 1 or No. 2, and no rims are necessary, as it is the spokes that produce the desired effect.



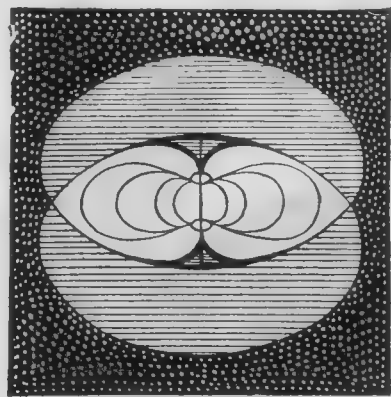
When the two wheels are ready, take a thin piece of wood, an inch and a half in length, and run the center of the two wheels, allowing them to remain near the opposite ends of the stick. This forms a sort of teetotum.

Start the wheels spinning on the ends of the stick, so that one wheel is above the other. If the wheels are white they must spin against a dark background; if they are colored, they must be against a white background.



While they are spinning look at them at an angle, so that the spokes on one side of the upper wheel overlap those of the lower wheel, which you have spinning in the opposite direction. A curious effect of curves will be produced by this and they will take somewhat the form of No. 3. By moving the position of the eye, up and down, so that more or less of the spokes are first hidden and then revealed, the figures will change making an endless variety of curves.

You may produce a similar effect by using only one wheel and spinning it



under a strong lamplight, or in the sunlight, when the shadow will act at the second wheel. Other curious effects may be produced by spinning the two wheels at different velocities.

To the youth who is tempted to drink there is no more important lesson than this, that in these times, as never before, temperance is not only a virtue, but, like all other virtues, it pays, and is the one that in all the catalogue of virtues pays most directly and best.—Minneapolis News.

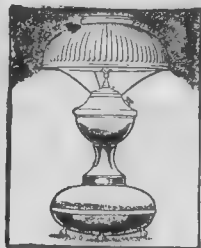
RHEUMATISM

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

Best and Safest Light for Country Homes



There's no artificial light made to-day that can begin to compare with a Beck-Ide Acetylene Lamp for use in country homes.

It's absolutely safe, even where there are children.

They can knock the lamp over and break it, but it cannot explode—nor cause fire, as the light would be immediately extinguished.

Although a comparatively new light, it is now recognized by insurance companies as being the safest artificial illuminant in use to-day.

This is a great feature in its favor, as insurance agents are usually strongly prejudiced against new lights.

For full descriptions, cost of light per hour, etc., write for booklet.

Beck-Ide Acetylene Lamp Co.,
84 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

"You Will Suffer all Your Life."

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. One day Mr. Baker read in a paper of a man who had Rheumatism just like him—who had been told by doctors that his case was hopeless—and who had been completely cured by GIN PILLS.

The two cases were so much alike that Mr. Baker decided he would invest 50c in a box of GIN PILLS and give them a trial.

It was the best investment he ever made. Before the first box was taken, he felt better all over, so he got another. He took that and bought a third, getting better all the time.

Hinesville, May 8, 1906.

I have been greatly benefited by your Gin Pills, and all who have used them in this neighborhood speak very highly of them.

One of my neighbors, Mr. X., who suffered from Rheumatism and who has spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without receiving the slightest benefit, was entirely cured by two boxes of Gin Pills. He is proclaiming their virtues from the "housetops."

Yours truly, D. L. BAKER.

We don't even ask you to buy Gin Pills—but to try them at our expense. Write us, mentioning this paper, and we will gladly send you a free sample of these wonderful Kidney Pills that cure Rheumatism. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Sold by all dealers—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—or sent on receipt of price.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—*you*, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.



M OLES, Warts, Small Birth Marks, etc., skilfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis.

Electrical treatment and massage given for removal of Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, etc.

Static Electricity and High Frequency currents for all forms of nervous diseases.

A Call is Solicited.

Consultation Free.

Phone 996.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman

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Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Ave. New York City

\$10 WOMEN'S LUSTRE SUITS, \$6.
Wash suits, \$2.50 up. Cloth suits, \$6 to \$16. Skirts, waists and silk coats at manufacturers' prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Send for free cloth samples and fashions. Express Prepaid.

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\$3 a Day Sure

furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 808, WINDSOR, ONT.

Woman and the Home.

The Evening Train.

The first train leaves at six p.m.
For the land where the sleep-flower blows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight p.m. the next train starts
For the pleasant land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?

I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a loving kiss—
And it is paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who the children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day,
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
"For they are very dear;
And have special ward, oh, gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

The Baby.

Baby's advent into the world should be a blessing to all, but it does not mean he can live and prosper alone.

The first ten days should be one of watchful care. Nurse should wash him at regular hours. Everything should be prepared beforehand. Warm your room. Shut out draughts. Get the clean clothes all dried and aired. Have your hot water, wash dish and towels all ready. Use nothing but the best soap and talcum powder. Have a basket with little necessary articles near by. Dress quickly after the bath. Give a teaspoonful of water to drink. nurse him and place him in the crib and he will appreciate the care. Never carry or nurse him if it can be avoided when your nerves are unstrung. As he grows to years of understanding be a "companion" not simply "boss" and in latter life your children will rise up and call you blessed.

Heart and Home Talks.

A common cause of unhappiness in the home is an over-sensitiveness on the part of the wife.

The average man is a thoughtless individual.

Once he has secured the girl of his choice to preside in his home, he settles down perfectly satisfied with conditions and proceeds to enjoy himself in his own way.

The excitement of the pursuit and capture over, he is content with possession and puts aside the methods used to ensnare or attract the chosen one.

Having selected one from out of the rosebud garden of girls and taken her to his heart and home he does not realize that there is any further expectations on her part.

And, happy in the close, daily companionship of home life, he forgets or regards it as too much trouble, or as no longer expected, to bestow upon the wife the little attentions, courtesies and endearments he delighted to lavish upon the sweetheart.

The average woman prizes all these much beyond the conception of the average man. She marries expecting their continuance, and is greatly grieved and disappointed when she receives them not.

If she does not go so far as to imagine that her husband never really loved her, and married simply because he wanted a housekeeper and secured her as a bit of material most conveniently at hand, she is apt to decide that he is wholly selfish and not true to her at heart, in that he deceived her by winning her with fair words and promises

that he seemed to have forgotten with the marriage vows.

This state of mind is a most unhappy one, and far from conducive toward the happy home the twain had looked forward to when they were made one.

If maternity soon adds to the wife's cares and responsibilities, which the husband may not be thoughtful enough to share as much as he can, the load of bitterness and disappointment in the wife's heart becomes almost unbearable.

Worn with care and sleepless nights and cherish has proved himself so apparently indifferent to her, the wife naturally becomes irritable and impatient, or "cranky," as the husband expresses it, and the interchange of sharp words becomes of more or less frequent occurrence.

and sorely troubled that he who promised so faithfully to love, honor O, the pity of it!

When perhaps a few words in some quiet hour, right from the wife's heart, might have led the husband to understand her feelings, and to give her more of the attention she so sorely craved.

Or, if he laughed at her "foolishness," and told her she ought to be satisfied with things as they are—"a fellow can't always be making love to his wife, when he is sure of her," she should learn to accept the situation philosophically.

If she will consider the matter somewhat sensibly instead of entirely sentimentally she may finally understand his point of view, and become content with the knowledge that the heart of her husband doth so safely trust in her that he does not feel the need of using the blandishments of a suitor to retain his wife's love and respect.

She may pout a little, and reproach him a little, and try to make permanent habits the manners of courtship and the honeymoon, and cling to them as long as she can—she would not be truly womanly else—but if he backslides despite all her pretty and petty persuasions she should not allow herself to be made miserable.

Neither should she allow herself to be neglected.

She should expect, require, even demand the consideration and care every man owes the mother of his children, instead of bearing all alone and suffering and grieving secretly.

Paternity has its duties and responsibilities as well as maternity.

But these lessons must be learned from experience.

And the one upon whom the burden of parentage rests the most heavily should be the teacher.

Dear loving, suffering woman heart! put aside the burden of disappointment and discontent.

You were the chosen one—dearest of all on earth to your husband.

And the years of life together, the duties of wifehood and motherhood, can only make you dearer to him.

Your husband may be thoughtless but he is neither indifferent nor wholly selfish.

Drive the shadows from your heart and the cloud from your brow, and let the sunshine of content and cheerfulness beam there instead.

Go about every home duty cheerily and heartily—it is all only a labor of love, labor for those most loved, and who most love you, and require your husband to bear his share as cheerfully.

Good cheer is contagious—fill the home with its glow and warmth.

The stolen kisses, the whispered words of endearment were very precious to the young girl heart.

Yet the sense of wifely duties well fulfilled, the knowledge that the husband appreciates your efforts to make his home happy, by his evident content and enjoyment in it, even though he says so little, is more precious still.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Cooking Recipes.

Cherry Pie.—Stone one quart of cherries, add one-half teacupful of water, half their weight in sugar and boil until tender; then add the same amount of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, put in the pastry, cover with pastry rolled thin, edges wet to make them adhere and bake quickly.

Beet Salad.—Four medium-sized red beets, boiled in salt water, peeled and cut in half-inch cubes. Mix with these one pound of shelled pecans broken in pieces. Serve in nest of shredded red cabbage. Garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Beets should be marinated with French dressing before mixing with nuts.

Rich Corn Cake.—One cupful of corn meal, one cupful of white flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, two eggs, one-quarter cupful of melted butter. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually, eggs well beaten and butter. Bake in a buttered, shallow pan in a hot oven.

Duchess Potatoes.—Beat the yolk of one egg until thick and add two tablespoonfuls of cream to it; then work in two cupfuls of mashed potatoes. Shape in small pyramids and put in a buttered tin, broad end down. Beat the white of the egg slightly, add to it one teaspoonful of milk and brush each cone with the mixture. Bake until a golden brown. Serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley.

Green Soup.—Wash and pick quite clean a quantity of spinach. Place it in a saucepan with enough salt, and, when done, squeeze all the moisture out and pass through a hair sieve. Dilute the pulp thus procured with some well-flavored stock till it is of the right consistency. Make very hot, add a squeeze of lemon and a dash of pepper, and at the time of serving put a pat of butter in the soup tureen.

Spanish Cream.—Take one quart of milk and soak half a box of gelatine in it for an hour; place it on the fire and stir often. Beat the yolk of three eggs very light with a cupful of sugar, stir into the scalding milk and beat until it begins to thicken, remove from fire (before it begins to boil). Strain through thin muslin or tarleton, and when nearly cold flavor with vanilla or lemon; then wet a dish or mould in cold water and set aside to stiffen.

Onion Soup.—This is both nourishing and soothing. Slice six large white onions, put in a frying pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir often until slightly colored. Add one-half cupful of flour and stir until moderately browned. Add three potatoes freshly boiled and riced, then gradually three pints of hot milk. Season with salt, white pepper and one-half teaspoonful of sugar, and simmer for ten minutes with fried bread croutons.

Cheese Straws.—Roll scraps of puff paste thin, sprinkle with grated cheese, and cayenne pepper if you like, fold, roll out, and sprinkle again, and repeat the process. Then place on the ice to harden. When cold, roll into rectangular shape one-eighth of an inch thick; place it on a baking pan and with a pastry cutter dipped in hot water cut into strips four or five inches long and less than one-quarter of an inch thick. Bake and serve piled cob-horse fashion.

Blackberry Charlotte.—Make a boiled custard of one quart of milk, the yolks of six eggs and a small cupful of sugar; flavor to taste. Line a deep dish with slices of sponge cake; lay upon these ripe blackberries sweetened to taste; then a layer of cake and blackberries as

before. When the custard is cold pour over the whole. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of sugar to each egg, and put over the top. Decorate with large fine berries.

Rice Custard.—One quart of milk, one-half teacupful of rice, four eggs, four spoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of extract of vanilla. Pour the rice into the milk, add the salt, and steam for one hour. Beat the yolks of the eggs add sugar; stir into the rice just before it is taken off. Mix well after adding the flavoring extract. Beat the egg whites to a stiff froth, and gradually add pulverized sugar enough to make frosting. Put the rice in a pudding dish and heap the frosting on top. Set it in the oven to brown lightly.

Blackberry Turnovers.—Make a nice puff paste, roll out as for pies, cut into circular pieces about six inches in diameter, pile the fruit on half of the paste, sprinkle well with sugar, add a tablespoonful of corn starch or flour to absorb the extra juice, wet the edges and turn the paste over, press the edges together and ornament them as suits the fancy. Brush the top with the white of an egg, sift sugar over them and bake in tin pans in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. Jam can be used instead of the berries, omitting the flour or corn starch.

Raspberry Betty.—Take two pounds of ripe raspberries, remove the hulls and see that there are no insects in the hollows of the berries. Have in readiness also one pound of dry bread crumbs. Then butter a pudding dish and cover the bottom with a layer of the dry bread crumbs. On the top of this place a layer of raspberries, sprinkle plenty of sugar over them, add another layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of raspberries, sprinkled with sugar, and so on until the dish is filled. Let the last layer be bread crumbs. On top of this last layer put bits of butter. Place a plate or cover over it and bake about thirty minutes. Remove the plate or cover a few minutes before serving and let it brown. Serve cream with it.

Creamed Salmon.—Remove the bone, skin and oil from a can of salmon, and pick it up into neat flakes. Make a white sauce with the usual butter and flour, two tablespoonfuls of each, well rubbed together and cooked to a smooth cream with a cupful of milk. Add the salmon, and, when well heated, serve on a hot platter. Various seasonings may be tried. A little lemon juice squeezed over the fish is usually liked; a little grated horse-radish or chopped olives or pickles, mustard, chopped parsley, or a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Tomato combines well with salmon as another variation. A border of boiled rice is a good adjunct.

Raspberry Cream Cake.—Make a plain cake in the usual way, flavoring it with lemon peel and a small quantity of vanilla essence. As soon as the cake is baked, turn it out of the mould on to a wire rack, and when it is cool (not cold) carefully remove the middle of the cake to within rather more than an inch of the sides and top, and put it aside for several hours. Stew two pounds of raspberries with plenty of sugar, and rub them through a fine hair sieve. Then measure the puree and make hot. Add gelatine in the proportion of an ounce to each pint of liquid. Be careful to ascertain that the gelatine is quite melted before taking the puree from the stove. Then put it into a basin to cool. When it is cold but not set, add an equal quantity of whipped cream which has been sweetened, and whisk the mixture for a few moments. Then pour it into the hollow cake and place on ice until the filling is firm.

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About the Farm.

The Dairy.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "Dear maiden, I'd like to disclose the fact. That I'm an inspector under the Act. So pray remain, for I want to know A thing or two before you go. Nay, pretty maiden, you must not weep. How far away are the pigs you keep? And what percentage of butter-fat Does your moo-cow yield? Pray, tell me that. And how is the health of your pretty pet; Has it anthrax, cancer, blackleg, garget? Has your sister measles or whooping cough; Is the water clean in the drinking trough? I pray thee, answer these questions of fact, For I'm an inspector under the Act. With the fierce bacilli I also cope. By means of my powerful microscope. "Excuse me, I must examine your hand, Purely official, you'll understand."

Dairy Notes.

It is impossible to get pure, clean milk from a filthy cow.

Why not build a milk house or a milk cellar? Wouldn't it pay?

Cleanliness is the all important detail in producing high quality products.

Milk does not have to be sour in order to be unfit for food consumption.

Do not mix cream of different temperatures or widely different degrees of acidity.

The place for the milking stool during the milking operation is under the milker.

The calf should have either sweet milk or sour milk all the time, preferably the former.

Every intelligent man can make dairying pay because intelligent methods always win.

Sunshine is a great enemy of bacteria. Place the milking utensils in the sun when not in use.

The "book-farmer" who puts his learning into practice will make dairying pay where the other fellow, who derides so called "book-farming," will fail.

Buy or make some fly repellent. A good dairy cow deserves a better use of her time than that of fighting flies all day. Fly fighting costs money in diminished milk yields.

Clean cold water is an article about the dairy for which no substitute has yet been found. In cooling milk, washing the butter in the churn and numerous things it is almost indispensable.

Take the newly drawn milk out stable as soon as possible. Don't hang the bucket up on a nail or set it behind the door while you turn out the cows. Warm milk absorbs much more filth and offensive odors than at any other time.

If the milk is sent to the creamery see that the cans are emptied immediately upon their return, for if the sour milk stands in them on a warm day the taint is hard to remove. A little Gold Dust or similar washing powder will be found a helpful addition to the wash water.

If you use a separator it is not absolutely necessary to wash the bowl twice a day. At night after the separating has been finished run a pail of cold water through the separator, then remove the bowl and place it in cold water to remain over night. In the morning it will be sweet and ready to run thus eliminating a troublesome bit of evening work from the house-keeper's routine.

In the dairy more than any other part of the farm work is "Cleanliness next to Godliness," and this is especially true as regards the milk pails and other utensils. In doing the morning work many a thrifty housewife leaves these to be washed until the very last, little thinking how much labor and trouble would be avoided if they were washed first. Immediately after milk-

ing the pails are very easily cleaned, but if allowed to stand until the milk left in them has even partially soured it takes a lot of scouring to make them clean and sweet. A brush with stiff bristles will be found very effective in washing milk cans as it penetrates into every corner and removes stray particles of milk that might otherwise remain. Many a churning of bad butter can be traced directly to small portions of sour milk that escaped the vigilance of the washer. Sunshine is also very essential in keeping the milk things in the proper condition. A rack arranged on the sunny side of the house where the milk cans, pails and inside parts of the separator, if one is used, can be placed after being washed will repay for itself many times.

Selling Cream.

It is sometimes hard for farmers to understand why the test of separator cream should vary so much when conditions are seemingly similar. Conditions may be exactly alike but the quality of the cream may vary greatly. The cream test depends considerably on the way the cream is handled. For instance, the cream screw may have been set so that the cream is either too thick or too thin to give a satisfactory average test. There is a vast difference in 20 per cent cream and 40 per cent cream, and, as most people know, such extreme tests will not usually prove as satisfactory as an average test of 25 to 35 per cent. Cream buyers sometime urge producers to bring in cream of extreme test, for they find it advantageous to buy such cream. You will not get full value for your cream if you have not learned to properly run your separator. Then, too, there are robber separators, as well as robber cows and the Babcock test should be brought into requisition in order to detect them.

Another highly important matter in selling cream is to bring it in to the buyer in such a condition that it immediately creates a good impression by its cleanliness and sweetness rather than a prejudice on account of its filth and sourness. The good impression can easily be obtained by having clean equipment at home.

Don't keep the cream too long. When it gets so bad that you would hesitate to use it yourself, it ought to bother the conscience to sell it to some one else.

Lumpy cream is unsatisfactory cream. When the cream is lumpy it is almost impossible to get a fair test. The man who does the testing usually takes these lumps and breaks them up and gets the cream smooth before testing. It can be readily understood why the test would vary greatly under such conditions. Lumpy cream comes from suddenly mixing batches of cream of different temperatures.

To get good saleable, satisfactory cream, learn to run your separator, keep things clean, market as often as possible, and absorb all the information that can be obtained from studying dairy books and dairy papers and asking questions of cream buyers and successful dairymen. Successful dairying nowadays is a science, not an accident, and requires study and thought.

Poultry.

Whitewash the poultry house and chicken coops. It will cleanse and purify them and make them lighter and brighter.

If the growing chicks must be confined in yards, it is better that the yards be made movable in order that they can be shifted to a fresh spot when the ground beneath becomes foul.

No more turkeys should be hatched this season; any hatched after the first of July will not be sufficiently strong to withstand the cold weather when it closes in a few months later.

Ducks cannot live without plenty of grit and they will not usually pick

up a sufficient quantity, either from the ground or from grit boxes, it is necessary to put a little coarse sand or fine grit in their mash. This should not exceed three per cent of the bulk of the mash.

It is a good plan to take the old fowls from their houses and yards and place them in coops in the orchard or grove where they can take a vacation and enjoy a change of scene while throwing off their old plumage and taking on the new. If they cannot be allowed to run at liberty, erect a temporary fence to confine them.

Green vegetable food is absolutely necessary for the proper growth of the chicks. If they have free range they will find a sufficient quantity for themselves, but if they are confined in yards it must be supplied by the feeder. There is nothing better for the purpose than short, fine lawn grass cut and fed early in the morning while still wet with dew.

As fast as the chicks are weaned, i.e., deserted by the hen or taken from the brooder, place them in colony coops about three feet long and six feet wide with air tight roofs and slat fronts, twenty-five in each coop. In these coops they can make their home until removed to winter quarters this fall, with advantage to themselves and convenience to their owner.

Kerosene as a Poultry Medicine.

If coal oil is used in combination with lard and applied in limited quantities on the heads and wings of chicks, a large number of promising fowls will be brought to maturity which otherwise would succumb to the ravages of lice. When fowls begin to sneeze and show signs of roup, or even acute cold, use a tablespoonful of coal oil in a gallon of water; do not permit fowls to use any other water and note how quickly they will recover. Coal oil and a small amount of sulphur mixed with lard, and greased round the eyes and on the heads of fowls afflicted with swelled head, will soon bring about a cure. Coal oil cannot be too highly recommended in the keeping of poultry.

Shade for Poultry.

Shade is a necessary requirement of successful poultry keeping during the hot summer days. Natural shade, that is, the protection from the sun furnished by trees and shrubs, is to be preferred and on that account growing chicks and mature fowls which run in an orchard or grove are fortunate. If they inhabit the orchard the trees furnish shade and the fowls in return fertilize the ground, causing a better yield of fruit, and also consume worms, bugs and insects which are a menace both to the trees and to their fruit.

Where natural shade cannot be had, shelters must be provided by artificial means. Platforms built of boards and raised two feet from the ground on stakes make good and lasting sun shields. Shelter tents of cloth or burlap are also satisfactory, and frames covered with branches cut from trees are satisfactory if the branches are renewed as often as the leaves dry and fall off.

Where the fowls are obliged to remain all summer in long parallel yards which are attached to their winter quarters, shade may be provided by stretching a wide band of cloth or burlap across from yard to yard, allowing it to rest on the fences. After passing from the last fence on each side of the group of yards, the cloth may be brought down to the ground; then if the yards run north and south, as they usually do, shade will be provided morning and afternoon beneath the cloth and in every yard.

Profit in Summer Eggs.

When the price of eggs fall in the spring the majority of poultry keepers give up the thought of profit and as a result their interest in poultry keeping

flags until the price begins to rise the following fall.

The truth of the matter is that the farmer's wife or daughter has an excellent chance of making a fair profit from the laying hens during the summer. If the flock has the range of the farm, as it frequently does, the cost of keeping it is very small and therefore the cost of producing the eggs is often lower in proportion to the number laid and to the price obtained for them than it is in the fall and winter.

If eggs can be produced for a cash outlay of five cents per dozen and sold for ten cents a dozen, there is certainly money in summer eggs. On all farms about the barns, is more or less grain of various kinds which goes to waste unless picked up by the farm flock. In every kitchen too, is more or less material, including apple and potato parings, bread crumbs, meat scraps, etc., which is thrown away or fed to the hogs. These two sources of valuable poultry food are often sufficient to pretty nearly feed a flock of twelve to thirty fowls, from the first of June to the first of October. The foraging fowl also consumes myriads of insects and thousands of bugs and worms which are destructive to vegetables and fruits, but which are very acceptable as a part of "biddie's" regular diet, taking the place of beef scraps of the hens' winter ration, which costs about \$2.75 per hundred pounds.

Don't lose your interest in poultry keeping because the price has dropped. You can make many a dollar between now and the end of summer.

Topics in Season.

Beets and carrots will keep best in pits. Some may be kept in the cellar for winter use, but they must be covered with sand or sods or they will shrivel.

Sometimes one may pick up the remains of an old horse-power, rig it up and make it a good machine for cutting wood, corn, and for any such work. In doing this, one needs to be a pretty good judge of such things, so that it will not cost more than it is worth to supply the parts that need to be renewed.

It is rather risky business for one having no experience or proper conveniences to keep onion sets through the winter. A correspondent in Rural New-Yorker says that the safest way is to put them into cold storage where the air is dry, and the temperature is kept close to the freezing point, say 34 degrees. Onions should never be kept in barrels or in any large bulk.



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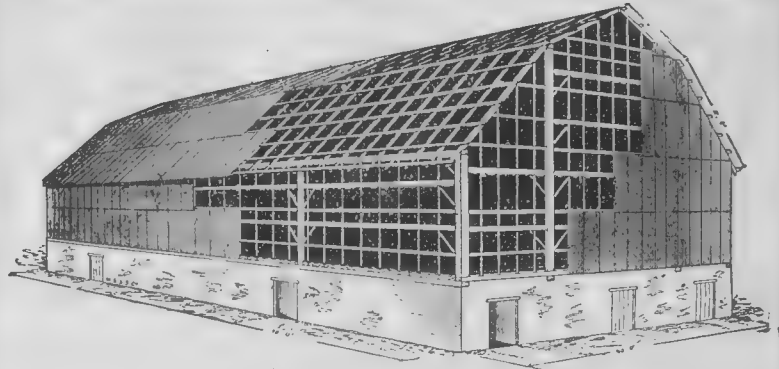
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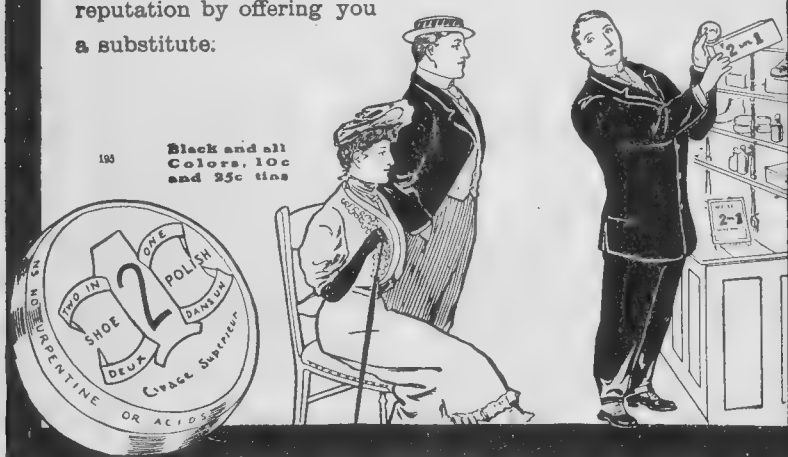
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In Lighter Vein.

A Pagan Hymn.

I'm weary of strife and sin, God knows,
And the gray road beckons home
To a Land of Rest where the freed wind
blows
Through the heart of the scented
gloom.

There would I quaff of the Wine of
Sleep

And lay me down for a space,
And list to the wide sea's tender sweep,
With the breath of God in my face.

O weary am I of toil and haste,
Of spire and storied dome;
And I long for the great sea's desert
waste,
And the purple hills of home.

—"Harper's Weekly."

Ambiguous.

"Did you deliver my message,
Rosalie?"

"Yes, madame, I told Mdme. Durand
that you were ill and that as soon as
you had recovered you would call on
her, and she said she was very sorry
to hear it."

Not at All Overawed.

Archie, whose automobile had broken
down when half-way through the
village, hunted up the only restaurant
in the place and sat down at one of the
tables

"Have you—aw—any crab meats a la
Maryland?" he asked.

"No sir," said the proprietor, briskly
brushing the crumbs off the table; "but
we've got some cat-fish meats a la
Podunk. That do?"

Underhanded Method.

"George," sharply demanded Mrs.
Ferguson, "what was it you cut out of
this paper?"

"It was this, Laura," responded Mr.
Ferguson, promptly producing the
clipping from his vest pocket and hand-
ing it over.

It was an article on the wastefulness
and extravagance of housewives, and he
knew, the designing wretch, that in no
other way could he have succeeded in
bringing it to Mrs. Ferguson's attention.

Outside Help.

Devlin—"All you got for that maga-
zine story was \$10? You didn't make
days' wages on it."

Tomwalker—"O, I don't know.
The manufacturers of the particular
make of automobile that figured in that
story have sent me a check for a
hundred in token of their appreciation
of it."

Terminology.

"Did Miss DeThumppe execute her
musical number well?"

"Did she? Why, she lynched it."

Near.

"He is one of my closest friends."

"I didn't know that."

"Yes. He's never got a cent with
him when I want to make a touch."

Great Ideas.

"I've got a fortune in my grasp if
I can just get things to going right."

"What is it? Some great mechanical
device?"

"No. I just perfected a magnificent
government subsidy plan and now all
I've got to do is to think up something
to hitch it to and get a few congress-
men interested."

Brain Storm.

Last night I took a hammer
And some nails to fix a chair—
My mind was gay and happy
And all the world seemed fair.

The first nail that I hammered
Was on my finger. See?

And the brain storm then that followed
Wrecked my whole mentality.

Symptomatic.

"Cholly Van Ness was acting queer-
ly last night. Do you think he is suffer-
ing from a brain storm?"

"Hardly. But it might have been a
little mental cloud."

Circumlocution.

The unhappy prisoner was consulting
with his attorney.

"What will you do?" asked the
prisoner.

"We will first attempt to have the
indictment nollied."

"And then, if that fails?"

"Then we will demur to the indict-
ment."

"Then what?"

"Then we will take a change of
venue."

"Then?"

"Make an affidavit for continuance."

"And then?"

"Take another on the ground of not
being able to get service on important
witnesses."

"Well, what then?"

"If all these fail we will then go to
trial."

"What will be the defence?"

"First emotional insanity."

"If that don't work?"

"Then we'll switch to justifiable
homicide."

"But if that fails?"

"Well, we'll ask for a new trial."

"If we don't get it?"

"Appeal the case."

"If it goes against us?"

"Take it to the supreme court."

"And then?"

"Then we'll have to petition the gov-
ernor for a pardon."

"But if that fails?"

"Then we'll have to make it a
political issue."

"But if even that is useless?"

"Well, by that time your great-
grandchildren will be doddering
around with old age and you'll be long
past taking any interest in the case.
I tell you our methods of legal pro-
cedure are wonderful, sir; wonderful."
—The Commoner.

Resorting to the Higher Methods.

The pickpocket had been caught in
the act and arrested.

"What is the meaning of this?" he
exclaimed, pale with indignation, and
struggling violently. "Gentlemen, this
is an outrage! I can explain it all!
You have no right to meddle in my
business affairs! Besides, I can prove
an alibi!"

"But he was too insignificant an
operator. He was hurried off to the
lock-up."

Finis.

"Remember Bilkins, the fellow who
cut such a wide financial swath here
a few years ago?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he went out west and started
in on the same course, but I see by the
papers that he has reached the end of
his rope."

"Can't work the people any more,
eh?"

"Nope. Stole a horse and they hung
him."

A Prayerful Hodge-Podge.

Howard, aged four, when attacked by the sand man, is prone to say funny things. One evening he was induced to don his little night-robe and kneel by his mother's knee, which is his custom, when she hears his prayers. He was in an exceptionally sleepy mood, and much to our surprise and amusement, confused the game he had been playing with his devotion in this manner:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If by his holiness let him go,
Blue, meine, meine, mo."

Adaptable.

Small Robbie was laboring over a drawing which was obviously of great importance.

His mother, who was sewing in the room, got up to see what he was doing. "What is it you're drawing, dear?" she said, as she stood behind him.

Robbie was embarrassed. Struggling to cover his nervousness, he answered, with an air of great nonchalance:

"Oh, it's papa I'm drawing, but I don't care anything about it. Guess I'll put a tail to it, and have it for a dog."

Logical English.

I paused to talk to a fishmonger. "Fishmonger," said I pleasantly, "why do you fishmong?"

He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fishmang before me."

"And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have fishmong for seven years come Michaelmas."

"You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I'm sure you always mong the best of fish."

An Accommodating Man.

One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out of the window and explaining the scenery, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor: "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

Barbaric.

An elderly Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable girl decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace gown and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on nother breast-pin."

Suspicious.

With his underpinning somewhat wobbly Mr. Billdong entered the house long after his accustomed hour.

"Whew, what have you been drinking?" queried Mrs. Billdong.

"Just a few Roosevelt lem'nades, m'dear," said Mr. Billdong as he leaned up against the hat-rack and threw his hat in a chair.

"Well, I guess the 'stick' in them was plenty big enough," said Mrs. Billdong, who knew a thing or two about politics.

In Bostonese.

"Come in, Waldonia," said her mother. You have been in that swing long enough."

"Presently, mamma," answered the little Boston girl. "I am permitting the carnivorous quadruped of the genus Felis to slacken its physical activities and pass by imperceptible gradations into a condition of total extinct vitality."

Not So Far Off

Gilbert was describing the first wedding he had ever seen.

"And the man that was married," he said in conclusion, "had on a cock-tail coat."

The Accepted Time.

"De choir am now about to vociferate," said good old Parson Bagster, during a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer Chapel, "and uh- whilst dey am a-doin' of it, I solemnly suggests dat de mothers of dem sassy child'en dat has been uh-'sturbin' de congregation take dis occasion to spank 'em. Dis special song will rise loud and high, muh sistahs, and so uh- whilst yo' do yo' duty dess do it wid zeal and liberality. Spar' de spansks an' spile de chile—give it to the little varmint's hot and heavy and de Lawd will bless yo', and de rest of us will owe yo' a vote o' thanks. De choir will now no' fo'th deir hozanners."

A Difference.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"Ale enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!"

"So it was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Musical Conversation.

A negro minister from Georgia, who was visiting friends in New York City, went one Sunday to the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

He was very much impressed by the service, especially by the choir-boys in the processional and recessional. When he returned to the South he resolved to introduce the same thing into his church; so he collected fifteen or twenty little darkies and drilled them until he had them well trained.

One Sunday the congregation were greatly surprised to see the choir-boys marching in, singing the processional. The minister noticed that something was wrong; the boy in front was not carrying anything. He leaned over the pulpit, and in order to avoid attracting attention, he chanted in tune to the song they were singing.

"What—have you done—with the in—cense pot?"

The little darkey, with great presence of mind, chanted back:

"I—left it in—the aisle—it was too—blame hot!"

The Marks of a Gardener.

A new Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation, the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend, who was present, evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

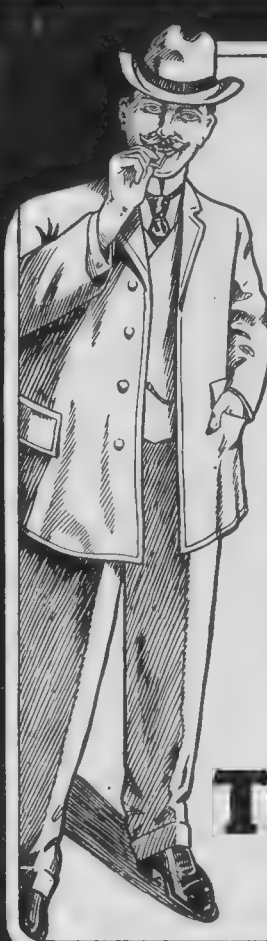
"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the other in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of the trousers, you don't."

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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Facts and Figures.

In Egypt there are 160,000 more men than women.

Tokio has 800 public baths, which are used by 300,000 people daily.

Spain receives more sunshine than any other European country. The yearly average is 3,000 hours.

Boma, in the Congo Free State, has a road nearly 150 miles long, which is practicable for automobiles.

The tobacco monopoly has yielded the Austrian Government the enormous net profit of \$25,000,000 for one year.

Farm machinery saved in the planting and gathering of last year's crops, in the United States, \$700,000,000.

In the Chapel of Saints, within the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, there burns a votive lamp, which was lighted in 1717, and has never since been extinguished.

The most torrid section in the world is the Great African Desert, where, in the hottest days of summer, the mercury rises to 150 degrees F. Yet a day when the thermometer has recorded such a feat is often followed by a night that is uncomfortably cool.

In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is 60 to 70 per cent. pure. The ore spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.

New Zealand has many very large glaciers. The most important are the Tasman, 18 miles long; the Murchison, 10½ miles long; the Godley, 8 miles long; the Mueller, 8 miles long; and the Hooker, 7½ miles long—all on the eastern slopes of the Southern Alps; the Franz Josef, 8½ miles, and the Fox, 9 miles, on the western side.

When the project for the consolidation of the suburbs of the city into a "Greater Berlin" has been carried out, the Prussian and German capital will be the second largest city in Europe and the third largest in the world. It will then have more than three million inhabitants, and will outrank Paris by about a quarter of a million. At present it has about 2,250,000 inhabitants, half a million less than the French capital, and is the third city of Europe and the fourth in the world.

The largest book yet printed is a colossal atlas of beautifully engraved ancient Dutch maps. It takes three men to move it from the giant bookcase in which it is stored in the library of the British Museum. This monster book is bound in leather, magnificently decorated, and is fashioned with clasps of solid silver, richly gilt. It is unlikely to be stolen, however, for it is nearly seven feet high and weighs 800 pounds. Thus, the largest book in the world, was presented to King Charles II. before leaving Holland in the year 1660.

On the coasts of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand, heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from 39 to 56 feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which, after a few years, wither and die.

One of the gravest perils which fire fighters are constantly facing is the fierce heat. After successful trials, a newly invented "heat veil" has been introduced into practice at Cologne, Germany, where 200 men have been supplied with the appliance. The veil is made after the principle of a safety lamp, with double windows. It is composed of fibres of cane, which possess the peculiar property of retain-

ing water for a considerable length of time. The veil is made damp before being fastened to the fireman's ordinary brass helmet.

The scarcity of horses and men in the West is one of the most noticeable features in the progress of industry. Good draught horses, which eight years ago were worth only \$40 are now selling at \$200 to \$300 each; a good team is worth \$500. These horses are needed in the lumber woods and on railway construction, but not enough can be had. Men to work in the woods are being paid \$70 a month and board. A man with a good team commands wages of \$9 a day hauling lumber and logs. Never before have the wages been so high or the price of horses so great as now.

Few persons ever wonder where clothes-pins come from; few ever hear of Bryan's Point, Me., and yet a man there has been quietly turning trees into clothes-pins for years and supplying the world with them, amassing in the process as comfortable a fortune as many a man makes in a more pretentious business in some money centers. His name is Lewis Mann, and he began with a capital of \$400, with which he purchased an old disused mill and began the manufacture of clothes-pins. To-day he is the largest individual maker of this very necessary article in the world.

Connected with the Mohammedan mosque at Lucknow, India, is one of the largest rooms in the world without columns, being 162 feet long, 54 feet wide, and 53 feet high. It was built during the great famine in 1784 to supply work for starving people. It is a solid mass of concrete of simple form and still simpler construction. In its erection a mould or framework of timber and brick several feet in thickness was first made, which was then filled with concrete. The concrete was allowed about a year to set and dry, when the mould was removed. Although the building has been standing 122 years it is said to show no signs of decay or deterioration.

In the two villages of Luceran and Lanconque, in the Alpes-Maritimes, France, June 10 was kept as a public holiday to celebrate the end of a great lawsuit which had kept the two villages divided since Nov. 14, 1462. The question of dispute was the possession of a piece of land at Lova, which each village claimed. A short time ago the court at Nice definitely settled the matter by dividing the land equally between the two villages. The total cost of this lawsuit during the 444 years amounts to \$150,000, while the value of the land in dispute was about \$2,000. The law papers which had accumulated were docketed in 1,856 parcels, which weighed 16 tons, and were stored in a large disused church.

Making Precious Stones.

While the artificial diamonds so far produced have been very expensive, and are too small to have any commercial value, the manufacture of rubies seems to be developing into a considerable industry. The process of making these "Geneva rubies," as they are called, has been supposed to be a secret one, but it is understood that the apparatus used by a Parisian chemist includes a blowpipe like that used by glass-workers and a heating pipe. In the latter a pointed sugar loaf is built up in strata by alternately sifting in finely pulverized alumina and chromium oxide. This makes possible gradual heating, the molten mass takes a spherical form, and on slow and careful cooling the oxide of aluminium forms regular and perfectly clear crystals. Great care is necessary to avoid bubbles. In this simple way it is possible to make three or four stones at a time,

often a quarter of an inch across and weighing thirteen to sixteen carats, and as they are genuine rubies only experts can distinguish them from the natural.

Strange Gods Still Worshipped.

Nearly every man and woman of to-day read, years ago, in the school books, of the Hindoo mother who committed her child to the bosom of the Ganges river, hoping, should it survive a journey on the holy waters, that it would be purified for the career to come. That was a true story. The Hindoo mother is doing the same to-day.

With these superstitious people such a practice means sacrifice, for the river is infested with crocodiles, and the chances of an infant escaping their hideous jaws are slim.

For centuries the Ganges has played an important part in Hindoo mythology and religion.

In the religion of all classes of Hindoos—the classes in that land are almost as the sands of the seashore for number—the Ganges is held in particular veneration as the cleanser of sins and, finally, the gateway to Paradise. When death reaches one upon its banks burial is made there.

Almost from the sources of the Ganges to its mouth temples and shrines line the banks; the junctions of the river's various affluents are especially sanctified spots.

That of the Jumna, at Allahabad, is considered the most sacred, and is, consequently, the most frequented place of ablutions, annually visited by thousands of pious pilgrims.

The lower sections of the river are infested with crocodiles, while tigers and other wild animals roam on the banks. Yet the Hindoo mother, with blind devotion to the teachings of her religion, calmly launches her little one upon the Ganges' tide.

Of late years the British Government has taken a firm stand against this practice, although emotionally inspired women still stealthily commit their children to the waters when they are able to slip past the sentinels on the banks.

Queer Things Made from Milk.

It is probably not generally known that from a substance called galalith, made of milk, there are manufactured many articles that are commonly supposed to be of ivory.

Milk stone, or galalith, or petrified milk, is milk subjected to a chemical process, by means of which the casein is converted into a yellowish brown powder.

This powder is mixed with formaline and a horn-like product is formed, called milk stone.

By mixing with various other substances there are made substitutes for many other useful materials, ivory, celluloid, hard rubber, and even amber. There is no limit to the number of useful articles which can be made from this wonderful substance called galalith, and they include almost everything, from cigarette holders to mantelpieces.

Piano keys are now seldom made of real ivory, except in the case of the more expensive instruments. This is rather remarkable when one remembers that from a single elephant's tusk no fewer than ninety-six sets of keys have been cut. However, galalith is now the best substitute for ivory that we have, for it is smooth to the touch, retains an excellent color, and, unlike celluloid, is proof against fire.

The Cricket's Treat.

In the American Naturalist, J. L. Hancock gives an interesting description of some of the habits of the striped meadow cricket. The most striking part of the account deals with the allurements which the male cricket possesses. When he wishes to attract the female, he raises his fore wings vertically above his head and, by rubbing them over each other, produces a high pitched singing, or, perhaps better, shrilling. When the females' attention

has been attracted, she goes to the male and proceeds to take advantage of the refreshments offered. Upon the male's back, situated well forward on the thorax, is a little depression or well, in which a small quantity of semi-fluid material is secreted. Climbing up on the male's back, the female eats this apparently delicious morsel with great eagerness. It is evidently something especially choice which is formed there for her especial benefit. This proceeding suggests that treating as a means of winning a lady's love is not confined to the allurements of ice cream and soda water.

Postal Service at St. Kilda.

The island of St. Kilda lies about fifty miles to the westward of Scotland, and it is without regular mail communication of any kind, the only connection being by means of an occasional trading steamer, which goes in spring and autumn to take off some of the products of the island.

When they wish to communicate with their friends in Scotland, or elsewhere, the St. Kildans are obliged to resort to a floating mail bag, which consists of a sheepskin buoy plugged with a piece of wood, and attached thereto a label on which is roughly cut the inscription, "St. Kilda Mail. Please Open." Inside the buoy is placed a tin canister containing the letters.

The last "mail" sent off from St. Kilda drifted to Shetland in two months and one day. It contained two letters and eight post cards, which were duly forwarded to their destination from Lerwick Post Office. The addresses on two of the post cards were almost obliterated through damp. The sum of one shilling was inclosed for postage of the missives. It appears that three similar "mails" were sent off from the island on the same day, but only one, so far as is known, has been picked up.

Mine of Rainbow Wood.

The collecting of rainbow wood is a comparatively new industry in Maine, says a correspondent from Bangor.

Though the dwellers along the seaboard have known for years that driftwood picked up from the salt water gave out iridescent tints when burned in open grates, they attached no value to the colorings of the flames until the rich summer visitors came down East and changed the picking of the driftwood from an occupation akin to idleness into a profitable calling.

For five years the whole coast line of Penobscot Bay has been scoured in quest of wood, and when the supply grew scarce and the prices advanced from \$10 to \$25 a cord a Boston chemist grew rich by inventing a powder which when burned with dry wood yielded colors nearly as bright as the genuine wood from the sea.

Last fall Emery Bowden, a farmer, who sold considerable driftwood in former years, went to the salt meadows at the foot of his field and began to dig a supply of muck. When he had excavated a hole about ten feet deep he came to a flooring of great pine trees, which had been embedded in the peat for ages.

The limbs had rotted away and the bark and sapwood had gone, but the dry heart of the trees was as sound as in life. Kindling a fire about a log of this wood Bowden found that it gave out very brilliant hues of indigo and green.

No sooner had he made this discovery than he stopped digging muck and went to mining rainbow wood. He loaded a schooner with cut wood and sent to his Boston patrons, who paid him \$22 a cord for the cargo and asked for more.

Since then Bowden has hired all the men who are willing to work, and is digging out the trunks in his buried forest and selling them at fancy figures. The deposit of pine trees lies between the clay subsoil and the overgrowth of peat, and is fully six feet in depth.

As the muck bed is more than a mile in area, Bowden believes he can sell a half million cords of wood from a forest that has been buried from view for many ages.



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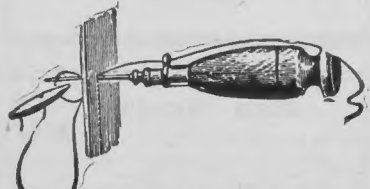
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"AWL-U-WANT" 79 Front St., E.
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TEMPERANCE TALK.

Begin To-Day.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same old story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
Each indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute

What you can do, or think you can, begin it—

Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.

Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;

Begin it, and the work will be completed.

—Selected.

No Liquor Traffic in Iceland.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has "no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island and its seventy-eight thousand people are total abstainers, since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of the public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines." Such is the report brought by northern travellers of this incomparable and ideal land—Missouri Issue.

Drink a Thief.

Drink is a great thief; robbing the God-given grain of all its nutritive properties; robbing the laborer of the fruits of his toil, and sending his children a-begging in the streets; robbing the body, robbing the mind, and leading many to exclaim when they discover their loss, "I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly, a quarrel but nothing wherefore." "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!" Drink is a daring robber, robbing the nation, the Church, the family. The presence among us of this powerful robber, this insidious thief, is being more fully recognized, his depredations are being more freely deplored, and the determination is being more widely and loudly expressed that he must be more closely watched, and his liberty more effectively curtailed.—Rev. John Pollock, in Everybody's Monthly.

Causes of Drunkenness.

Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of the Apostolic Mission House connected with the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., delivered a temperance lecture to more than 3,000 persons in St. Paul's Cathedral Sunday evening, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Every seat was filled and people stood in the aisles and the vestibule. The crowd was the largest since the cathedral was dedicated. The speaker said in part:

There are three great causes of drunkenness in this country today. The saloon is one of them, and perhaps the greatest, and the so-called moderate drinker is another.

The Catholic church is putting up a strenuous fight against the drink evil by using all the resources of her power to antagonize the saloon and at the same time put in its place the substitutes for the saloon.

The American saloon, with all its accessories, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is a unique institution. It is quite true that liquor is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed. These places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free from restraints as in the drinking places of the world, and consequently no place where the characteristics come out in stronger relief.

The public-house has been erected in all civilized countries. There is a personality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of large cities. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of loose, unattached elements, who had no home life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp and the roving excitement of a soldier's life, came home from the battle-

fields to earn a living for themselves. Simultaneously with this set in the immense tide of immigration.

The saloon often became the workman's club. Its absolute freedom from all restraint made it the resting and lounging place of the homeless. It consequently became the germ center of lawlessness.

While it debauched some of the people with drunkenness and took from them that knowledge necessary for an intelligent ballot, it snapped its fingers at the law made for its restriction. It became the unscrupulous and conscienceless tyrant of American politics.

A New Beverage.

There is a beverage going the rounds of society, says a Philadelphia paper, that is more insidious than any straight alcoholic drink ever offered across the bar, yet women of all ages drink it because the name sounds so inoffensive that they forget to ask about its ingredients, or even forget them after knowing its make-up. It is called tea-punch, and is no relation to the harmless summer beverage served on hot days on shady verandas where mortals on shady verandas where mortals.

The harmless variety is composed principally of lemon and orange juice with whatever other fruits and berries can be found, and a small quantity of freshly brewed tea to flavor the mixture. It is not only an ideal hot weather beverage, but is relished at social functions in the winter, and young girls need not be steered past such a punch. The society has a foundation of Russian tea—the whole thing is Russian, it is said, introduced by one of the peace envoys. At least half a dozen liquors, old rum and such, are added, and the mixture is made more deadly in its effects by being half-frozen.

Drunkenness a Disease.

There is an army of men to whom any pronouncement against whiskey which did not carry healing in its message would be useless. These men were the social drinkers of a few years ago.

They have passed through the various stages of delusion that go with the drink habit. They have tried the moderate drinking experiment and found it a failure. They believed they could drink or let it alone. But they have tried times without number to let drink alone, and they have failed. They have made braver fights with their tyrant than many of those who condemn them would be capable of doing. But they failed because they were trying to conquer a physical disease with a weakened will.

The continued use of alcohol causes a diseased condition. The craving for drink is a symptom of the disease of inebriety. Disease is not cured by will power. It requires appropriate remedies.

Use every influence to prevent the young from beginning to drink. Use every argument to convince the moderate drinker of the danger of his example. But send the drunkard to a Keeley Institute.

The Moderate Drinker.

That staunch old Scotchman, Doctor Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that "they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side." They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards," and the like.

Doctor Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged; but her is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say: I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!"

Walking a foot bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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Southcott Suit Co., London, Ont.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

The kidneys form a very important channel for the outlet of disease from the system, carrying off accumulations that poison the blood.

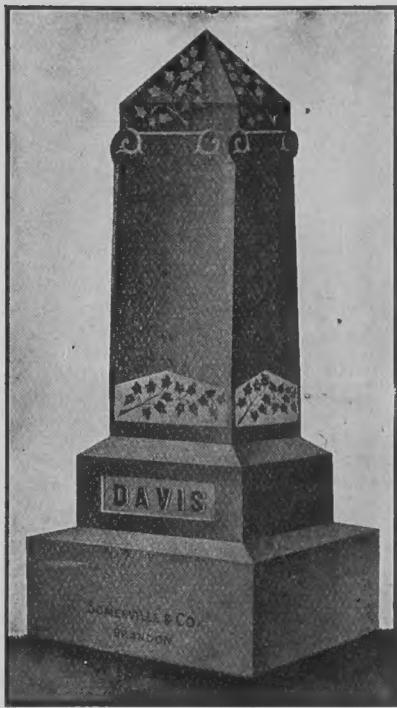
The kidneys are often affected and cause serious disease when least suspected. When the back aches, specks float before the eyes, the urine contains a brick-dust sediment, or is thick and stringy, scanty, highly colored, in fact when there is anything wrong with the small of the back or the urinary organs then the kidneys are affected.

If you are troubled with your kidneys

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will cure you. Mrs. Frank Foos, Woodside, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and now I do not feel any pain whatever and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

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Write for List

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Mr. de Style—"What makes you think I am old-fashioned?" Miss Up-to-date—"Why, you asked me to be yours forever."

"Oh! Jack, what do you think? Baby said 'Goo-goo' today." Did he? By Jove! I wonder if he really meant it?"

Sabbath School Teacher—"What does the parable of the Prodigal Son teach us?" Bobby Thickneck—"Not to be fatted calves, ma'am."

His Wife (writing)—"Which is proper, 'disillusioned' or disillusionized?" Her Husband—"Oh, just say 'married' and let it go at that."

"Dat feller, 'Rastus Skinnah, done bin talkin' a powahful 'bout he's a-raisin chickens." "So! he doan' mean 'raisin,' he means 'liftin'."

Daughter—"But he is so full of absurd ideas." Mother—"Never mind that dear. Your father was just the same before I married him."

She—"No; I never can be yours." He—"In that case, farewell forever." She (hastily)—"Now, don't go off mad, George. You can be mine."

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a quiet boy. "Dead!" calmly replied the youth.

Pater—"Well, my boy, so you have interviewed your girl's father, eh? Did you make the old codger toe the mark?" Son—"Yes, dad, I was the mark."

Hicks—"I dropped around to see the Fitz Kloses in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in." Wicks—"Not at home, eh?" Hicks—"Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble."

Mother—"Jimmy, there were three jars of jelly in the cupboard, and now there is only one. How is that?" Jimmy—"I don't know, ma, unless I overlooked it."

Pete Coopah—"How'd you and your wife celebrate your wooden weddin' yestidy?" Jim Johnson—"Oh, she hit me on de head wif a rollin' pin 'cause Ah wouldn't split some kindlin's!"

Foreman Waterville Hose Co. No. 1—"Hurry up an' come on, Si! Woolsey's barn's a-burnin'." The Newest Volunteer—"Sorry, Heck, but I can't. Both m' red shirts are in the wash."

Her Husband—"If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it." His wife—"During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me." Her Husband—"Well, you heard what I said."

Miss Smith—"Is there a letter for me." Postmistress—"Well, er—yes, there was one from your mother in Mudtown, but I've mislaid it. But it's all right, anyhow. She says they are all quite well."

"This magazine article says that bachelors should be taxed," remarked Mrs. Grouch. "That's the way!" exclaimed Mr. Grouch, vigorously. "A man can't enjoy anything these days without paying for it."

Benedict—"That luminous paint is a splendid invention." Singleton—"What do you use it for?" Benedict—"We paint the baby's face so we can give it a drink in the night without lighting the gas."

"Mr. Wappleson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "has a heart of gold." "Dear me," replied her hostess, "is that so? I knew he got hurt in the army so that he had to have a silver plate in his jaw, but I'd never heard about the other."

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He has just knocked against the piano and hit several keys at once. 'I'll go down,' said he. 'Oh, John, don't do anything rash!' 'Rash! Why I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano without assistance."

"There's one thing I will say," remarked Mr. Millions, "and that is that my daughter Arabella has a fine disposition." "Indeed!" "Yes, sir. The way she can listen to her own playing on the violin shows remarkable self-control."

Mamma: "What is Willie crying about?"

Bridget: "Sure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Brown's."

Mamma: "Well, why didn't you let him go?"

Bridget: "Well they were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."

A little boy was trying to ring a doorbell but could not reach it. A minister, passing by, walked up to the lad and said:

"Here, my boy, let me ring that bell for you."

"All right; will you, mister?" said the boy, his face all on a grin.

The minister rang the bell.

"Now, run like the devil, mister," said the boy, as he took to his heels.

A teacher in a Winnipeg public school was seeking to give her boys a definite idea of what a volcano was; therefore she drew a picture of one on the blackboard. Taking some red chalk she drew some fire flames pouring from the summit of the volcano, and when the drawing was done, she turned to the class and said:

"Can any of you tell me what that looks like?"

One boy immediately held up his hand, and the teacher asked:

"Well, Joey, you may tell us."

"It looks like H—I, ma'am," replied Joey, with startling promptness.

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends.

"He was taught to say his prayers, and, if you'll believe me, that dog wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him."

"I have a dog with even more intelligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can on his tail and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed up to the bar."

An Irishman had just come over from the "old country," and being hungry, went to one of the swellest hotels in New York.

When the waiter appeared to take his order he said: "Bring me the best you have." After being gone for a few minutes the waiter returned with a glass of water, a bunch of celery, and a lobster. When about time to check him up the waiter returned to the customer asking why he had not eaten his meal. "Well," replied the man, "I drank the water and smelled of the bouquet, but I'll be durned if I could go the bug."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum AND All Fluxes of the Bowels.

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It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

Its effects are instantaneous and it does not leave the bowels in a constipated condition.

Do not be humbugged into taking something the unscrupulous druggist says is just as good.

Mrs. Ed. Stringer, Hemmingford, Que., says: "I have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY with excellent results. I always keep it in the house as it is the best cure for Diarrhoea that can be had."

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O Coffee! goddess
of the breakfast table—
that delighteth the taste
and refresheth the body
—I drink to thee in
thy perfect form,
Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
COFFEE.



88

Hints for the Housewife.

The Windy Day.

Oh, the windy day is laughing day,
For the wind is a funny fellow;
He rollicks and shouts when skies are
gray,

And leaves are turning yellow.
The pines, a moment ago so still.
Fling out their arms, and laugh with a
will,
Nodding their heads, as who should say:
"The old wind has an amusing way."

Oh, the windy day is singing day,
For the wind is a minstrel, strolling
Through the field and wood, with cheery
lay,

Insistent, sweet, cajoling;
The strings of his harp are pine and oak,
As he chants his tale to the woodland
folk—

Ah, revelers of old are they
When the minstrel wind begins to play!

Oh, the windy day is the vagrant's day,
For the wind is a comrade rover,
Whistling down the great highway
To every hill-road lover;

And whether he whistles or laughs or
sings,
Through every vagrant heart there rings
The impelling, world-old call to stray
With the comrade wind for ever and
aye.

Suggestions.

Strong hot vinegar will remove
paint from window glass.

Place an apple in the cake box and
cake will keep moist much longer.

A little milk added to the water in
which silver is washed will help to
keep it bright.

To revive the luster of morocco or
any other leather apply the white of
an egg with a sponge.

A little flour spread over the top
of cakes before they are iced will
prevent the icing from running off.

Use a little ammonia in the dish
water when washing glassware. It
will make it sparkle like cut glass.

Sausages should be served with
apple sauce or baked tomatoes.
Either makes them more easily di-
gested.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny
bit of carbonate of soda with the bath-
brick and they will polish more easily.

Cereals are seldom overcooked, but
rather undercooked. Thus always al-
low plenty of time in preparing
cereals.

Flies may be kept off screen doors
by rubbing the frame work and wire
netting with kerosene. The odor
seems to be offensive to flies.

After frying fish place a little hot
water and a few drops of vinegar in
the pan so as to take away from it
the taste and odor of the fish.

The knife used for peeling a pine-
apple should never be used for slicing
it, as the rind contains an acid that is
apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore
lips.

Stains on white silk can easily be
removed by soaking with gasoline and
then rubbing in lump magnesia; as
much should be rubbed in as the gaso-
line will absorb.

Rubber rings used for fruit jars that
have become hard may be made pli-
able again by soaking for half an hour
in a solution of two parts water and
one part ammonia.

When olive oil is used at the table
it should be put in dark colored bot-
tles and removed to a cool, dark place
immediately after the meal. It is in-
jured by being kept in the light.

By rubbing nickel and silver orna-
ments with a woolen cloth saturated
with spirits of ammonia they may be
kept very bright with but little
trouble.

Cold water, a tablespoonful of am-
monia and soap will remove machine
grease where other means would not
answer on account of colors running,
etc.

To take spots out of blue serge and
generally refresh it well wipe with a
sponge dipped in blue water, or use
a brush instead of a sponge. After-
wards hang up to dry.

A good way to brighten a carpet is
to put a half tumbler of spirits of
turpentine in a basin of water, dip
your broom in it and sweep over the
carpet once or twice, and it will re-
store the color and brighten it wonder-
fully.

In cleansing soiled articles in gaso-
line it is best to use the gasoline hot.
This is a secret of professional cleans-
ers well worth knowing. The gasoline
is easily and safely heated by placing
the receptacle containing it in a larger
one containing hot water. The gaso-
line will quickly become very hot. Let
the soiled articles soak an hour, cover-
ing all with a thick cloth to prevent
evaporation.

If the housekeeper who wishes to
save her time and energy would do her
mending before the clothes are washed
she will find it to be more practical.
She can mend all rips and tighten any
buttons that would be likely to fall
off in the wash, and thus save the an-
noyance of putting on others to re-
place them. When a garment having
a small rent or tear is sent to the
laundry it is apt to come back with
the tear very much larger.

The safest way of bleaching lace
curtains is the old-fashioned way of
letting the sun do most of the work.
Lay the curtains in warm water, to
which you have added the juice of six
lemons, and leave them there all night.
In the morning lay them in the sun
and wet hourly with the sour water.
At night leave in cold water and re-
peat the lemon juice process next day.
It will not rot the muslin, as most
bleaching powders do. Finally, wash
in the usual way.

Strawberry Preserves.

A new method of preserving has just
come to light, which is nothing less
than the famous "sunshine" process of
Wiesbaden. Select large, perfect ber-
ries, cap, but do not wash unless
absolutely necessary, and measure
them. Cover with an equal measure
of best granulated sugar. Stir the
berries carefully with a wooden spoon,
but do not break the fruit. Put in
earthen or granite ware dishes, a
single layer in each dish, cover with
a pane of glass and set in the sun.
Take the dishes in at night to avoid
dampness and repeat the process day
after day until the berries are sun-
cooked in their own syrup. Seal in
jelly glasses and pour melted paraffine
over the top. There should be at
least half an inch of the paraffine.

A fine preserve is more quickly made
by covering the berries with their own
measure of sugar and letting them
stand over night. In the morning
cook very slowly till the syrup jellies
on a plate and seal as usual. To make
jam, mash the fruit while cooking.
Strawberries have been successfully
kept all the winter without cooking.
Mash the fruit with its own weight of
sugar, and seal as usual. This jam has
a delicious fresh strawberry flavor
that is particularly grateful when the
thermometer is frisking around the
zero mark. A red currant preserve
which is highly recommended is made
in the same way.

You Waste Money

in buying material
which does not
answer its purpose

EDDY'S
IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING
PAPER

will keep your
house warm in the
severe weather.

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They come piping hot from the ovens—they go right
into parchment paper and are then sealed in tins.

All the crisp daintiness—all the goodness of perfect
making and baking—is caught and held by the air-tight,
moisture-proof package.

That is why Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas
always come to your table inviting and tasty—whether you
buy them in Halifax or Vancouver, or anywhere between.

Do You Know Mooney's?

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